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"THE HUNDRED JUGS," OIL PAINTING  
BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON.



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## THE PAINTINGS OF RALPH DAVISON MILLER BY NEETA MARQUIS

CALIFORNIA, the picturesque, the poetic, the beautiful, is filled with artists whose consuming desire is to paint her portrait—to paint it so faithfully that all who look upon it will stand aside and say: "This, verily, is California."

But there is one in their midst, the versatile product of a Scotch, French, Irish and Dutch

ancestry, whose aim, while making a close and accurate study of nature lineaments, is yet to avoid mere nature portraiture. Introducing a brilliant mentality and a vivid imaginativeness into his art, Ralph Davison Miller is working out a formula of his own, blend of the old academic and the more moderate of the impressionistic methods, which reaches for the soul and inner meaning—the symbolism—of landscapes rather than their superficial forms alone.

"I hate spots," he says whimsically. "And



IN A HOPI VILLAGE

BY RALPH DAVISON MILLER

## *The Paintings of Ralph Davison Miller*

yet, people are always wanting spots painted. They want A rock—THE rock, A tree—THE tree, and they refuse to be happy till they get it. Why can't they be with pictures as with people? When we speak of Man, we don't mean any particular man. In literature, a story of broad human interest depicts a type, not an individual. Why can't they let us painters be equally broad?—but, no, they insist upon the spot, so we, on the principle of self-preservation, paint it—part of the time."

In spite of this practical limitation, felt by almost all real artists at one time or another, Miller still infuses a symbolic suggestiveness into most of his landscapes.

The emotional side of natural things—the sinister moods of tempests and distorted trees, the faerie element underlying all natural beauty—find subtle expression for themselves, until some critics have declared him the most imaginative of American landscapists, with exception of Maxfield Parrish.

"All outdoors is good for impression, after one has mastered the laws of line and colour," he says emphatically. "And all I mean by impression is a certain sense of light and shade, of mass, of detail—or lack of detail—dealt with in the mass. I paint for the wall, not the outdoors. No picture is hung in all the fierceness of outdoor light; therefore, why paint for it? Every studio picture is an evolution. With an outdoor picture, you begin at the front and go backward; everything is there from the start; the last word is said. With a studio painting, you start at the back and come forward. And this requires all the mentality, imagination and technique you can command."

Miller's work is modern and dramatic—very bold, alive, with bright colours and strong contrasts, a depth of thought and a depth of emotion transferred to canvas in the same vivid way that the musician of the Wagnerian school embodies thought and emotion in sound. He paints landscape well because he not only sees but thinks deeply, with a tinge of sombreness in his thought, reminiscent of a Dutch grandfather, and because he has a capacity for both emotion and persistency of emotion, for which he may thank his Irish-Scotch inheritance. He never diffuses his light, and the interest with it, but concentrates it with strong dramatic effect. This dramatic sense is distinctly Gallic. Thus do we

account psychologically for the elements which combine to bring brilliant results.

The accompanying illustration, *In Sonoma*—which is the Indian for "Valley of the Moon"—is a type of Miller's older work exemplifying these points. It is in the wood country of Northern California—the country of William Keith—and glows with a rich warmth where the light centres, while a sombre sadness lurks in the shadow and expresses the very mood of the trees. Golden browns illuminate the middle ground, with an intense concentration of sunlight on the dead tree trunk. The shadow is brown-green, and the distant mountain range a strong blue, which has its echo in the gray base of the golden upper cloud.

As a type of the picture Miller loves most to paint, and to which he hopes to give himself unstintedly some day, *Treasure Island* is perhaps the best. Unfortunately it reproduces inadequately. This especial canvas came about in an interesting way. The artist's young high-school daughter, reading *Treasure Island* in connection with her English work, remarked to her father: "Dad, you ought to be able to get a lot of pictures out of this book."

Miller took up the story, which he had not read for years, and at once became imbued with its strong dramatic atmosphere. The result was this picture, which takes hold upon the imagination of the observer before he knows what it represents. Some have taken it for Miranda's Isle in *The Tempest*.

It shows brown and green crags and trees emerging from waters of electric blue—a sea with iridescence in its ripples and fanciful sorts of sea fauna imaginable, though not visible, below the surface. It deepens almost to black in the pools, which hint at tragedy. The wonder of it, however, is the cloud, which, from dazzling white at the point of high light, melts through green of a singularly live and delicate quality into lavender and sombre blues. There is suggestiveness in the black-brown trees silhouetted against the dazzling sky. The island is unmistakably one of mystery and dramatic happenings.

There is a reminiscence of Boecklin in this type of Miller's work, and one can not but wish that more of his effort might go into the production of such unusual, poetic and dramatic effects.

Miller's range is wide, however. Loving symbolism as he does, with almost poster-like impres-



IN SONOMA

BY RALPH DAVISON MILLER



GIANT CACTUS, ARIZONA

BY RALPH DAVISON MILLER

## *The Paintings of Ralph Dawson Miller*

sions of glooming trees outlined against warm, turbulent sunset clouds, his subjects yet vary from placid English-looking pastorals—oak and poplar trees against soft pillow-like clouds in the tenderest of blue skies—to a Moqui pueblo, with white searing sunlight pouring uninterrupted from a sky of fierce turquoise—the strongest of illuminations alternated with intense shadow; or, again, to autumn canons, with russet sycamores and wild buckwheat in the foreground and veils of lilac mist lying on the farther hillsides; and to the sea, in both its wild and its poetic moods.

Miller has lived in Southern California for twenty years, yet, unlike most of his associates, he does not enjoy painting the southern eucalyptus and sycamore. Their lines are too straggling to meet his ideas of symmetry. Neither does the massy live oak command itself to his plans of composition. He chooses, rather, the northern poplars and English oaks, or the cypresses of Monterey.

A fine example of his treatment of the last is *Sunset on the Cypresses, Monterey*. The rugged, stanch personality of the trees which have clung to the rocky coast through years of storm and stress appeal to one with an almost human interest. The trunks, bent like the burdened bodies of pagan worshippers, show a warm reddish yellow, the upper branches a rich green, highlighted with the peculiar yellow which comes from the greenish-yellow sky.

A totally different note is struck in *Desert Cactus*, painted in Arizona. Here the sky is of turquoise with yellowish cloud, the hills purple, coming forward into the light red butte. The ground is a warm tan, against which the Indian in his scarlet serape makes an effective spot.

The other desert scene, *In a Hopi Village*—the love-story of a Hopi Indian girl—is an effect with real moonlight, not diluted day. The white-washed wall is not less white than the desert stars themselves.

Mr. Miller is an artist by foreordination and personal experiment, not instruction. A man of fifty-five now, he has had no schooling of any kind since he was sixteen; but he has been an omnivorous reader, and is to-day an incisive critic of literature as well as of art.

"I learned from books what was in life," he says, "but I learned of life itself by what the other fellow showed me—which was often rather crude. But I would rather be crude and pos-

sessed of power than polished and a nonentity."

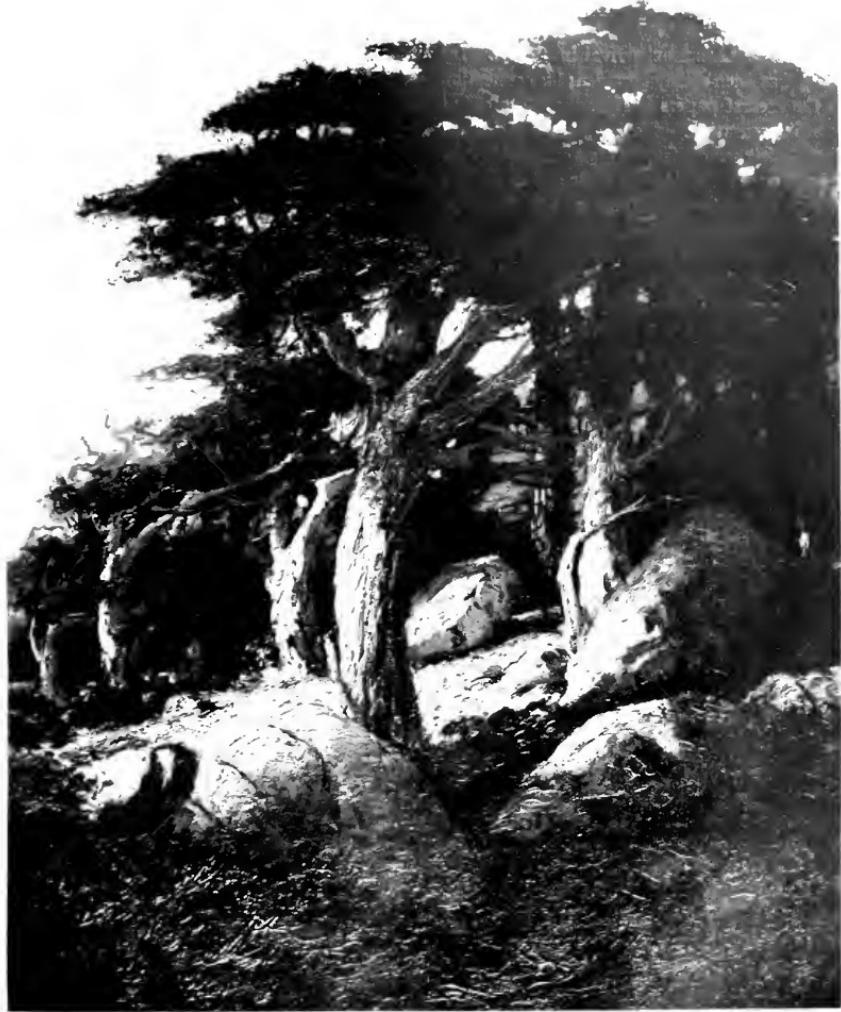
This bit of adapted Calvinism has proved itself in the artist's own professional life, for his earliest attempt at composition, whatever youthful absurdities marred it, revealed the sense for the dramatic and imaginative which, schooled and educated, characterises his representative work to-day. The subject of this first painting, executed at the age of eighteen, was splendidly ambitious—nothing less than the abduction of Proserpina, and the enthusiasm with which it was painted was equalled only by its magnificent disregard for mythological detail. Pluto was depicted as a sublimated Saxon king, wearing a crown and a blond Van Dyke, driving four black horses—Proserpina flung negligently over one shoulder the while—and red imps with forks and weird dragons darting from the huge crack in the earth which gave passage to the underworld.

When the picture met with laughter instead of the awed admiration he anticipated, the young artist kicked a hole in the canvas. But the effort taught him more than any other picture he has ever painted, for it induced him to reorganise his artistic conceptions, thus achieving at the beginning one of the great principles of success—an ability to recognise his own limitations.

At the age of twenty, Miller began to paint insistently and persistently—also independently, because, living in the Middle West, he was unable to find anyone who could tell him just what he wanted to know. His chief loss from this lack of instruction was a mere knowledge of processes. He was longer in achieving the results he desired than would otherwise have been the case. He devoted his early efforts to still life and animal life—tame and placid cows, particularly—his pictures, from the first, selling almost too well for his own artistic good. He confesses that his ambition at this time was to tear the laurels from the brow of Van Mareke.

After the first few years, however, he cherished no illusions of fame, but became an utterly devoted student of his chosen art, preferring to lose good commercial time in subduing an obstinate picture with a poor composition at start than to give it over for easier work on a good composition.

For the last twelve years Mr. Miller has given himself to pure landscape. His real choice would be figure painting, but he is well aware that absolute technical knowledge is indispensable in



SUNSET ON THE CYPRESSES, MONTEREY

© RALPH DAVISON MILLER

this department of art, and he is too wise to try it. The lesson of his first picture keeps him respectful toward his limitations. But the dramatic sense which inspired him to choose the abduction of Proserpina for his immature expression of artistic feeling persists and survives in his imaginative handling of trees and rocks, of light and shade. He is pre-eminently an independent

painter, pioneering at present in the best of both the old and the new, until he shall have achieved a broad and truthful, and an individual, utterance upon the subject which has occupied his life. Refreshingly free from personal egotism, his pictures have no value to him after he has worked out his idea in them. They are only so many steps toward what is beckoning him in the future.

## Louis Raemaekers

LOUIS RAEMAEKERS  
BY F. VAN EMDEN

RAEMAEKERS' arrival in this country has been widely heralded; his connection with the Hearst papers has produced somewhat of a mild sensation. He has been proclaimed the best living cartoonist and his work has become well-known through his newspaper and periodical activities and the exhibitions of his work in New York and other cities.

But little is known about the personality and the general career of this valiant Hollander, although it is of the utmost interest in connection with his work. May this short sketch lead to a more perfect understanding of his development in the last six or eight years.

He was born in the little Holland border town of Roermond, province of Limburg, forty odd years ago. Therefore he had plenty of opportunity early in life to get thoroughly acquainted with the German spirit which, however, did not prevent him from making individual Germans his friends.

The fighting instinct was born in him, also an intuitive view on politics, which was greatly developed through his surroundings. His father, though himself a good Catholic, published for forty years an anti-clerical paper, which meant a steady uphill fight. The Raemaekers boys naturally heard local, provincial and clerical politics discussed all their lives, and it must date back to those days that Louis acquired the knack of being able to visualise the vital spot in each issue. That is why his work is so poignant, so that to-day to view a series of his cartoons is to follow the thread of facts running through the maze of war history still in a state of perplexity whilst in the making.

As a mere boy he worked for a while in his father's shop, learning the printer's trade from the bottom up, after having been rejected for the Cadet Corps on account of eye trouble.

His ambition was to become a painter and, after the necessary family conferences, he was allowed to study, which meant in thorough Dutch fashion that he would have to go through all preparatory courses of drawing, mathematics, architecture, etc., before he could ever think of touching a brush.

Young Raemaekers gladly set himself to the task and in the record time of one year and three

months finished the very exacting course at the Drawing Academy in Amsterdam. This course includes mechanical drawing, architectural work, etc., and normally takes three years. He is grateful to-day that his wise and prudent father insisted that his son's artistic education should have a practical and solid foundation.

Graduating, he went from there, a mere youth, to Tilburg, Holland, teaching mechanical drawing, especially steam engines, to night classes of locomotive engineers and others. It was while in Tilburg that he found himself to be well fitted for portrait work, and many of the notables of the little town had their portraits done by him in those days. After three years, with all his earnings saved, he went to Belgium, where he treated himself to a few years of studying painting at the ateliers of the best known masters of that time.

Through his Amsterdam achievement he had left a reputation of cleverness behind in his own country and had the rare good fortune to be recalled to become the head of the drawing department at the state agricultural college at Wageningen, Holland. This department in the course of time he entirely revolutionised.

Being successful at an early age, highly respected and having married, it would seem most natural for him to have settled down in an honorable position, with modest pay, to a comfortable and rather uneventful life, and been known only to a few. Artistically he made great strides during those days, almost entirely devoting himself to landscapes in oil and some portrait-work for his own recreation. His landscapes show how the beautiful surroundings of Wageningen fascinated him.

It is only eight years ago that he started to draw an occasional cartoon for the Amsterdam *Handelsblad*. His interest in local, national or international politics had always remained very keen. It was at the time of the Agadir incident and for his sharply taking sides against the German policy that he was rebuked by his paper. He transferred his activities to the more liberal and progressive *Telegraaf*, which was only too eager to publish his work. Soon, from his initial cartoon a week, he was asked to produce all he could, and this work interested him so much that six years ago, following his innermost calling, he took the grave step of giving up his position to become a political cartoonist.

Then the war came and brought fame to Louis

Louis Raemaekers



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"WHO IS THIS MAN?"  
BY LOUIS RAEmaEKERS

## Louis Raemaekers

Raemaekers, who sailed unafraid into the defense of Belgium. In his trilogy, *The Children*, *The Mothers* and *The Widows of Belgium*, he shows us in a manner never to be forgotten the dreadful fate of a downtrodden people. Out of the full enthusiasm of his pity flames forth hatred, a deep hatred of the perpetrators of such crimes, hatred of a government policy which incites them. That he does not hate an individual German and is even eager to show that many an individual, though swept along by the maelstrom, has demonstrated by personal acts of charity and kindness to be akin to all other human beings, is proven by his cartoon of the German soldier stroking the head of the dying Scotch lad. The German does not speak in order not to destroy the lad's delusion.

The Government of neutral Holland was often shocked at his Belgian cartoons; above all, when he portrayed the Kaiser, the *Telegraaf* received many a warning from higher up. The people, however, acclaimed him because he dared to express their own forcibly stifled sentiments. Holland at that time was feeding thousands of Belgian refugees and listening to their tales of woe. Soon his cartoons in post-card form were sold everywhere for Belgian relief.

Next the London *Daily Chronicle* invited him to work for them, and he gladly transferred his activities to England, where he could give his pencil free swing and where he could do more actual good for the cause he sponsored in stirring up the British public. Paris invited him next and loudly acclaimed him. He went to the battle-front to see with his own eyes conditions there.

To the youth of later generations, to whom this world conflagration will only be history, a history to be drummed into their heads by means of dates and numbers, "so many million men killed in a few years," these cartoons will bring realisation of the utter ruthlessness and wantonness of this great war. It may inspire them to resolve to do their bit to prevent a repetition. The man who has been proclaimed the greatest war cartoonist and most inspired recruiting officer is a veritable apostle of peace. His truly religious picture, *The Sacrifice*, is one of his noblest works. Those to whom sacrifice comes hardest, the wives, and above all the mothers, will be fortified and consoled by it.

It is needless to dwell on the artistic side of his work. His drawing is virile and masterful. There is no superfluous line to detract from the figure of

interest. He is precise and uncannily clever at portraiture. His blacks and whites are finely balanced; when he uses colours they are most simple and elementary.

He is a prolific worker. His thorough early training facilitates the expression of his genius. Thus he is repaid for his intensive application in his youth. He is never baffled by technical difficulties. Free and easy, without labour, he can go right ahead and transfer his innermost visions to the paper.

Raemaekers frankly owns up that as to composition and treatment of matter he owes a great debt to Steinlen. When living for years in a small town with little outside stimulation to his artistic taste, he "lived," to use his own words, on Steinlen's cartoons in the French periodicals. *Les beaux esprits se rencontrent*. Raemaekers, being feasted in Paris, was introduced to Steinlen, and from his heart said: "I am so glad of our meeting, for through your work you have been my master." Whereupon Steinlen answered: "If this is true, you are my greatest victory."

Unknown eight or even six years ago, Raemaekers to-day is one of those who are helping to make history. High honours have been conferred on him. Those in command in the allied countries consult him; he is received everywhere and is even, horrible to a retiring Hollander, being lionised.

But he himself is proudest of the following incident: A Dutch noblewoman nursing in France, riled at the distrust of the French towards her countrymen (and on account of Holland's commercial activities the distrust is not entirely unfounded), silenced her adversaries by proudly replying, "But has not my country produced Raemaekers?"

## LECTURES ON ART

ENQUIRIES reach these offices from time to time as to who may be recommended to give a short talk or lecture upon the fine arts. Excepting a few recognised art lecturers whose engagements are managed by some agency, we know of very few free-lance lecturers who may be called upon. It might be beneficial to such if they would write to the Editor of THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, giving all necessary particulars, stating their particular subjects, experience, fees and if possible enclosing a photograph.



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THE CREW OF THE BELGIAN PRINCE  
BY LOUIS RAEmaEKERS



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THE SPRING SONG  
BY LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

## *Convention of the American Federation of Arts*

### C ONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS BY LEILA MECHLIN

THE American Federation of Arts, of which Mr. Robert W. de Forest is president, held its ninth annual convention in Detroit, Michigan, on the 23d and 24th of May.

Contrary to the expectations of not a few, the convention was exceedingly well attended, not less than 200 being present at any of the sessions and approximately 500 being present at one session, that held on the afternoon of the first day in the auditorium of the Detroit Art Museum. Furthermore, the delegates came in many instances from far quarters of the United States, some from the Pacific Coast, others from the far South, others from the extreme East. Artists, craftsmen, museum directors, officers of art associations, college professors and art-lovers made up this assemblage, representing a wide diversity of interests but a unanimity of purpose—to uphold the standards of art and to keep interest in art alive despite the war under the conviction that it is a factor in that civilisation for which the war is being waged.

The Arts and Crafts Society Building, which includes in its scheme not only exhibition rooms, but a charming little theatre, was the headquarters, and three of the four sessions were held therein. No ordinary auditorium or hotel ballroom could have provided the atmosphere and setting which were provided here.

In the exhibition rooms of the Arts and Crafts Society was set forth an extraordinarily well-selected and arranged display of works by American craftsmen and artists: jewellery, pottery, needlework, woodcarving, small bronzes, beautiful in design and almost faultless in execution, demonstrating the fact that work in this field of a high order is being produced in our own country and in our own day.

The little theatre, with its balcony, its gaily painted chairs and its fine stage appointments, not only lent cheeriness to the sessions held therein but emphasised through its mere existence the correlation of the arts. It was all so sane and sincere, yet so picturesque and so good—art stripped of none of its inherent potential beauty, yet coupled with good workmanship and definite purpose.

Even the informal dinner with which the convention closed on the evening of the 24th, while

of the most simple character was made memorable by the use of art, a matter of lights, the decorative enplacement of flowers and the skilful application of colour. The speakers' table was placed on the stage and from the floor of the auditorium, utilised as a stage setting, golden screens serving as background, multi-coloured tulips as decorations with strips of emerald-green damask crossing the white cloth of the table and giving emphasis as a colour note.

Great credit indeed is due the local committee of arrangements, headed by Mr. George G. Booth, who was ably assisted by Miss Helen Plumb, the secretary and presiding genius of the Arts and Crafts Society, and her co-workers Miss Alexandre and Miss Catherine McEwen, both clever artists and craftswomen; Miss Mary Chase Perry of the Pewabic Pottery; Mr. William B. Stratton, the well-known local architect, and others.

The papers that were presented at the convention were all of a constructive character. Chief emphasis was placed on industrial art as one of the great needs of this country at this time.

Prof. Richard F. Bach of Columbia University presented a most admirable paper on "Mobilising the Art Industries," setting forth the present situation with regard to American manufactures and urging the importance of establishing without delay more and better schools and museums of industrial art, and of educating not only the public generally but salesmen and buyers in particular in the industrial arts. He said we must not only as a nation "*wake up*," and "*speed up*," but also "*build up*."

Prof. Walter Sargent of the University of Chicago and Miss Emma M. Church of the Church School of Art spoke on the subject of training designers. Professor Sargent said that as far as we can estimate from available statistics we shall need after the war about 50,000 more industrial designers in this country than are now available or in training. Miss Church showed some interesting textiles designed by students in her school.

Miss Florence N. Levy of the American Art Alliance gave a significant account of the work of the Alliance in securing positions for industrial art workers.

A paper was read by Professor Binns on the possibility of personal enterprise in the production of pottery; in other words, advocating the establishment of small manufactories in various parts of the country.

## *Convention of the American Federation of Arts*

Resolutions were passed urging the inclusion of industrial art courses in all schemes for vocational training, requesting the publication of papers on this subject by the Federal Bureau of Education, and setting forth the importance of the passage of the Design Registration Bill for the protection of designers, now before Congress.

At the opening session of the convention Mr. William B. Stratton gave an illustrated talk on the subject of the housing of industrial workers. And Mrs. Herbert Adams read a most excellent paper on "War Monuments," reviewing the errors of the past and setting forth ideals for the future, a paper full of thought and thought-provoking substance.

Resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Federation urging that provision be made in the bills at that time before Congress authorising the bestowal of Medals of Honor, Distinguished Service Crosses, medals, etc., for gallantry in the United States military service, that the designs of these medals, etc., be approved by the Federal Commission of Fine Arts before being accepted in order that they be intrinsically worthy.

Resolutions were also adopted urging that a replica of the statue of Lincoln by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, which was originally offered as a gift to Great Britain through the American Peace Centenary Committee, accepted by Great Britain, and given a site near Westminster Abbey in London, should be sent in accordance with the original intention instead of the substitute statue of Lincoln by George Gray Barnard, which, according to documentary evidence presented, has not been approved by the majority of the Peace Centenary Committee.

In connection with this resolution, a resolution was adopted urging upon Congress the passage of a bill which would prohibit such gifts of international character being made in the future by private organisations in the United States without the approval of the proper official authorities.

These resolutions were presented by Mr. Howard Russell Butler, vice-president of the National Academy of Design, representing a duly authorised committee of that organisation. Mr. Butler explained in his presentation speech that no criticism was intended of the statue by Mr. Barnard, that to the contrary Mr. Barnard's standing as a sculptor was fully recognised. He also stated that the money necessary for the

making of the replica of the Saint-Gaudens statue was immediately available.

A spirit of earnestness and seriousness and even optimism pervaded the entire convention and gave, had it been needed, credence to the report of the secretary, Miss Leila Mechlin, that despite the all-absorbing interest in war there has come to the people during the last year a clearer knowledge not only of the use to which art may be put in such times as these but of its real value and significance.

The Federation during the past twelve months has had in circulation no less than nineteen exhibitions of oil paintings, water-colours, prints, etc., which have been shown in ninety-six places throughout the United States. Its illustrated lectures on art have been given in forty-nine places.

It has furnished upon request specially prepared illustrated lectures on American and French art for use by the Y. M. C. A. in the camps of the American and French armies.

It has served as a general bureau of information in Washington; published monthly the *American Magazine of Art* and during the year Volume XIV of the *American Art Annual*.

It is looking in the future to the extension of its work, the establishment of branch offices in other parts of the country and to increasing the number of its exhibitions, its lectures, its publications, etc., all under the conviction that art is essentially an Americanising force, that it has a distinct mission and message—and that more than ever before it shows that the things of the spirit for which beauty stands are eternal.

### **T**HE AMERICAN ARTISTS' WAR EMERGENCY FUND

A UNIQUE collection of drawings in a neat portfolio 10 x 12 has been put out for sale at five dollars for the benefit of the above fund. This is one of the many war activities started by the National Arts Club of New York with the object of aiding American artist-soldiers, or their dependents, who through causes connected with the war may need assistance.

These auto-lithographs are both beautiful and rare, representing the work of many of our distinguished artists. Although philanthropic in intention, the buyer is getting a very handsome equivalent for his investment.

# THE PAINTER'S PERIL

BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

THERE is no menace which more completely shadows the artist's existence than the auctioneer's hammer which, like the sword of Damocles, constantly sways before his startled vision. In the ever-recurring readjustments of life, pictures will always appear from time to time upon the auction lists, the prices obtained acting as a guide to the many who in judging pictures prop their opinions upon the prices which are duly heralded in the next day's papers. But such figures are indications only in conjunction with other needful knowledge, and are in no wise a criterion by which to judge an artist's abilities and standing. None the less, many artistic reputations are made or destroyed by just such artificial appraisals. No wonder the artists shrink from the ordeal! And yet with this startling experience or exposure dangling before his eyes, the painter, far from keeping the danger as remote as possible, actually goes out of his way to invite misfortune by donating his work to some charity without the simple precaution of setting a reserve price. Thus the scene is prepared for the slaughter of the innocents. This revolting spectacle took place early in June on the occasion of a public sale in the Anderson Galleries of pictures generously given for the purpose of aiding those blinded in battle. A better cause never called for aid, and Governor Whitman spoke fervently to the audience in the vain hope of stimulating a feeling of generosity.

Where a collection of pictures is broken up by death, indifference, reverses, or change of residence, an auction takes place and the artists who may be represented in the collection creep miserably about the corridors awaiting the verdict or with trembling hands read the results over the morning coffee. Why does the artist wittingly summon disaster by making no stipulations when it is in his power? As long as the public can pick up an attractive picture for the price of a small ham, charity auctions will continue to be a disgrace to all participants.

In this particular case, five dollars was the prevailing bid, and seldom did it soar to ten, in spite of unceasing and strenuous exertions on the part of the auctioneer. Art-lovers will not soon forget the fiasco, only equalled by a recent sale of British water-colourists where pictures by such men as

Sims, Orpen and Cameron went for a song—an experience which will never be repeated by that body of men. A fashionable audience sat like crows at a feast gobbling up good canvases for sums far below the framing bill. These people who assisted so ably in the bartering of the artist's blood for a mess of nickels recked little of the sightless victims of the Armageddon, but were mainly concerned in helping themselves with both hands, and if they had a spark of conscience they must have felt contemptible indeed as they handed in their meagre cheques in return for the booty. To the victor the spoils. They certainly were the victors but, ye Gods! at what a price.

As picture after picture was withdrawn without a bid or sold at the five-dollar start, one could imagine oneself with the needy at a Tenth Avenue furniture knock-out far removed from the Anderson Galleries and their substantial patrons.

It is to be hoped indeed that this grim orgy will have rung the knell on the unreserved sale of paintings. A few artists, who have a proper respect for their abilities as well as a due regard for their fellow-craftsmen, were careful to put an upset price upon their offerings, with the result that dead silence and withdrawal operated automatically. The person who smokes a five-cent cigar does not extend his hand for one costing a dollar unless it should happen to be a gift.

In the murk of the tragedy a fitful gleam broke through the proceedings when the big canvas by Ridgeway Knight was auctioned for \$25,100, but this no doubt was a bit of stage-play with the laudable object of promoting enthusiasm. If so, the object was to some extent attained, for the next bid of five dollars soared rapidly to fifteen before the reluctant drop of the hammer. It is not suggested that the \$25,100 sale was not a bona-fide affair; we mean only to express suspicion that the big sale was arranged beforehand.

The lessons to be learned from this disaster are many and obvious. Let no artist again suppose that even if the object of the charity be a laudable one, the audience will be prompted by any generous motives. Let him give freely but with the proper reserve so that he will not be providing a banquet for the crows. One wonders why, in that prosperous assembly, not one soul could be found large enough to buy in the paintings and return them to the artists themselves, thus combining generosity with charity!

# THE ESTIMATION OF ART BY RAYMOND WYER

THIS article is inspired by the desire to discuss more or less analytically the questions and problems arising in the minds of those interested in modern, more particularly our national art; a subject pregnant with importance to museums, societies and collectors whose art objects are destined some day to find permanent shelter in a public institute—a subject of equal interest as well to all liegemen of art to whose opinions the public defers. I hope to enlist the sympathies of those who admit the influence of art on thought and who do not see in art objects solely things of beauty appealing to the aesthetic sense, and who concede in spirit and technique the best thought of its age, that the conditions of no two periods can be similar, and that no two periods therefore can produce identical art. As a thesis, then, the arts in the broad sense of the term affect not only the new generation of artists but the whole range of human thought.

Buying old masters involves less responsibility than acquiring examples of contemporary art. If an old picture be unrepresentative or fictitious the truth will speedily attest the fact and the mistake may be rectified; in the case of modern art, mistakes are not so readily apparent, usually owing to one of two reasons: either a commercial influence or a wealthy collector who has amassed examples of some painter and seeks every means of enticing museums to endorse his judgment, or it may be the business acumen of the artist himself. In either case a discriminating responsibility attaches to those empowered to pass judgment.

A certain prestige may attach to a painter's productions for causes unrelated to art, his name becoming a household word without enquiries as to his original claim to distinction. A connoisseurship which has done much in expertising old masters is the result of sensitiveness to quality and a knowledge of established principles. Such connoisseurship has not extended *pari passu* to modern collections, a lack of policy that may be detected on all sides.

A famous example of haphazard methods in collecting modern work is the Walker Gallery, Liverpool, England.

No infallible rules can determine the life or lasting reputation of a picture, but collectors and

museums should have some basis to go upon, some knowledge of the essential qualities of living art. To acquire that knowledge the seeker must revert to past art, considering what has lived and what has not, always remembering that the past must be reviewed through the present and not reversely, as is the common practise. We need prophetic power; we must be constructive and anticipatory; and this power demands that we pursue the different phases of thought, conditions and moral forces.

This subconscious grasp of universal conditions is disciplined by a knowledge and appreciation of technical evolution in its relation to current life. Technique evolves, art does not. The emotions caused by a trip from Boston to Philadelphia are the same whether it be performed by express train or stage-coach. Only the technique varies. Without entering upon the question of superiority of methods, suffice it to say that the imagination of to-day needs the speedier equipment.

It is easier to say what will *not* survive in art. Some one remarked that Ranger was a great artist because his work might share the company of the Barbizons without disparagement, whereas Childe Hassam's would not. Such an argument is vain. As well compare Shakespeare and Ibsen, or pair off Debussy and Palestrina; these are different men—discussing different periods and personalities. Art can not be standardised, which is its prevailing charm. The moment that we are able to standardise art it will cease to be such.

There has been no essential difference in the character and mental spirit of any period. Fundamentally, human nature has been the same. Apparent differences are not due to any particular divergences of human nature but to the opportunities afforded by science and invention to give expression to these fundamentals. Science and invention are responsible in a way for our methods of living and conduct of life, for our clothes, our marriage laws; all this in its mechanical aspect is but the technique of life. We are often apt to think that people of bygone centuries differed in their type of features and ideas. This is not true. The clothes of the period may give this impression but they are the result of definite conditions related to the thought of the time which reacts one on the other, resulting in certain conventions, laws, superstitions, which more or less decide how human emotions and aspirations should express themselves, and by accepting these condi-

## *The Estimation of Art*

tions it would create a temporary and superficial reflection; for instance, when women were expected to be prim they were prim in comportment but not fundamentally.

It is expected that the war will cleanse the world of considerable ultra-modernism, but there are other kinds of art which it is hoped may be mercifully removed from our midst. Endless canvases of fatuous sheep browsing on fatuous hillside, tame interiors with the inevitable maiden acting as wall-paper, sans refinement, sans strength, sans originality, sans everything. Many artists tickle their canvases with small brushes, recording impressions as small as their brushes. The young ladies ranged against the wall appear to be victims of German gas which has left nothing but their clothes. Not only have body and soul been robbed of action but walls and furniture, the table at which the lady disposes herself, or that favourite device, the mirror, lack the excuse of being there and are bereft of distinction. If the war educates the public to spurn such wares, it will not have been in vain. Recall the strength and refinement of a Vermeer, a de Hooch, or any seventeenth-century Dutch painter, or a Chardin whose distinguished technique and artistic perception would be outraged by the comparison. Or, again, glance at the nineteenth-century church interiors of Johannes Bosboom. The type of picture here condemned has not the objectivity of past art nor the virile subjectiveness which present-day conditions should surely command.

How will such examples affect the next generation of artists? Refinement in a painting need not preclude strength. An individual may have good breeding and therefore be pleasant to live with, and his only significance might dwell in the fact that he was not unpleasant to live with. Exaggerated value often attaches to such people due to our regard for pleasant surroundings and companionship that do not make for much thought. In consequence only the lightest conversation is welcomed at social gatherings. And so, in everything, virility is at stake. Refinement in art must before all else be virile and owe its qualities to that very virtue.

There are sculptors to-day whose work will baffle posterity. The art critics of two or three hundred years hence, or less, will be asking what was there in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries of American life that gave birth to works of

Egyptian or Assyrian character. The time has gone by for elegant trifles; our age is too vital. There are too many problems to be solved, and the best thinkers of to-day are seeking means to solve them, and all art that has any claim to vitality is that which is a symbol of the predominant thought of its age. There are also painters who have the technique and methods of the Venetian school of the sixteenth century. Posterity will know they were not done in the sixteenth century because the costume is of to-day, but for no other reason. In using this method which is obsolete, they are incapable of imbuing it with the life characteristic of the work of the Venetians. So we have compositions of figures uncontemporary in technique, with no life; women and children who can not breathe; not even the classic restraint of the Greeks is there; and it is all done for the sake of a certain luminosity of colour and quality of texture. Mediums of expression, technique and material undergo changes with the spirit of the period, but what is there in this day of stupendous effort that produces nothing more vigorous than a few inches of agreeable surface. What will the critics of years hence pronounce upon twentieth-century old master and semi-old master output? In other words, what position will a picture occupy historically and aesthetically in, say, two hundred years that was an old master when painted.

No word is more carelessly applied to paintings than the expression "beautiful," and with greater opportunity for misinterpretation. The charm of the model, a sentimental perspective, or some quality of harmony may provoke the term. Such a trick as Gabriel Max used in his head of Christ—the closed eyes which slowly open—has been followed up by the eyes that move with you and stop when you stop. Is that beautiful? If so, it is beauty without significance, and may not be denied to the German painter Knaus.

To say that Meissonier, Bougereau, Alma-Tadema and the pre-Raphaelites are academic and reactionary is a platitude to-day. Such art no longer has any subtlety in relation to the public. It is not sufficient to base one's regard for progressiveness alone on the condemnation of the classicist David, or the Carracci, or any other bygone exponents of eclecticism. The present-day reactionary forces and other pernicious influences are much too near for their character to be easily discerned. The writer

## *The Estimation of Art*

admits that he may be met with the argument that art has invariably sprung from an art condition at the lowest ebb. But so have the best periods morally been reactions from the most degraded periods. So, while this is correct, it will be reprehensible not to discourage any seemingly unhealthy tendencies.

It is important to develop a national spirit in the free and applied arts. And it is well to remember that the possession of national spirit is not determined by the object painted. Depicting the Grand Cañon does not necessarily foreshadow American art; a French landscape painted by an American artist could well be American art. And for this reason I believe the best training for an American student ought to be obtained in this country; he should be encouraged to go abroad, to live and move among the people, to paint in the fields but avoid the ateliers. I do not hesitate to say that the tendencies in art here are healthier and more promising of greater achievements than in any European country.

It is the American spirit in the work of Winslow Homer which causes Europe to see in him a figure of world importance, and it is the lack of this universal spirit which causes Inness and Wyant to make little appeal beyond these shores. Without going into enthusiasm about the approach of a renaissance, there is much promise of art movements of great importance in this country. Where this is most likely to develop it is difficult to say. The traditions of New England are an advantage that the Middle West and the West do not possess, they having already produced important men in the departments of art and literature. I believe there is no more promising soil. It has the tradition but it would be well to close up our windows tightly against draughts from the older countries. Still it might give impetus to the movement to let in a breeze from the West occasionally. We have all that tradition can give us; we want with this breeze the confidence of the West which in its own unadulterated condition forecasts many difficulties.

Whenever we—artists or laymen—restrict our outlook, whenever we deliberately blind ourselves to the comprehensiveness of our age and its possibilities, or deny the existence of forces or human emotions because we are not in sympathy with them, or because they do not appear to affect us directly, then we are that much of a failure in our creative work if we are artists, and

in prognostications if we are critics or judges. We must take cognisance of the responsible and irresponsible forces of nature (I use these two words in their widest and narrowest applications), and the result of not doing so means more than individual failure—it works towards decadence and degeneration. The whole history of art and mankind proves this contention. Whether or not we are in sympathy with certain issues and "isms," however impractical they are, however bizarre or absurd cubist and futurist may be, the fact remains that they are signs of certain conditions—development, decadency, unrest, a seeking after something, whatever we like to call it—and that it will affect all contemporary thought and is doing so even in the most conservative minds.

No artist has escaped the influence of these extraordinary manifestations except those who continue painting just pleasant pictures.

I would say that restraint in the use of living forces is the law of art and life, not selection. Given a public ready to accept enfeebled or irrelevant art, these painters would continue regardless of environment or conditions. At its best it is a type of picture suitable for the house—and in saying this I feel that I am unintelligently generous.

These criticisms may appear to be platitudes or far removed from the subject of art. The latter I deny. In regard to the former, I would say that I do not claim any unusual knowledge of conditions not possessed by any person who keeps himself informed of the world's doings. If I do lay claim to anything in this particular respect, it is more that I have trained myself for years to be as impersonal as possible in the consideration of the problems of life, of which art is a part, whether judged in an abstract way or in the study of a particular example. My own comfort or personal likes and dislikes, of which I have many, have not been allowed to intrude themselves into my consideration of these subjects. Yet I venture to say that no one feels more the passing of familiar and time-honoured conditions, and no one finds it more difficult than myself to appreciate fully and keep sympathetic pace with the vicissitudes in the journey of time. But only the best kind of happiness is obtained this way, for it is the only attitude that tends toward the realisation of a better condition morally, socially and intellectually.



## A NEW PHASE OF THE WAR CARTOONIST'S ART BY WARREN WILMER BROWN

JUST as Bruce Bairnsfather is interpreting the humorous side of the British Tommy's life in the trenches, so Poulbot, his distinguished Gallic confrère, is revealing the lighter effects of the war upon the children of France and Belgium. We have become accustomed to the work of the artists, who, grasping the full horror of this overwhelming world calamity, by delineating the facts with pitiless realism, have added a vast store to the colossal mass of evidence that brands, and will forever brand, the Huns for the monsters they are. We have grown familiar with works that perpetuate for future generations the records of boche infamy; that present thrilling descriptions of the battle-front, and of the terror and agony that stalk the ruins now marking spots where once stood busy cities or peaceful hamlets. The symbolists, too, have done their part effectively in creating an influence through the medium of art which the whole combined force of that odious thing, German propaganda, will never

diminish in the slightest, widespread and venomous as it is.

Of them all—Forain, Fouqueray, Raemaekers, Brangwyn, Steinlen, Truchel, Leroux, Jean Veber, Faivre, Flameng and others of greater or less distinction—it remained for Bairnsfather and Poulbot to bring by means of their drawings a burst of real sunshine to a world darkened by ominous clouds of sorrow and despair.

Of course, there can be no real basis of comparison between works that are as utterly dissimilar in method and in subject as the productions of these two men. But for all that there does exist, so to speak, a remote spiritual kinship between them by virtue of their irresistible sense of humour and their gift of light, witty expression. It is a dreadful thing to speculate upon the fate of the little children of those sections of the war zone that for four years have endured the brunt of the titanic conflict. It takes no unusually active imagination to realise the boundless extent of their suffering; to picture them being driven from their homes or forced to witness the murder of their parents, ruthlessly slain before their very eyes. No rare gift of fancy is needed to see them fleeing by hundreds, no, by thousands,

## *A New Phase of the War Cartoonist's Art*

they know not whither, neglected, tortured, starved. The vision of this woeful legion sweeps on endlessly, and as it passes there arises an appalling unison of sobs and moans, broken by shrieks that tell of the bayonet's thrust or of those more awful tortures inflicted by the crucifiers of innocence. We know by incontrovertible testimony that these things are. And yet, mercifully, we know, too, that despite all the pain and grief that may be laden upon the heart of childhood, its buoyancy, its blessed forgetfulness, its merriment, must inevitably flash out again and again.

It is just this flash that illuminates Poulbot's drawings. He has disregarded the dreadful horrors the war has made so customary to the children of France and Belgium, and has infused into his work a degree of light-heartedness and fun that gives it enduring charm. Does not the civilised world owe him a debt of gratitude for this? It must be confessed that, for those who look back of surface manifestations, there is a sinister suggestion in these drawings, as there must be in every effective comment on the war, for the background of tragedy may only be veiled, not hidden. But that is purely an inferential quality and one, moreover, that is devoid of the slightest morbidity. The fact that it is present, indeed, really makes the humour the braver, the more trenchant.

Poulbot's work, like all good art, is significant of many things other than that for which it actually stands. It is extremely sophisticated and at the same time naive, and the truthfulness and accuracy with which it portrays juvenile type and its characteristics give it immediate appeal.

Only a man possessing abundant sympathetic knowledge of childhood, who has a clear conception of its instincts—and a Frenchman at that—could handle these subjects the way Poulbot does. Every one of his works discloses this understanding, this insight, and for that reason they take on new interest from a psychological standpoint.

The characterisations in all of the drawings are masterfully portrayed, and they are all the more effective because of the simplicity, the directness of the process. The same childish types appear frequently under different circumstances and in different surroundings, yet nevertheless they have plenteous variety. In no more

conclusive manner does the artist demonstrate his comprehensive powers than in emphasising the imitative faculty that is so strongly developed in all children. In practically every one of these cartoons, the youngsters are seen devoting themselves to games that reflect the fearful business that has been waged about them for so long. Here, a group of tots are posing as invaders or are about to engage in battle. There, a dozen or so are assuming the rôles of surgeons and nurses of the Red Cross or are pretending to dispose of the fate of prisoners.

It is difficult to determine in some of the drawings which is the more impressive factor, humour or pathos. Take, for instance, the one with the caption "*Il aura bouffé du Boche.*" The idea itself is delightfully funny, but note the expression of the two tiny girls, the pitiful devastation of the landscape! And who could gaze at poor little "*Fritz*" in the scene depicting the preparations for battle ("*Nous allons livrer la Bataille, etc.*") without a throb of pity? This vein of pathos, though, is by no means an invariable concomitant. Sheer comedy is frequently encountered, two notable examples being the cartoon showing the Boche regiment that has surrendered to two urchins manning a formidable stove-pipe mounted to look like a cannon, and that masterpiece of sly humour which any one else would have made essentially vulgar, "*Sale Belgique! Ach! . . . Voilà encore qu'il pleut.*" A German sentinel stands inside his box cursing the rains of Flanders and extending his hand to see if the rain has ceased. Apparently it has, but the deception is maintained by an urchin who has climbed onto the roof and is spitting into the open hand with every show of delight and efficiency.

Returning again to the serious import of these works, it is possible to invest them with inspiring symbolic attributes.

Is not the indomitable spirit that vitalises them, the persistent optimism, the sublime determination to make the best of conditions—is it not this spirit that apotheoses France, puts her uppermost in our love and veneration, which makes her national morale blaze like a steady, unquenchable beacon for our own beloved country and for her other Allies?

While Poulbot's fame was firmly fixed in France before the war by his interpretations of the gamin life of Paris, naturally his reputation has been



- vous les "petites otages", vous allez marcher devant notre armeé.

rouelle 1915



- Il aura bouffé de la poche . . . .

All four drawings were secured for THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO through the courtesy of Lieut. R. A. Shaw, of the Canadian Army, and the prints were made by F. F. Frittita, an artist-photographer of Baltimore.



greatly increased by his more recent work, though surprisingly little so far has been written about him in this country. The accompanying illustrations were reproduced from originals in the possession of the Canadian Government, being a part of the remarkable collection of relics, etc., assembled by Col. A. G. Doughty, Deputy Minister of Ottawa and Controller of Canadian War Trophies, for the Dominion's proposed War Trophy Museum.

This collection was first shown in the United States at the Liberty Loan exhibition "Over There" in Baltimore, the nobly beautiful decorations for which were devised by William Gordon Beecher, architect, and Edward Berge, sculptor.

BUREAU OF ADVICE  
ON PAINTINGS

Mr. Raymond Wyer, who is a recognised authority, will give special attention to letters addressed to this magazine under the above heading.

GOTHIC ART

It would not be extending due courtesy to the Metropolitan Museum if we were to reproduce in illustration or even describe the beautiful statue which they have just acquired from the Demotte Galleries and which will be illustrated and authoritatively explained in their October *Bulletin*. We merely wish to record our satisfaction that the Museum has bought a highly important example of Gothic art such as is seen but rarely on this side, and at a time when the country is injudiciously warned against buying art.

The two other examples from the same Galleries illustrated on pages xxv-vi, are of unusual significance. The Saint George is carved in stone, fifteenth-century school of Bourgogne, and comes from the chapel of Arnay le Duc. It is forty-three inches high. The Virgin and Child, fifty-one inches, is of the first half of the fourteenth century, school of L'Ile de France, from the collection of M. Piqueret, who was Vicar of the Church of Vernouillet, near Paris. The Virgin has that bewildering smile that thirteenth-century statuary so much more often depicts.



ALICE McDougall  
BY LOUIS BETTS

# THE CHALLENGE BY GEORGE F. EVANS

I HAVE read in the daily paper of an artist killed in the war. I pick up an art magazine and read that the summer camps for painting will go on as usual. I ask, "What good are these camps now?"

I read in the paper of an Italian poet who has led a charge in battle. I turn to the bulletin of a college and see that next year the course on versification will be given as before. I ask, "What good are such courses now?"

What is the place of Art nowadays, we may well ask. Is Art to go its old way; or is it to forsake its way and take part in the world's business? What good are the arts now?

These are impatient times. We demand immediate results. We want everything done up in haste, and we challenge things that do not seem to be directly aiding the Government.

But let us be sure that we do not totally misunderstand the answer that is returned to our challenge. Perhaps the one whom we challenge shows mediate rather than immediate results for his work. The dancer who can cheer the soldiers in a Paris hospital is doing something valuable. Let us go about in these days not merely saying, "What are you making?" but saying rather, "What are you cultivating?" We can't all make ships; some of us can make better gardens. We can't all make gardens; some are better cultivators of men's spirits. What we need to be sure of is that our work is leading to something worth the time it is taking us in this impatient hour. All hours of life might well be impatient hours. It takes a season like the present to show us the value of time spent.

The value of Art lies in its cultivating an appreciation of higher than ordinary values. If painting and poetry do this, let them go on. There was never a time when we needed more an understanding of higher values. The art camps may go on this summer along with the army camps. I suppose there are some artists who would not make good fighting men, just as there are fighting men who would not make good artists. Art can help in the day's work as surely as can Religion. But let each artist be very sure that he can help men better by his art than in other ways. Woe to him if he pursues a cheap art and pays for it with the life of a friend.

# CORRECTED SLOGAN

# A

PEOPLE and events move so swiftly in this kaleidoscopic whirligig called life that there is only time found for action, very little for thought; but as action can only follow thought, it stands to reason that a few people have to be thinkers, and the daily press extends canned thought to the people. For a few cents a day, Mr. Average Citizen fills up on morning and evening press platitudes, assimilating easily digestible slogans without any analysis or mental enquiry. Some slogans are excellent examples of wisdom in a nutshell, others are untrue and pernicious. The war-time slogan that calls particularly for our condemnation is one that forbids you to buy art as though the acquisition of art objects would be hurtful to our main object—the winning of the war. This doctrine is foolishly supported by many people who consequently regard this absurd and wicked advice as truth because the papers say so, and they even see it in big type on the advertising curtain of the movies. Some who still buy art objects have not the courage of their convictions and purchase stealthily, making it a condition that the sale shall not be mentioned.

When an institution like the Metropolitan Museum comes out boldly with the acquisition of a fine specimen of Gothic art, there is firm evidence of thinking with consequent disavowal of the slogan. To buy French art to-day, far from doing harm, is doing inconceivable good by replenishing her war-worn coffers. France has no manufactories now, nothing to export but her art. The statuary and other treasures sent to New York are literally rescued from the ashes of her devastated provinces. Many costly pieces have been purchased about Château-Thierry, Rheims and Verdun, and thus snatched from pillage or destruction. Not only is precious art saved to the world but the money goes to French towns that need it sorely. Though showing in our illustrations some beautiful examples of Gothic art from the Demotte Galleries, this is not a plea to buy from any one dealer—it is a plea to buy French art from any source and the plea extends to art of all kinds, especially American art. "Now is the time to buy art," is the amended slogan and any one who will take the time to think it over will see where truth and expediency meet.



— Photo — G. M.

SAINTE GEORGE. STONE CARVING.  
THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



Courtesy of the Gemälde-Galerie

VIRGIN AND CHILD - STONE CARVING  
FIRST HALF OF FOURTEENTH CENTURY

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**I**N BEAVER STREET NEAR THE BATTERY  
BY JESSIE LEMONT

[*EDITOR'S NOTE:—The following article was written before the artist's second entry into the war which had a fatal ending. Lieutenant Edward Michael McKey was attached to the American Red Cross and performing most dangerous tasks when a shell killed him on June 15th at San Dona di Piave. He had served in the opening months of the war as one of the first ten ambulance drivers attached to the French army in Paris.*]

THE Battery ever conjures up the picturesque past. The continuous stream of people surges

to and fro; a dark-eyed Italian boy dangles his bare legs over the water's edge; a French girl sits on a bench with far gaze looking out seaward; a Scandinavian lad with fair hair blown back by the wind stands in the prow of a small boat; vessels ride the waves with white sails flapping and expanding in the gale; great ships lie at anchor flying flags of many nations, and dominating all stands the Statue of Liberty with torch held aloft—in spite of criticism, a stirring figure, symbol of a hope whose torch shall light the world.

The Battery holds the thrill of home-coming on a great ship from the old world when Liberty rises magically from the sea through the gray morning mist, and the Woolworth Tower and buildings fronting New York harbour take form like a new-world Valhalla, blending into one splendid whole like a giant castle of old.

West of the Battery, away from the waterfront and facing the Bowling Green, stands the monumental pile of the Customs Building with Daniel Chester French's great sculptural groups guarding the entrance. These groups fittingly typify the hereditary sources of the many peoples that pass up its steps. The Bowling Green broadens out in a large square in front of the building; in the centre stands the statue of Amerigo Vespucci, the Florentine for whom America was named. To the west flagstones curve a block and a half toward the narrow street that extends four blocks and is designated on the lamp-posts as "Beaver Street." Here tower high office buildings which in the narrow street seem almost to meet at their topmost stories where the windows are veiled by floating white clouds of smoke that dissolve and disappear in the dim gray cavern as in a mountain gorge. New Street stretches two blocks to the left and ends in a blind alley and on the right extends a half block into the cortile or courtyard of the



SPRING

BY E. M. M'KEY

## *In Beaver Street near the Battery*

Produce Exchange Building, the original site of the first French Huguenot church founded in New York City.

Looking over the courtyard are the gable windows of an old brick building that fronts on Beaver Street. The entrance, No. 18, is at the side of a café whose foreign name and appointments give the street a touch of Italian atmosphere and colour. Within the building are four flights of carpetless steps, worn and sagging a bit toward the banister—interesting steps, resembling those in some old English inns that have not been torn down or replaced because of the many noted footsteps that have passed over them.

The steps mount past the café for men, past the second-floor café for ladies, with the ceiling garlanded with ivy, which also festoons windows and mantelpieces after the manner of the Italians. On, up to the fourth and topmost floor, where the hallway leads to a large airy, room recently used as a studio by Edward Michael McKey, who not long since returned to New York City after a number of years on the Continent.

This was perhaps the first studio established in Beaver Street. The artist happened one day upon the old brick building with the top floor "To Let" which overlooked the court where had stood the primitive Huguenot church, where there came through the gable windows a whiff of the salt tang of the sea, where narrow gray caverns extended between perpendicular walls of twenty-story buildings, and where the dome at the end of Beaver Street glinted in the morning sun. Here, in other words, was Old New York, here was quaintness, picturesqueness, foreignness, "atmosphere." And thus Beaver Street became the habitat of a painter.

McKey's art put forth its first slender shoots in the Sibley House—the oldest stone house in Minnesota—which many years back was the residence of General Sibley of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, one of the early settlers and an historic figure in Minnesota. Burt Harwood, a Western painter, organised a summer art school for out-of-door painting in this house in the half-Indian and half-French town of Mendota, about ten miles from Minneapolis. Edward McKey attended this school during the summer months—he was then about eighteen. His instructor was Miss Ina Barber, a Southern woman of talent, who awakened the lad's first keen interest in colour and composition. A scholar-

ship was won and Edward McKey went to the School of Fine Arts in St. Paul, where he remained perhaps a year and a half. After that he came to New York, where he painted independently in his own studios; then came Paris, Rome and many other foreign cities. Two years in the Western art schools was the only instruction or experience that Edward McKey had in art schools or academies. Like Zuloaga, he might have said: "All I knew of the Beaux-Arts was the view one has of it from the windows of the Louvre."

In 1908 McKey went again to Italy, where he worked and exhibited until 1913. When war was declared he returned to Paris and served for six months in the Ambulance Corps behind the first line of trenches, where he won the Croix de la Guerre. Then he returned to America.

Two interesting impressions of men at the front are life-size, full-length portraits of Mr. Robert McClay of New York City and Barone Amerigo Serrao of Rome. Mr. McClay was Mr. McKey's co-worker in the ambulance service in France during six months at the battlefield.

Mr. McClay's portrait shows a soldier in khaki uniform with brown leather cap, belt and puttees, standing against a shadowy gray background—a figure erect and alert, a strong face with blue eyes both keen and kind. The colour key is pitched low, the handling is reserved and quiet.

Barone is the typical Italian officer in the uniform of the Piedmont Realli, clad in steel helmet with gold horn and the white cross on black fur of the House of Savoy, a blue coat with scarlet collar and cuffs and silver ornaments and buttons, olive-green breeches and the black riding boots of the cavalry. The right hand rests légèrely on the steel sword, the left holds a lighted cigarette. The colour is brilliant, the shadows are laid in solidly, the entire handling is as daring as the figure which is represented. The two portraits present the contrast between two races, the character and temperament of the two types.

The full-length portrait of Mrs. Edward Mellon, daughter of Judge Alexander Humphrey of Kentucky, was also done in Rome. Here the colour is brilliant, the brushwork broad and striking. The picture represents a Southern beauty of Spanish type, a small, finely poised head with black hair parted over the low brows and drawn back into a large coil; heavily pencilled, arched black eyebrows over dark Spanish eyes and charming features. The figure is somewhat



MRS. BENTICK  
BY E. M. McKEY



PORTRAIT OF A POET  
BY E. M. O'KEY

*In Beaver Street near the Battery*



BARON SERRAO

BY E. M. MCKEEY

small and daintily aristocratic. High lights glimmer over the salmon-coloured silk gown and black belt, cuffs and neck pendant enamelled in blue and silver. A black satin slipper with silver buckle is visible beneath the skirt or apron of white lace. The most delightful touch in the whole portrait is the pose of the arm and hand. The elbow is bent and from it flirts a ruffle of fine lace. The wrist, too, is bent; the tapering fingers rest with a spreading gesture upon the hip. The hand is a delicious bit of revelation of subtle fascination. There is a striking use of black also in this portrait which in its vivid picturesqueness is reminiscent of Zuloaga.

McKey's studio in Rome where these portraits were painted and first exhibited presented an interesting contrast to that in Beaver Street. It was in an old "caso" on the Via Margutta. An alleyway ran from this street into a square, grass-covered court shaded at the far end by a weeping-willow tree under which stood an antique marble statue. On one side of this court was the entrance to the Cercle Artistico; on the opposite side was the gateway and loggia to McKey's garden. In one corner of the garden stood an old Roman stone well under the spreading boughs of a great ilex tree. Here the nightingales sang in the evening and the moon cast fantastic shadows through the branches. The garden led to the studio—a large, long stone-gray room with



ROBERT MCKEEY

BY E. M. MCKEEY

## *In Beaver Street near the Battery*

windows that looked up over the Pincian hills.

Another portrait of this period but in more sombre key is that of an old Roman shepherd who came at times to the Via Margutta. Quiet and full of repose, the Roman Campagna seems to stretch out behind this old shepherd, the restfulness of the close of day seems to fall upon his white hair. The brown-cloaked figure sits against a brown background that deepens into dark shadows. The painting is smooth, the colour is a monochrome of browns. The picture has a quiet austerity. This figure might have wandered down from some old monastery. The fine-

acious; the hands of the girl in *Fairy Tales* are young, impulsive, full of wonder. The hands of *Mrs. Wooley*, seen through a filmy white tulle or illusion scarf, the left raised in a gesture toward the back of the picture as though she were about to part or brush aside some invisible curtain, convey something elusive, mystic, that accords with the tall figure which moves into the canvas with a backward turn of the head and face. The figure does not come forward, it retreats into the shadowy gray of the background, the hand has already partly disappeared into the shadows.

Rainer Maria Rilke in his book on August Rodin says in writing of this sculptor's mastery of the moods of hands: "Hands are a complicated organism, a delta into which many divergent streams of life rush together in order to pour themselves into the great storm of action. There is a history in hands; they have their own culture, their particular beauty; one concedes them the right of their own development, their own needs, feelings, caprices and tenderesses."

There is a suggestion of this significance of hands in the work of Edward Michael McKey.

McKey, with the imagination of the Celt and a gipsy love of roaming, travelled much and resided in many countries. His work, influenced by his mode of life, represented no one style, no fixed method. Some of the pictures have the smooth technique of the sixteenth-century Italians; some have a broad, vivid brush stroke that is intensely modern. The portrait of Mrs. Bentick, with its simple pose, its quiet colours and transparent shadows, recalls Dewing. Mrs. James Stillman, with veil wound about her hair, with a book in her hand and perhaps symbolic surroundings, is pre-Raphaelite in its composition. The granddaughter of Mrs. Grace Kendall, a slim child in a black frock, standing against a Whistler gray background, is reminiscent of *The Girl Skipping the Rope*. *Sea Music*, a woman holding a shell, an imaginative canvas, is like a Besnard. Another imaginative painting entitled *Spring* is delightful in its rhythm and motion. Against a background of fleecy clouds with patches of blue struggling through, with veiled light reflected on body and limbs and leaping, dancing feet, the figure is caught by the painter in an ecstatic gesture of life. The atmosphere of the sky is chill but the brown earth sends its warmth upward and thrills the young body with the quickening of spring.



FAIRY TALES

BY E. M. M'KEY

featured Roman face is bent in thought or dreams, for these shepherds, though unlettered, are often poets of the soil. Here, too, the hands are interesting—old, brown, gnarled hands, hardened with toil but now at rest, one upon the shepherd's staff, the other relaxed upon his knee.

One of the distinctive features of McKey's work is his unobtrusive but significant treatment of hands. They portray character, mood, emotion, temperament. The hands of Mrs. Mellon, with their magnetic, pointed finger-tips, are like those of Nazimova when she plays *Hedda Gabler*, or they might belong to Lolita Soriana. The hands of Barone Serrao are careless, debonair in their gesture; the hands of Mr. McClay strong, ten-



OLD ROMAN SHEPHERD  
BY E. M. McKEY

## *In Beaver Street near the Battery*

Another portrait presents the head of a man of Norse type with blond hair and sea-blue eyes and colour born of the wind. The size is somewhat over life but there is shown great fineness as well as strength. The fine head and noble line of the throat might belong to a young viking. The white shirt has caught a tinge of blue-green of sky and sea. The shadow under the rolled-back collar deepens into sea-green. The background is blue-green with the shimmer of the sea. The portrait has an opalescent effect of light and colour and a quality like that of a fresco. It recalls the sea pictures of Sorolla.

McKey's work shows imagination, sureness of touch, good draughtsmanship and colour that has depth and at times brilliance. He penetrated beneath the surface likeness of his model and reveals an individual and interesting psychic quality. His men and women are personalities; they possess temperament and distinction.

He worked with great verve and rapidity. It was interesting to watch the gesture of the artist's hands while at work; they became endowed with a speech of their own. At times they touched the canvas gently with the brushes and again they became swift, compelling, and struck the canvas with broad, imperious strokes. They were in their movements like a musician's hands that softly ripple through the *Andante Cantabile* or sweep into the crescendo of the *Largo Maestoso*.

He was an ardent lover of Italy. "There is an old villa in Florence, high and remote," said he, "that I have in my mind where I shall go when I am old and where I shall rest when I die. America is the place for youth but the Continent is the abiding-place for age. There the old are respected and revered. I have always felt a responsive throb to the lines of Browning:

"Open my heart and you will see,  
Graved inside of it, Italy."

When the artist laid aside his tools we descended the staircase and passed out into the dim street. Two blocks away the lights of Fraunces' Tavern gleamed through the dark, and we bent our steps toward the old house that Étienne de Lancey built in 1700 as a home for his bride, the daughter of Col. Stephen van Cortlandt and Gertrude Schuyler—the house where Washington bade farewell to his generals in 1783—Fraunces' Tavern, around which is woven the history and the romance of a past century.

## SARATOGA CLUB HOUSE

NEAR completion and shortly to hang in the club house is a large picture by William Dowling, the well-known caricaturist, who signs as "Vim." The picture represents the principal members standing about the grounds below the building in well-designed groups—the likenesses are excellent and the poses very characteristic. Dowling has accomplished a very difficult task with more than satisfactory results, assisted a good deal by his acquaintance with the members and their consequent willingness to give him sittings. In this way an animated picture full of life and movement has been expressed. Everybody is doing something, laughing, listening, explaining or loafing. Very different from the wooden photographic presentments that Frith, R.A., and others have accustomed us to when it comes to depicting a crowd.

## A NEW MUSEUM

THANKS to the generosity of Mr. Joseph G. Butler, Junior, Youngstown, Ohio, will eventually possess the handsome museum now under construction at the hands of the well-known architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White. The building, which has cost half a million dollars to erect, will be ready for occupation by October.

The intention of this art-lover is to make his collection thoroughly American and to reserve one gallery for passing exhibitions. This is a very noteworthy enterprise and of intense interest to patrons of contemporary American art. For some time past Mr. Butler has been visiting the studios to procure good examples of American art. Paintings by great artists who have died, such as Winslow Homer and Inness, also take their place in this truly American assembly.

## "THE ETHICS OF THE PICTURE TALK"

AN article appeared under this title in the three-column section of our May issue and credit should have been given to the *Bulletin of the Chicago Art Institute*, whence it was taken. We beg to express our regrets to that publication for the unintentional slight.

# P ORTRAIT RELIEFS AND COINS IN LIFE AND ART BY T. SPICER-SIMSON

DURING the last few years the discerning and asthetic public has manifested a considerable interest in medallion reliefs, medals and coins, a delicate and imaginative form of art, which, for so many years, has been much neglected. For this reason a short article to encourage this sympathy and understanding should be welcomed if it revealed wherein medals have a just claim to especial attention, a claim few recognise to-day, and the majority through ignorance deny.

Before treating the subject of medals in detail, it would make certain aspects of the art clearer to touch upon some general questions that prove our aesthetic tastes are determined by deeper and more elemental emotions than any produced by the influences of environment; in fact, extend far back into the dim vistas of time and are subconscious forces of ancestral derivation. Colossal manifestations, whether spiritual or material, struck fear into the hearts of primitive humanity and still affect the majority of mankind in the same way. As man gains control of natural forces, astonishment or wonder takes the place of fear, which in turn creates a feeling of admiration. This sentiment indicates a sympathy towards or for some spiritual or material object. To most people's minds, sympathy and appreciation are repeatedly confused with understanding or the actual fact of appreciation is considered sufficient in itself. It is not surprising, therefore, that large objects evoke more general admiration and that the appreciation of diminutive objects is infinitely rarer. To be stimulated by the effect as a whole in the Small Arts, and not become absorbed in the detail which is workmanship, or the anecdote which is literature, requires the development by training of those delicate visual perceptions of rhythm and balance which are dormant in most people.

Coins and medals or small relief portraiture have flourished, therefore, as a High Art only when mankind attained an apogee of culture: the fifth century before Christ, when Greece reached her highest pinnacle of civilisation; when Rome became the world empire; and then later when the arts burst into such brilliant flower during the Renaissance.

Social relations changed very gradually during the golden ages of Art. Society held some ideal which it expressed through the artist's instrumentality; he had neither the time nor the inclination to analyse or philosophise upon his work but left the interpretation to those who appreciated his handiwork. To-day few men reflect and meditate upon immaterialities—so-called useless things—instead their energies are employed, even out of actual working hours, to make their economic, social or political positions more secure in this fast-changing and disintegrating era. The artist is impelled to express himself in some æsthetic form through the feeling of an individual need alone, instead of being inspired as well through and by a general communal ideal or racial necessity, as in the old days. Very few of our contemporaries believe that art is a necessity in daily life. The majority walk blindly unappreciative of the beautiful outward manifestations of the *spirit* of things and it is the privilege and obligation of the artist to deepen people's vision by an appeal to reason as well as sight. Higher, less materialistic ideals than prevail at present would thus be introduced and fostered, *viz.*, that a work of art can exist for the beauty in itself without the necessity of painting a moral or adorning a tale. Until society possesses a greater unity and places a higher value upon the manifestations of the spirit, creating thereby an atmosphere of general admiration for and satisfaction in the things of the mind, men will not be attuned to vibrate with the eternal verities.

To return to particulars. Coins in the form of money are tokens representing the value of objects and were invented to eliminate the clumsy method of exchanging merchandise itself. Small-sized portrait reliefs in circular form are designated medals, though the term medal to the popular mind conveys the idea only of a decoration as a reward. In fact, art terminology has been the great resource of the smatterer and rhapsodist to the detriment of accurate thought; it is therefore necessary to define what is meant by the words Nature and Art as used in this article. By the term Nature is implied the outward manifestations of the Universe, and by Art, man's special use of the visual impressions of these manifestations.

Any form of art expression that persists for centuries must have some basic reason for its continuity, and this is the case with the art of

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medals and coins. Their regular established form is circular; few of us realise, however, this contour has not been chosen because it is the traditional shape, but for fundamentally sensuous and especially aesthetic reasons. An object that is to be much handled should, of course, be agreeable to the touch and have no asperities. No outline commands the interest or rivets the attention to the same extent as the circle, which is the most important factor if we consider the diminutive scale of the object, where all attention must be directed toward the subject depicted and away from the outline. A circle has no angles, no irregularities, and therefore nothing to arrest the eye on any particular part except that, as the outline is equidistant from a certain point we call the centre, at that point will the eye rest. This very suitability of the circular form for small reliefs, which we might describe as its negativeness or inactiveness, is a disadvantage if the human element is lacking. Hence, many artists instinctively prefer an irregular, or rectangular shape to the cold fixity of the circle. This, however, as stated before, will be detrimental to the subject, for the more irregular the outline the greater the emphasis upon it to the corresponding detraction of the relief. The relief, it must be conceded, is a very important factor, for without it the coin or medal has no excuse for existence. The inscription, or the subject, stamps its use. Life is movement and change. These attributes can and should be recovered by the artist by the relief, the division of space and the direction of the lines of the composition, just as within certain confines mankind has been given freedom through the use of his intellect. Man is not entirely at the mercy of chance; through the strength of his emotions, guided by the intellect and expressed in some outward form, he gains the highest pinnacles of human attainment in Art. Freedom is necessary, but so is control, to make that complex being Man. Within limits clearly defined, all great works of Art conform to the above statement. There must be a harmony between the object depicted, the manner in which it is carried out, the material of which it is made and, in certain cases, the position it is to occupy.

A very formal geometrical location of the aspect of realistically treated living bodies, and especially if represented in movement, is a contradiction in terms; a feeling of discomfort arises

because life is action and pattern immobility. To repeat, Nature means change, irregularity, unconformity. If we wish to adapt her creations to some human need, use or preconceived object of our own, where we feel the necessity for balance, exact division or pattern, we must first interpret the thing chosen to be depicted, humouring the material in which it is to be translated and, in representing the subject, consider the innate elements, such as proportions, movement and line, of much more importance than photographic exactitude. The result may be a work of art, whereas, the exact imitation, never. When these qualities are emphasised, spirit and matter harmonise, and homogeneity with diversity arises, a sense of oneness with parts possessing great variety, the transcendental and the finite, which together are always found in the highest Art expressions and form the most important elements of that subtle quality we call Beauty. Consequently the circle need not be mathematically exact, and the subject on a coin, or medal, as designed by the artist should not be precisely in the centre, nor conform by its principal lines to the curve of the circle, if it is desired to impart an impression of something vital, living and possessing character.

It is a trite fact to say that a representation of Nature at a greatly reduced size will not be true even to her outward shell; consequently imitation, realism or truth to Nature are most elastic terms. It sounds like romantic fantasy to say that Nature can be coaxed by affectionate observation to disclose the greater Truth, her inward spirit. By spirit is meant something that the exterior aspect may not always disclose, such qualities as density, softness, hardness or elasticity, not the surface texture. The sagging or festooning of cloth, for example, is so much more significant as revealing the spirit of this particular material than its rough or smooth surface or the pattern on it. The texture, colour and sometimes pattern are common properties of all objects, but the lines of draperies speak for it alone. A deeper truth may thus be attained through emblematic representation than by direct illustration and the artist becomes a poet as well as an artisan. Even from the modern practical standpoint, it seems unfortunate that symbols should have become almost a dead language; only a few remain that are understood by the general public: the flag, the cross, the dove, and so on. The lion, denoting courage,

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the anchor, hope, and many other pretty conceits have practically vanished, though they stand for an international language. When society settles into a more stable form than exists at present, a general moral and sincere ideal will be found permeating it. Emblems will then be both resuscitated and reinvented to express this new form of relationship between men. Meanwhile, notwithstanding the modern attitude towards most emblematic figures, it may be just as well not to throw over entirely a language that was once more easily understood by different races than the spoken word.

Portrait medallions or medals must conform more nearly to the individual peculiarities of the person portrayed than pictorial subjects, compositions or designs representing something less personal. Balance must be obtained without too much formality of pattern or disharmony results between the realism of the face and the position it occupies in the space allotted to it. The great artist adapts the sitter's characteristics and transmutes them by his intellectual perception of form into something more direct and tangible than possibly what is before him, yet in harmony with the psychology of the person portrayed. It requires great discrimination to feel just to what degree formality, another term for order and design, should be carried and realism sacrificed so that the subject will still possess that changeable emotional quality we call life. It is interesting to note that the spiritual character of the individual, which in portraits is surely of more importance than the exterior shell, may be suggested before a single feature of the face is shown. For instance, by the relief projection. A vigorous relief would hardly be suitable for a poet, unless he were a Walt Whitman; or a delicate low relief for a General Grant; mass gives an impression of strength and aggressiveness, whereas, slight relief, where the background and subject melt together, imparts a sensation of subtlety and tranquillity indicating subjective, reflective and tender qualities. The space the head fills in the circle, the position it occupies near or away from the outline, with or without shoulders, may be used to emphasise the character of the sitter, both physically and mentally. The style of the lettering, its size and position, will also influence the onlooker's judgment as to the psychology of the person portrayed. With all these points to be

taken into consideration by the good portrait medallist, he must yet not lose the primary reason for the existence of the relief, which is decorative: a quality generally gauged when interest is displayed in the medal by others than friends of the sitter! This should be the ideal of all artists.

In coins and medals of some commemorative aim, this particularity is most essential. Here the problem to be solved differs, for the coin or medal of this class is generally struck in metal from steel dies, and smaller than cast relief portraits. Nearly all portrait medals are modelled in wax or some plastic material, then cast in plaster, from which the definite article is either produced by electric deposit processes or cast in lead, bronze, silver or gold. At the smaller scale, the use of different relief to express individual spiritual characteristics could not be grasped, for the eye does not properly visualise a tiny low relief. There is a point where the visual impression is nil and the surface relief quickly worn away by handling. Comparatively high relief on small coins has the practical advantage of durability and legibility as well as an aesthetic appeal.

The question may well be asked how is it that our modern coinage lacks in this particular when modern artists acknowledge the beauty of the old Greek coins and have them as examples and as sources of inspiration. Many people criticise our currency for its lack of these qualities and by doing so show that the exigencies of modern commercial society are not commonly understood. A very definite requirement to-day is that money should stack, i.e., one coin stand on top of the other. Weight is an undesirable factor too; yet, for striking in bold relief, thickness is essential. These are some of the difficulties thrown in the way of the modern medallist or die-cutter; he lies between the devil and the deep sea; is not permitted the thickness necessary for high relief, because of stacking and weight, yet low relief, though it will stack properly, has the great drawback of becoming illegible within a short time. Very naturally it is asked, Can a coin that is both artistic and practical be evolved, or is that an unattainable ideal now-a-days? Following along the old lines would be impossible, and therefore all precedents must be laid aside. A novel attempt was made in the gold two-and-a-half-dollar piece, where the metal has been deeply incised and the form found below the level of the background, somewhat in the style of the Egyp-

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tian low relief. But to give harmony between the subject depicted and the method of production the treatment should not be realistic, as it is in this coin, for the harsh and forward-projecting outline is not to be found in Nature; consequently a decorative interpretation or adaptation is imperative. An effect something like the sparkling Gothic seals should be the result.

Another technical consideration is the enormous stress on steel dies striking millions of pieces. The dies will have to be constantly renewed if the principal relief projections coincide on the different sides of the coin, whereas, by alternating the relief as much as possible, the hollow on the obverse to be the relief on the reverse, and, *vice versa*, a practical means is found to lengthen the life of the dies. To a government mint this is of immense economic value, for in the United States of America the small currency is struck in such quantities that the tower surpassing in height all other New York buildings may be said to have been built with dimes and nickels!

The blow of a modern steel press is so powerful that the molecular condition of the metal is affected throughout, which is easily demonstrated.

A coin of which one surface has been entirely effaced by usage, or purposely effaced with a file, is heated to the red-hot point before being withdrawn from the fire. If it is then examined, the original design will be visible on the effaced side. By dropping the coin in a solution of nitric acid and leaving it for an hour or so, when examined with the light at a certain angle, the original design becomes visible. The metal is always unevenly compressed; in the first experiment the molecules expand to their original state and the subject upon the coin becomes legible, though inversely, the most compressed parts, *i.e.*, the hollows, will be seen in relief. The same result is procured by the acid test, for the acid eats away the surface according to the pressure applied to the different parts of the metal.

The importance, therefore, of suitable designs for modern coinage cannot easily be overestimated, for all these exigencies, instead of crushing the artist's inspiration, should be, and usually are, the starting point for some original expression in art. The work should be given to the man who admires the spirit of the ancients, but inspires himself from Nature, without imitating her or the mannerisms of the old masters. The necessity of building with clay was the direct

cause of the Assyrians devising the round arch, and the demand for higher buildings, the better to express the people's aspiration toward the heavens, originated Gothic vault construction. These historical instances can be multiplied.

The reducing machine was invented at the beginning of the nineteenth century and all early work was made without its aid. Working directly on the small size, the die-cutter, as he was called, could only interpret Nature's forms in a simplified manner, consequently, even a poor artist was less likely to make errors of scale. He would not attempt to seize any but the principal or characteristic forms. His drawing may have been incorrect, but a greater effect of harmony resulted than in many of the well-drawn figures by celebrated artists of modern times. A harmony between the material and the design, a technical sincerity, and a definite scale beyond which the details should be eliminated, are more essential to a medal or coin as a work of art than either beautiful drawing, accuracy to Nature, or clever technique. When a figure in stone gives an impression of mass there is harmony between the material and the design. Technical sincerity means that the work of art should bear the mark of the principal tool used. The term scale as here used means interesting proportions between one object and another without reference to their actual relative sizes, for it is more important to make a decorative pattern of the subject than to give the true relative proportions.

All early struck coins and medals convey a sense of their method of growth and the material of which they are made, and these are qualities to be found in all great works of art. Handling or technique is, therefore, one of the vital means of disclosing the human element of feeling. In certain articles, such as money or furniture, where the utilitarian nature of the object is of more importance than the aesthetic, it is often the sole means by which the artist can express his personality. It follows logically that the greater the number of intermediary processes interposed between the artist and his finished work the less expressive will be the result as a human document. Consequently, a cast medal modelled or cut in relief of the same size as the finished work and a struck coin cut directly in the steel die will give the finest artistic results. This does not imply that mechanical means to shorten labor are debarred, but the artist should put his hand

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to his work again, examine the result and correct sameness of surface or faults in scale in the final size of the object.

Nearly all contemporary coins and medals are modelled and designed in large dimensions and produced by utilising the reducing machine, hence the lifelessness of most of them. Even a man like Roty, with his great experience and genius, never thoroughly grasped scale. Chaplain had an instinctive dread of a great difference in size between the model and the reduction, and would carry out his wax-relief portraits very little larger than the reductions that were cast in bronze. The modern necessity for speed has made the reducing machine indispensable, for hand-cutting in steel is a long process. Steel-cutting as an artistic trade is practically dead, but a conscientious artist who is not a die-cutter can understand the simplification of form necessary for a coin and the proper scale and relationship of one part of the design to another by making a small model the actual size of the finished work, having it enlarged, and give the decision of form upon this enlargement without elaborating it. When reduced again no disappointment ensues. For example, hair can not be copied accurately, even life size; hence must be interpreted in strands. Their number should decrease as the size of the medal or coin diminishes. On that account truth to actual relative proportions of objects or their parts must be sacrificed to the need of legibility or for the beauty of the composition as a design. An olive leaf, or an ear of corn, may be of the same size as a human figure on a medal or coin, and will be both decoratively correct and express the idea in a better way. It is a curious fact, the general public look for exact copies of an object even when the representation is not the same size as Nature. There will be a great difference in scale between, for example, a living eagle and its effigy on a coin; to give any of the spirit of the bird, its strength and its ferociousness—the proportions which give character, the movement and decorative effect become so much more important than the number of feathers which we leave to the naturalist to enumerate. As they become reduced in size, the feathers might become so microscopic our eye would be unable to see them, and a seemingly smooth surface result. This holds true of the details of a man's figure on a small coin.

The time will come when humanity will realise

that truth in Art is relative; that Life, being a persistent modification and variation, our progressive development both in Life and Art is a balance between emotion and self-control. Custom and tradition in Art connote self-control and make a living Art if combined with innovation and originality, which are but other names for individuality. Tradition alone can not keep Art alive any more than the exclusive development of individualism. The former dies of inanition, the latter of a hectic fever.



LIEUT. CASS GILBERT, JR.

BY H. R. RITTENBERG

# WHITEFIELD COMING TO OLD PENN BY H. MERIAN ALLEN

NOR through the agency of supernatural revelation will sturdy eighteenth-century George Whitefield appear to the students of the University of Pennsylvania. Nevertheless, the triangular space, enclosed by the dormitory buildings, will receive, less than a year hence, the eminent Methodist preacher, wrought in bronze, it is true, but as life-like as sculptor's art can make him.

While Whitefield was visiting Philadelphia during his sojourn on America's shores, 1739-41, a little one-story structure, pretentiously called "a tabernacle," was erected at Fourth and Arch Streets to accommodate those who desired to hear the sermons of this magnetic orator. Subsequently, in the movement to create a colony university, fathered by Franklin, the quondam meeting-house was appropriated as a nucleus and the first classes were held there. To the fact that the famous minister is thus connected with the initial existence of their Alma Mater, as much as anything else, may be assigned the reason why the project of placing a statue to his memory on college ground was prominently agitated by the Methodist members of the Alumni Association at a dinner in New York during 1913. Active co-operation grew out of this discussion and eventually Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, the institution's director of physical education, was commissioned to perform the work.

At the very top of the imposing building devoted to this course is the sculptor's studio and, at the present time, the room is fairly dominated by the large clay figure receiving the last touches so that it may soon be ready for the intermediate plaster-cast stage. From an improvised platform, the slightly parted lips give the impression of a man about to speak. Moreover, it is not necessary for one to be closely familiar with the life of this remarkable devotee in order to become immediately sensible of the fidelity with which the artist has reproduced not only zeal but tremendous vital energy as well. At the very commencement of his address, the left hand is enthusiastically uplifted, while the right clutches a Bible, with two fingers thrust, as if at impulsive random, through the pages. The cast in the eye and the mole on the cheek are both there, but they

are forgotten as the visitor views the face half-smiling in the supreme confidence entertained for that which is on the point of utterance.

Doctor McKenzie began his labours a little over a year ago. He went to London and Boston, scenes of so many stirring incidents in the noted divine's evangelistic career, and in these places sought material from which to derive inspiration. Books dealing with this interesting personality were not difficult to obtain, but there seemed to be a great scarcity of everything authentic in the line of portraiture. Among a few paintings examined, only one appeared to bear the stamp of having been drawn from the living subject. Neither had sculpture been busy with him. The investigator discovered a single example which gave evidence of the great preacher's presence as it gathered shape and substance—a small unpretentious bust formed from Burslem porcelain. However, the doctor considered it valuable enough to have a plaster cast made, and from this he has executed the fine study which, in finished state, is expected to be unveiled and presented to Pennsylvania Academy on Alumni Day in June, 1919.

Upon being asked what was the main thought which controlled him as he moulded and fashioned the soft clay, he answered: "The dynamic force of the man. The figure and countenance assumed to me from the start the personification of energy." The sculptor then proceeded to explain that he had chosen the younger period of Whitefield's life because he had accumulated flesh during his later years, losing, in large part, the physical symmetry so clearly and comprehensively indicative of his nature and aims.

It is small wonder not only that Methodists but a non-sectarian seat of learning, held in great repute, should desire to perpetuate the memory of George Whitefield; nor is it surprising that the hand, chosen to accomplish this object, should surround his work with lively enthusiasm. Born at Gloucester, England, son of an inn-keeper, from whom he inherited little or nothing, the future exhorter early showed signs both of ambition and indomitable will. After a grammar-school preparation, he entered Pembroke College, Oxford. It was there that he disclosed the voice and talents later to render him so effective as a speaker, while it was also at Pembroke that he perceived his metier through association with John and Charles Wesley, though he later ceased co-operation with



STATUE OF GEORGE WHITEFIELD  
BY R. TAIT MCKENZIE

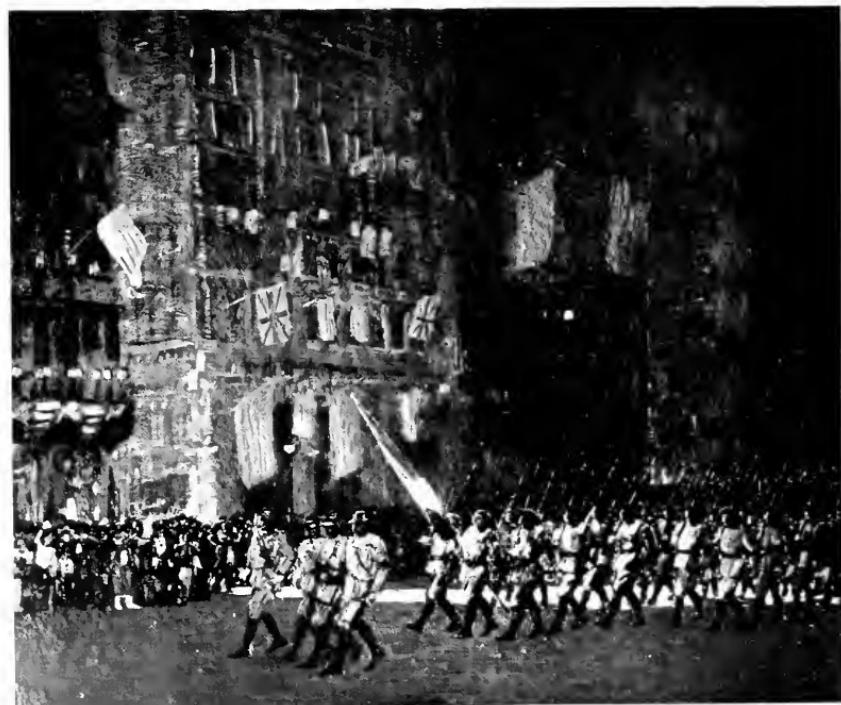
## *Whitefield Coming to Old Penn*

them by reason of the doctrine of predestination which he accepted, as a disciple of Calvin, and they did not. He died at Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1770, and at the comparatively young age of fifty-six. For thirty-five years of this span he had devoted himself to the cause of religion, with eloquence, power and singleness of purpose. The length and breadth of his native land saw and felt the strength of his endeavours as did the New World also. Seven times he crossed the Atlantic, traversing the American provinces from New York to Georgia, drawing crowds every time he spoke.

The creator of this latest memorial deserves much more than passing mention. Though of an unassuming, yet eminently pleasing, personality, Doctor McKenzie does several things well, and is widely heralded not alone in this country and Canada but beyond the seas. Besides being a finished sculptor, he paints in water-colours, is active in the medical profession and the author

of several works along the line of physical development by exercise. It must not be forgotten, too, that in 1915 he served in the Royal Army Medical Corps as temporary major. He is a native of Almonte, Ontario, Canada, and in the prime of life, having just passed his fiftieth milestone, McGill University, at Montreal, gave him his degrees, and he served there as director of physical training from 1896 to 1904, coming to Pennsylvania in the last-named year.

It is not usual to discover a man schooled as a physician and, at the same time, possessed of marked artistic gifts. But the doctor ascribes this curious anomaly, in part at least, to specialising in anatomy, as well as a deep admiration for the lines of the male form. His first essay in sculpture, *The Sprinter*, a bronze figure of a youth in the act of starting on a race, captured the Paris Salon, and since then he has exhibited there on several occasions, not to mention opportunities conferred by the Royal Academy.



THE BLUE DEVILS  
BY GEORGE LUKS

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## **Y**ASUSHI TANAKA BY L. GEBHARD CANN

YASUSHI TANAKA is to-day one of the most significant personalities on the Pacific slope because he represents, as does no other, the struggle and the triumph of the uncompromising artist in an indifferent art-ignorant

community—a community even hostile; he shows the moulding power of the creative mentality on such a community—the helplessness of the latter when attacked by the creative force; he is the most striking development of that new type, the individual transplanted from the environment of one race into that of another entirely different; because he exemplifies, as does no other in this



BATHERS

BY YASUSHI TANAKA

part of the world, the vision one race may bring to another, the concrete deepening of mental life that may result from the fusion of the life and the cultures of two races, and the universality and leadership which necessarily result, in spite of every opposition, when these forces are focused by genius. Not often a man whose inspiration is the bitter strange brew of the main source of his art, and who is furthermore characteristically independent and of the high-strung, insurgent temper of the race of creators, thrives in an isolated, art-indifferent community. That he does is proof of his initial force and is promise that the impulse will mount in cumulative strength to surpass all obstacles. Such capacity in a human being is the authentic sign that in him is a centre of life, a vortex, which is its own environment, which through its energies creates environment for others who live by its radiations, and draws unto itself through velocity that sustenance needed for its perpetuation.

A being of this inherent resourcefulness has markings startling and faulty in the eyes of the crowd; but these markings, though they appear, like the madness of Van Gogh and the moroseness of Cézanne, to be vices to the mediocre, are none the less virtues—virtues that give significance to his genius. The reason for them is native to his creative faculty. To *épater le bourgeois* is not wilful on his part but constitutional.

It is due somewhat to geographical and political conditions that a man of this quality should manifest such distinctive and dominating individuality in a town like Seattle on the Pacific slope; for if the initial, uncompromising art force, powerfully asserting itself in a human being, is in most communities a signal for disdain, if not actual suppression, it amounts—in an environment given over to commercial appreciations—to misunderstanding, ridicule, a neglect more brutal than assault, a negative circumambient vacuity in which and through which creative life cannot vibrate, so escapes perforce into some other, more fostering atmosphere; or, lacking this sturdiness, diminishes to the fated mass-reflexes of the locality.

A curious, unnoticed, significant condition today in the United States is the presence within its borders of the young Nipponese of talent or genius. Especially is the latter significant but unnoticed; for by its very nature genius looks to the tribe like the childish play of one apart, about

to be lost or already so. The conventional herd hears its own steady trampling, feels its compact strength as a multiplicity, against which the activity of one aloof seems, if not intolerably freakish, at least, sporadic. When this isolated adventurer is not merely one lost out of the native tribe itself, but is a wanderer from an alien nation on which tribal superstition has placed a naif and barbaric taboo, native racial conceit hardly permits so much as a look askance in his direction. Thus it is that quite unknowing we house in our ramshackle dwellings, in quarters once fashionable but now foreign, fiery, youthful spirits out of the East, who are writing ultra-modern poems; composing and producing plays, also ultra-modern; painting pictures in which the congenital instinct of the Japanese for design and colour informs the assimilation of the methods of the Flemish and French schools, and modifies with a quite unexpected allure the forms of post-impressionism, cubism and other contemporary expressions.

The most conspicuous of these young men in the Northwest is the painter Yasushi Tanaka. Born near Tokio and coming to this country in his eighteenth year, he is by affinity and development neither Japanese nor American, Oriental nor Western. He belongs to that species of superior being, a few representatives of which are found in any advanced nation, and which constitutes a kin irrespective of race. Such folk, who live in the world rather than in any particular country, are more like their kin than like the mediocres of their birth-land.

Tanaka combines with singular potency innate Orientalism and acquired Westernism. He has as foundation the Oriental profundity of life-understanding, with its power of accepting nature and using it constructively, quite unknown in the West. Added to this Buddhistic principle, which is part of the unconscious, conventional existence of the East, is the necessity for self-consciousness, the delight in its detailed attainment, which has been pointed out as the aim of Western philosophy. From such a mixture, where the ingredients express the urgings of a high-pressure vital impulse, we may expect novel, significant achievement along whatever track its energies drive. Moreover, it is safe to predict that the Japanese, arising from an historical art stream, will produce through his contact with Occidental art a union of the two expres-



EARLY EVENING

BY YASUSHI TANAKA

sions and a realisation of new art forms based on this union which will be necessarily different from any analogous union and realisation in the artist of Europe or America. It will be different and, considering the relative depth of the two cultures, a purer, more extreme development of the art force. A merely cursory glance at the incalculable debt owed by French art and its offspring, since the time of the De Goncourts, to the design and colour faculty of Japan would repay the seeker with evidence.

To return to the colonist in our country, it is unfortunately too little understood that the youth who is thoroughly transplanted through educational and industrial activities here is no longer a typical Japanese. He belongs to the littoral in national life and, like that flora and fauna that is neither of land nor sea, he becomes a distinctive intermediate variety.

This commingling of influences out of East and West is most noticeable in his colour sense. Western imitators of Japanese art surprise us by

tonalities; whereas, nothing could be farther from the truth, for his colour perceptions are so highly evolved, so acute, that he has more words in his language by which he expresses tints and shades than have we.

In his inherent tact about colour Tanaka is Japanese. Like the designers for the theatre of his countrymen and for the colour prints, screens, fans, etc., he produces through colour the feeling of ripe fruit, of perfumed atmosphere, of life lifted to ecstasy. Colour as realised by him is the actualising of the intensest possible moment of existence, it is a summation and a unifying of consciousness. Its effect is frequently high key, but on analysis, true to its native source, its characteristic is found to be harmony in contrast. He is especially fond of a certain spring green, the yellowing green we see in the young oak leaf. This hue weaves in and out his canvases like April's new verdure and carries its hint of fragrance and sap. About scarlet, a soft, clear, roseate shade sometimes seen in the petals of peonies, he shows a similar sentiment.

Through colour his forms attain compelling vital expressiveness. By an exact rendering of spatial relationships in colour he confers a life-quality to objects startling in what is ordinarily called realism. His aim is to express the truth of form, to carry out all abstract feeling into sensuous form; and he ignores that purpose of representation which directs itself to the reproduction of functional shapes. His form is constructed and not merely suggested, and it is only constructed form that he calls art; for, in his own words, "Pure form is the real meaning of art." Picture-making he regards as "thing-making," which is the result of some realised form; but to him it is not art. Thus he divides his work into two classes: picture-making, a craft; and creative investigations, that is, ART. The result of his constructive faculty is an evocation, a new life which imposes itself on the imagination of the spectator. Like all genuine art, be it music, poetry, or painting, this evocation carries its amateur by immediate and, on his part, unconscious transmutation, into a new world, a world of its own.

Like all the young strong workers to-day, Tanaka approaches his art as a painter merely; he cares nothing for subject as such. His understanding of the painter's art is scientific; technique does not begin and end; it is his art. Technique

being the painter—he makes no distinction between his life and his art—each new work represents the solution of a problem in the forward course of his painting. His work through its accomplishment is a promise, a becoming. . . . Starting with Cézanne's formula of the unity of colour and form, his universe resolves itself, through sensuous reaction, into a world of colour. This sensuous reaction accompanied by sharp analysis, introspective as well as objective, penetrates into the secrets of colour relationships, where he finds ever new forms, and, in consequence, ever new realisations of himself. His art is himself—a realism that answers progressively his questioning of the universe.

His philosophy and theory being as they are symptoms of the fiery impulse of creation, furnishing it also with combustion, is significant. Painting is an adventure. Each new work is a step out into the unknown; like all adventurers, he learns much from the chances of the road and the result of the undertaking. Out of the creative act come philosophy, theory; these do not precede it. This flexibility of mind which attains formulae through the study of reality is typically modern. It accents with conscious self-control an art that springs spontaneously out of the wealth of nature. Again, spontaneity, understood and employed as the inventor understands and employs the forces of nature, signals the vigour and the power of the modern conception of the art force. Through these new realisations of sensuous form the artist brings into being new truth; his art is constantly throwing off architectonically a structure of truth commensurate with his life. This answers the question, obviously inane, yet repeated over and over again by both critics and artists, as to whether a painter needs brain. The painter of significance, the man who adds a new element to the course of the art of painting, is necessarily a person of profound mind. He thinks searchingly and cosmically in terms of his technique.

This extreme unity of existence, starting with the fact of colour and winning to the inevitable identity of life and truth, constitutes the greatness of Tanaka's character, which is another way of saying his art. The impact of an art that is a man's entire life is greater than the impact of an art that is a luxury, and the impact of a focused life is greater than that of a life divided between daily existence and art. The result of this centring is an execution without pretense or

## *Yasushi Tanaka*

affectation. For the reason that it is an accomplishment of being, it carries a sting of sincerity frequently repulsive to the mediocre. The woman whose mind has fatty degeneration through the acquisition of catch-words, untempered by concrete art study, cannot endure his frank, clean, non-sentimental and painterly treatment of the female figure. She is accustomed to a dirty sentimentalising over the female, to an attitude of shame before her and apology for her, which she calls reverence; so the conception of the female figure as object merely, a realisation of



THE SHADOW OF MADRONA

BY YASUSHI TANAKA

colour and form in spatial existence, shocks her by its naturalism. Her ineradicable sense of the obscenity of woman's function obsesses her even in the presence of canvases whose realism depends on their just rendering of spatial relationships. Because of this curious psychology of the middle-class woman and her dominance through the woman's club in provincial art circles, Tanaka's work has often been attacked on the grounds of morality.

As a result of trouble with a local art association over an exhibit containing nudes that were merely workmanlike studies of shapes against backgrounds, he removed his canvases. A recent exhibit was moved from the public library on the

complaint of a clubwoman. This show was housed by the Seattle Fine Arts Society. The figures that had outraged the guardian of public virtue were so mild in suggestiveness, even to those seeking it, that many persons who visited the Fine Arts rooms merely to see the works that the newspapers had somewhat facetiously described turned away disappointed. Determined to give them a genuine "sensation," the artist, at a subsequent exhibition, that of the Japanese Art Association, labeled the portrait of a woman *The Blue Cat*. The clubwomen promptly reacted with newspaper interviews in which they scored him for his lack of "reverence" for women and accused him of decadence; and a fellow artist, backing them up, charged him with "sensationalism." In the meantime, and as usual, the newspapers were making use of the copy furnished, and the last ripple of the excitement and indignation over suggesting the similarity between a woman and a cat swished in no lesser town than Boston itself.

At this last exhibit, the first one-man show to be held in the large new Seattle Fine Arts galleries, the chairman of the exhibition committee, on a protest from several members of the Society, suggested to Tanaka the wisdom of removing from the walls three of his most interesting figure-pieces, on the ground that "American morals" were offended by his crudely realistic representation of the female figure. (Parenthetically, it may be said that two of these particular paintings revealed the artist's success in the purely decorative use of the human body, one of them, *Ornaments*, being considered by Tanaka himself as the strongest colour decoration among his works. The third painting was a very piquant pose of an Occidental model showing that Oriental curve of the hips much used now in our aesthetic dance postures.) Tanaka defended nature and the artist's right to co-ordinate his art with nature herself. He further reminded his critics that unless America were a "secluded savage kingdom" there could be no "American standard of morals." Then he politely offered to remove all his canvases from the exhibition rooms. Finding that he stood inflexible on the platform of "All or nothing," the Society begged him not to leave their rooms bare, so the entire exhibit of some eighty-two or more works remained. At the end of the show a man of recognised authoritative art judgment - a well-known critic -

arrived in the city to put on an exhibit. He was unable to believe that so varied and colourful a display as Tanaka's, representing so capably as it did the individual art force of one man, could excite anything but appreciation. At this, the cavillers, always meek before authority, were abashed and apologetic. It was, moreover, noticeable that many persons expressed themselves as highly gratified that a Seattle man should be doing work of so pungent and sincere a character.

At the Northwest exhibit, held in the same galleries at the time of this writing, Tanaka's wall is dominated by a life-sized nude entitled *The North Light*. Of this canvas, the same connoisseur said: "It is a painting that any gallery in the country would be proud to show. It alone places Seattle on the artistic map of the United States."

This incident shows the fight all artists must make, and the especially intense fight the artist from another land and race must make, in American provincial communities, where appreciation of the artist's work is usually a matter of his social politics and not his creative gifts, for recognition of "freedom in the study of nature," as Tanaka himself expressed it to the local Fine Arts, "and freedom in the true and sincere expression of that study." And it further shows the inevitable triumph of the genuine art force; for the genuine art force grows strong through and because of struggle.

That an art essentially so abstract and non-sentimental, an art founded on pure science, should produce this effect on communities, is a symptom of the superficiality of our time and country. A sincere, coldly rationalised art is branded as immoral, while the salacious tricks of the films and vaudeville are eyed with acceptance. Here, certainly, the relation of sex to art could be discussed, were it not a separate theme in itself. Until we reach that naif and sane acceptance of life which admits male and female as French grammar admits gender, and the prudish spinster admits flowers, we shall be battling with purity leagues, censors, vice brigades, and all the rest of the organisations of unpleasant thinkers.

Tanaka's range is from the merely sensuous art of picture-making to investigations resembling Orphic Cubism. In such works as *Color Music*, *Hissing of a Silk Skirt*, *Sound of a Country Girl's*

*Voice*, *Surf Music*, he has translated in terms of spatial rhythm emotions produced by sound. To the writer these "translations" are so successful as to cease to be translations but a new art form. In the psychological series, *Akogare* (*Psychic Cling as an end by itself*), *In the Region of Smile*, *Harmonic Co-existence of Softness and Fragrance*, we have constructed colour form that disdains functional imitation. One feels that such new forms dynamic states of soul have compelled may become as intelligible as the forms of representative art.

It is not too much to claim for this artist that as an individual centring of the universal art force he has exerted a marked educational influence on this Northwest community where he has asserted his art life. Though still a very young man, he has led many aspiring souls into the joy of aesthetic understanding. So universal a character always leads, and though the people often do not submit consciously to the leadership, are even unwilling to acknowledge it, they yet cannot escape its magnetism, they are enveloped by its perfumed atmosphere, and unconsciously they follow its direction. Thus it is that those involved in the local art life have responded to the plastic power of this modern personality.

If our writers on economics and sociology should dwell for a serene understanding moment at the fountain of true art, they would write less of the high standard of living as based on money and more of the high standard of living as based on the adventures of thought and aesthetic ecstasy; they would also write less about assimilating aliens and the problem of "awakening Asia" and more about that ceaseless constructive amalgamation of East and West, that blending of all the peoples of the earth through the art interchange, and that delight in differences of the highly evolved mentality, which of itself can bring equipoise between races and nations. If these same sociologists should observe with a more enlightened attention the non-national, universal characters who are here and there today significantly epitomising in living individuality the fundamental of manifold cultures, they would spend less time compiling statistics to prove the necessity of the fear and hatred motivating commercial, mediocre, backward humanity.

Art is the great conciliatory force on our planet and the artist is the supreme reconciler.



*Lithographed at the V. & G. Ziegler, Boston.*

N

A. H. NEWHALL, ESQ.  
BY SUSAN RICKER KNOX

# THE TENDENCIES OF THE ART COLLECTOR BY DE MAURICE

WHENEVER the words "art collector" are pronounced a quaint image rises, almost unconsciously, before my mind. It is the image of the middle-aged man, contemplating intensely an object of art which he holds affectionately in his sensitive fingers. He is surrounded by paintings, tapestries, sculptures—a careful selection of his steadily developing personal taste, gathered from the most distant points of the world in years of indefatigable research. He loves them as if they were his children, feels the individual soul of each through the centuries. The day he adds another precious object, passionately coveted for years, to his jealously guarded treasures, is the day of his greatest joy; and should he ever be deprived of one of them by a cruel accident he would deplore this loss more deeply than he would mourn the death of a kinsman.

This type of collector is by no means mythical nor even extinct. He is very frequent in Europe, especially in France; why should he be so rare in this country? It has been stated that we are a young nation, that it would be unjust to exact from us the same thorough understanding as from a race for centuries imbued with artistic sensibility as the French. But which standard should we apply if not the highest? Should we not be ashamed of ourselves for using any other one, no matter how short our accomplishments might fall of its claims? We do not mind our present shortcomings as long as we feel that we are moving in the direction desired; as long as we observe a steady, if only slow, progress toward the goal of our ambition.

Reviewing the past season, we are searching in vain for signs of such progress, but, on the other hand, we notice tendencies pointing toward very different and most inartistic directions.

The public sale of a notable Canadian collection of paintings, announced for January, has been withdrawn; the Bardini sale, widely advertised since last autumn, had been continually postponed in view of the general apathy toward serious art purchases, and finally took place when the season was practically over; a most remarkable exhibition of primitives at the Kleinberger Galleries which ushered in the season—a great

artistic achievement worthy of the high traditions upheld by these Galleries on either side of the ocean—did not meet with the response of active interest that had been hoped for. The war conditions have been generally blamed for this state of affairs. But while the application of a misunderstood war economy toward art purchases has paralysed the collector's enterprise to some extent, the real reasons for these unsettled and unhealthy conditions lie deeper; they lie in the tendencies which the amateur's mind has followed not only during this season but for some time past. And, war or no war, he will never be able even to approach the distinguished type of the Continental collector unless he is strong enough to free himself from a threefold tyranny which hampers his every movement: the tyranny of the reporter, the expert, the decorator.

The reporter's tyranny is perhaps the least harmful of the three. True, it drives both collectors and dealers toward sensationalism, isolates them on the narrow ridge where paintings or statues are only pretexts for striking headlines and more or less fictitious records to be established. It extols the paramount work, which is very rare, at the expense of the much more numerous works of merit which alone can incite a genuine demand for art works on a wider scale. Some dealers have understood this point very clearly and are doing their best to remedy conditions; so far, however, the assiduous efforts of the Ehrich Galleries and others do not seem to have had the success they deserve.

A natural outcome of the reporter's tyranny is also the raising of prices for certain art works to fabulous heights out of all proportion to the prices of others. But the few well-advertised collectors who pay these huge amounts render a poor service to the cause of art. They simply frighten other potential buyers away and help to spread the belief that art purchases are the privilege of those fortunate few whose keen mind and lucky hand have given them control over entire industries and over great wealth.

However, the reporter's rule tickles the very human element of vanity containing the germ of many an unsuspected achievement. In buying his first painting a man may follow his lowest instincts, the desire for publicity, the wish to "bluff" his neighbour. But the mere presence of this painting, the inevitable contact with an artistic expression might some day develop a

## *The Tendencies of the Art Collector*

deeper understanding in his mind or even in the mind of the neighbour who was to be "bluffed." Thus the reporter's tyranny might occasionally turn out to be decidedly constructive, if only in a roundabout way.

Moreover, it must be said in all justice that this tyranny has relaxed its grip somewhat during the past season. It is an open secret that several important deals have been concluded with the express stipulation that the usual newspaper publicity should be omitted, apparently on account of "war bashfulness." May we hope, then, that this is another despotism which the war is going to destroy?

The tyranny of the expert is more dangerous. The man who was the first to ask casually a scholarly friend's opinion about a painting in his possession, and the scholar who, for convenience sake, might have written down this opinion, surely did not foresee the sweeping consequences of their innocent precedent. The commercialising of the expert's certificate has never and nowhere found such brazen encouragement as of late in the set ideas of our collectors. Dealers with a sense of humour will frankly admit that they would not even attempt to sell some excellent works unless certain experts had "passed" on them; that they would lose their time in handling pictures by certain masters because the only expert recognised by our collector for this particular master was either dead or not to be reached; that they were not dealing in pictures but in certificates, in "scraps of paper"; for scraps of paper they sometimes must be in view of the fallibility of human judgment.

Let us suppose a dealer owns a newly discovered Rembrandt with a certificate by some great authority residing in Holland. The certificate is lost in a fire. He writes to Holland; the expert sends a duplicate, but the ship which carries the letter is torpedoed and before a further demand can reach him the expert dies. At that very moment the Rembrandt ceases to have any interest or value for our collector and it is probable that the dealer will be unable to obtain any offer, no matter how low, for a painting that otherwise might have been sold for a "record" price.

It goes without saying that collectors who labour under such prejudices will not rely sufficiently on their own judgment to go around and try to "discover" works of art; consequently they miss what constitutes the greatest joy of the collector's

life abroad. Following blindly their accepted authority, they gradually lose the power of grasping the intrinsic value of the art work; being unable to feel its soul, they substitute a name and worship it. Puzzling cases, like Mr. Huntington's against the firm of Lewis & Simmons, have not succeeded in undermining the expert's dictatorship, but, by a strange contradiction, have aroused distrust against art works in general.

The pedigree-hunter is a close relative of the name-fiend. They both encourage fraud in every possible form. Independent personalities such as the late Mr. Johnson, who laughed at experts and at pedigrees, are rare.

The tyranny of the expert might be explained as a snobbish exaggeration of an originally wholesome motive of self-protection against unscrupulous dealers and against errors of an early ignorance. Although our collectors have learned a great deal since the days of their often too credulous fathers, they have retained a certain distrust against subjects which are not yet quite familiar to them, and this may yet be their excuse for surrendering to the expert. But there is absolutely no redeeming feature about the third and most pernicious tyranny, which is the tyranny of the decorator.

A Frenchman who intends to furnish his house or his apartment will lay out the plans, will personally select furniture, materials and pictures, and may eventually call in an upholsterer to do the heavy work; he will then place his paintings, tapestries and bibelots wherever he likes to see them best, wherever they convey their individual charm most effectively to his senses.

The wealthy man over here, unwilling to follow such a course, has invented the decorator who, at an agreed price, undertakes to provide for the entire installation and autocratically imposes on the docile owner his more or less refined taste down to the smallest details. He has to furnish lamp-shades as well as curtains, but at the same time it is part of his task to cover the empty walls with tapestries or paintings, according to the space available. The art works are not to be selected for their own sake, but as subservient parts of a "scheme," and are thereby reduced to the rank of household goods, different in degree perhaps, but not in manner, from the ink-stand and the radiator-box.

The foremost motive guiding the decorator in selecting paintings is naturally the size of the

## *The Tendencies of the Art Collector*

panels. A collector might be anxious to purchase some picture of great artistic beauty—the decorator will rarely allow him to keep it, unless it comes up to the exact amount of inches he requires. Eighteenth-century English painters were not only distinguished artists but men of remarkable foresight. By using canvases of three or four standard sizes they anticipated the modern decorator's needs and have been rewarded by his special favour. But how small a chance is left to others, to French or Italian artists who often used panels of the oddest shape for the manifestation of their genius.

Another very important consideration for the decorator is the question of companion-pictures. For mysterious reasons certain paintings are considered by him of no value unless they should possess a companion. A lady saw a charming portrait by Romney at a dealer's gallery, was willing to buy it and asked to have it hung up in her house. The decorator came and explained that there were two spaces, one on either side of the mantelpiece, to be filled, that the Romney had no companion and was consequently worthless. The lady looked sincerely worried when she returned the portrait to the dealer. Later she bought a pair of nineteenth-century landscapes devoid of all significance.

The application of such ridiculous viewpoints is bound to make our collectors lose all discriminative power sooner or later. How many of those who enter the house of Duveen Brothers are still able to appreciate its noble beauty? It seems at least doubtful whether a docile congregation devoutly listening to the utterances of certain decorators, as if they were gospel truths, could understand and enjoy the marvellous effort of good taste which a house like Gimpel & Wildenstein represents. An effeminate element, opposing serious art works, has recently pervaded the decorator's principles, has brought the "playful" subject into favour, has championed "cuteness" and "prettiness," the greatest enemies of beauty.

Sometimes, however, the decorator goes further. A very fine Guardi was hung up in a house under circumstances similar to the Romney mentioned. Unfortunately it was several inches too wide and back it went. Some time later the decorator was furnishing another room in the same house and found a perfectly suitable place for the picture which, however, had been sold in the meantime. Following his idea, the decorator had the Guardi

copied after a photograph in a most amateurish way, and hung the copy in the room. It was pathetic to hear the owner repeat his decorator's words, claiming that the colour scheme of the copy was much more "enchanting" and much more suited to the surroundings than the original ever would have been.

We here reach the border line where the decorator's tyranny bounds the domain of crime. Blinded by the mania of seeing but a useful spot of colouring in every art work, his is the cheap reasoning of a man who claims to enjoy the copy as much as the original, the imitation pearl as much as the real one; who fails to grasp that unmistakable something, the unique distinction which the genuine art work breathes as if it were a human being; whose very attitude means an insult to those who have created art and who will create in the future.

Such are the three tendencies which, in turn, threaten to substitute the sensation, the name, the outline for the soul of the art work. While fully realising the danger of generalisations, it can not be denied that in the majority of cases the trend of the collector's mind has been following such perverted paths. The few who have been able to escape this trinity of despotism and who have dared to show a personal artistic taste are to be sincerely congratulated.

### **G LOUCESTER, MASS.**

THE Gallery on the Moors has rendered notable service to the country by a continuous flow of entertainments, including pageantry, music and drama, the proceeds from which, mounting into many thousands of dollars, have given further demonstration of how art can be utilised in these parlous times to assist in the war. People who are apt to deprecate the pursuit of art during wartime would do well to reconsider their opinions in the face of the excellent work done by so many amateurs and artists at Gloucester and elsewhere to help a righteous cause.

Just now the Third Annual Exhibition of paintings, sculpture and drawings is being held from August 15 to September 5. Great pains have been taken in the selection and hanging, with the result that the little gallery, though somewhat crowded, makes an excellent impression, the screening of the stage, which was not observed last year, being a great improvement.

*Two New Bronzes by A. Phimister Proctor*



GROUP SCULPTURE

BY A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR

**T**WO NEW BRONZES BY  
A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR  
BY FRANK OWEN PAYNE

THERE have been placed on exhibition in the salesrooms of the Gorham Company two new works by the versatile A. Phimister Proctor, the acknowledged leader in animal sculpture and one of the foremost exponents of the American Indian in plastic art. These noteworthy examples in the field which Proctor has made his own are attracting much attention from lovers of art and admirers of this great artist.

For more than twenty years Proctor has been the foremost of American animal sculptors. His famous Princeton tiger, his Prospect Park pumas, his bisons which adorn the Q Street Bridge in Washington, D. C., and his splendid lions on the McKinley Memorial in Buffalo have merited the unqualified praise which has been bestowed upon them. Criticism has exhausted all the vocabulary of praise in commendation of his numerous artistic creations. With Remington and with Solon Borglum, he has vied in delineations of Western life and action. With Roth, he stands at the head of

our American animal sculptors. His works have been favourably compared with the best creations of Barye and Fremier.

What shall be said concerning these new productions? What more can be said in praise of them than that they are equal to his best previous efforts in sculpture? Higher praise than this can neither be expected nor desired.

In regard to the Indian bust, we do not hesitate to pronounce it the peer of any sculptured Indian hitherto achieved. It possesses the ethnological accuracy of Olin Warner's chieftains, the faithful likeness seen in the best Indian sculptures of MacNeil and Weinman, and the fine spiritual aspects of Indian nature so characteristic of the works of Dallin. It is a most lifelike portrait of a noble chieftain with head crowned with a splendid bonnet of feathers. Pride and hauteur are seen written in every lineament of that expressive countenance. It is a fine, strong face of the noblest aboriginal type.

There is delicacy of touch and masterly workmanship of modelling—an exquisite finish without—in this admirable piece of sculpture. Every detail of the intricate feather-work head-dress has been modelled with infinite pains



BUST OF AN INDIAN

BY A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR

and loving care. Surely, if future ages are to judge the aboriginal American from sculptured representations of him, such works as this cannot fail to place that abused race in a position worthy of high respect.

The group possesses all the vigour of a creation of Frederick Remington, but it is executed with a fine feeling for artistic values far surpassing any of the sculptures of that erratic artist. There is fear and anger to be seen in the attitude of the bison in its tremendous effort to escape the pursuit of his foe; there is rapid forward motion in the pose of the mustang obedient to his savage rider's will; there is an unusual exhibition of energy, activity and alertness in the Indian himself. The huge bulk of the bison is contrasted admirably with the slender grace of the horse as he strains forward in the effort to overtake the terrified beast.

The three figures are combined into a pleasing composition whose fine balance and rhythm of line make it a beautiful object when seen from any point of view. Moreover, the masses and lines are so admirably wrought out as to give unusual colour to the ensemble.

Although this group has been cast as a

statuette, being only twenty-nine and one-half inches high, it is possessed of such monumental quality as to make it well worthy of being cast in heroic size for erection in some park. We would like to see it in New York City, where up to the present no truly great Indian sculpture has been erected.

## JESUP MEMORIAL LIBRARY

THE print room of this famous little library at Bar Harbor, Maine, has been enlivened by several exhibitions this summer. From July 10 to 27 were shown prints loaned by Mr. A. E. Gallatin, including Rembrandt, Dürer, Fantin, Latour, Meryon and Whistler.

From July 31 to August 14 was an exhibition of lithographs by prominent artists reflecting Britain's efforts and ideals in the Great War loaned by the British Government and shown under its auspices; throughout August an exhibition of water-colours, etchings and oils executed by the needy French students of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and sold for their benefit; also, for a week each, an exhibition of ancient Corean paintings and an exhibition of stained glass.

# THE WAR AND LITHOGRAPHY

BY FRANK WEITENKAMPF

THE potential and probable by-products of the present war are of a remarkable extent and variety. One has but to detach oneself temporarily from the necessary business of fighting in order to envisage a remarkable array of questions to be faced, problems to be solved, changes to be wrought, that should enter deeply and with radical effect into our national life and character. Naturally, full fruition will not come until after the war, long after the war in the case of some of the bigger things involved. But powerful factors, factors hardly tangible in so far as they are inherent in change in general mental attitude, are at the work of preparation under our very eyes. And this work of preparation can be aided and furthered purposely without keeping our eye off the prime duty of winning the war. We are big enough to do it, to carry on both duties at the same time. We are doing it, in fact. Commercial necessities fairly force us into it. To pick out only one instance, there is the fight now quietly going on for the better training of designers for the enormous array of manufactured goods that are the product of their activity. A fight in which the Art Alliance of America and other bodies have begun to enlist the active interest of the very class without which it cannot be won—the manufacturers and their trade press.

Among the many influences, large and small, acting on our entire social fabric some very evident, some exercised quite subtly, unobtrusively—there is the effect of war advertising on the art and process of lithography. If this seems all too small a matter to consider, one has but to think for a moment of the great extent of lithography as a business and the possibilities of its further artistic development.

The greatly increased activity in poster design brought about by Liberty Loan and War-Savings Stamp drives and similar war work is bound to bring in its wake a better understanding between the artist and the lithographic printer. It was needed. You cannot work in or for a given process unless you understand it. You cannot model in clay a statue to be cut in granite in the same way as if it were to be cast in bronze. Similarly, oil-colour, aquarelle, the etching needle, the wood-block and graver, have each its char-

acteristics which it imposes on the work of art produced with it. Each has its limits and its possibilities to be understood by the artist. It is the old law of the influence of the medium.

The artist who paints a poster or other design to be reproduced in lithography without knowing anything about the lithographic process can hardly effect the best results. How can he, if he has not stood by the side of the lithographer? It is only by seeing him at work that he can learn of the difficulties that confront him. Only thus can he come to understand something about treatment of lithographic stone and transfer of drawings from transfer-paper to stone, or to plate of aluminium or zinc. And there are other things to learn: combinations of colours, nature of printing inks, reduction of number of printings for colour work, proper handling of drawing materials to facilitate press-work, and other technical matters that promote simplification of work and reduction of expenses.

Incidentally this brings to mind the study of advertising principles. A fine design for a mural painting will not necessarily make a good poster. The greatest artist in the world might well fail if he approached the designing of a poster in a spirit of condescension which lost sight of the necessities of the job—and of its dignity. In war we are often admonished not to underestimate the enemy. How easily an artist may underestimate a task that he considers a by-play, or a pot-boiler—at all events, something rather beneath him.

Now it is precisely these matters conducing to a more serious, honest, business-like attitude of thoroughness towards a given problem or task that are very likely to be advanced by the wide, active interest aroused by these advertising undertakings of the Government and its private aids.

Among the artists who have cheerfully given their services to the work of advertising Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps there are some who are notable professionals in this specialty. But there are also not a few of note who have not before approached the task of poster designing. They are having a fine opportunity to learn what the task implies. It clearly implies also a certain regulation of the point of view which their regular occupation painting, illustrating, cartooning—will impose on them. As for those who are new at the game and young

## *The War and Lithography*

in the career of art, their opportunity is obvious.

Distribution throughout the land of designs in actual use and public exhibition of designs entered in competition and shown within the four walls of an exhibition room are offering a basis of comparison. This will inevitably show, even in the best work, such weakness as may exist with regard to knowledge of the process by which the drawing is to be reproduced and to understanding of the principles of colour combination and design necessary to fill the first requisite of a poster. That requisite is, of course, to attract promptly and state clearly. Comparison and comment are fairly invited. And the presence of posters by French, English, and other foreign artists acts as a further incentive.

Growing appreciation of the necessity of working on the principles indicated in order to get at most effective results seems inevitable. Where that appreciation does not exist or is not awakened, failure to turn out a job which has its own proper dignity of thoroughness and appropriateness is just as inevitable. To insist on the virtue of appropriateness is to sum up the whole matter. It means adjustment of the individual ability and style to the necessities of the given case.

Such a discriminating and increased interest in the lithographic process might conceivably have some influence also on the attitude of the lithographic trade. It is so easy to raise the cry about "commercialising art," based on a misapprehension. It is precisely art that has not been commercialised enough. The alliance between business and art, in more than one instance, seems hardly to have gone beyond the stage of a mild flirtation.

Finally, and incidentally, may not this war-enforced attention given to lithography lead more artists to occupy themselves with the process as a means of artistic expression? That is, as they use etching, or wood-block cutting, as a medium for original work.

Here is this process of lithography, full of rich resources and possibilities, with a range of notes from an evanescent silvery gray to a rich, deep, velvety black. It was once very assiduously cultivated in Europe, where it had its golden age in a period of, say, fifty years following 1820. And before the fuller development of photography, lithography served for the reproduction of paintings. That may be traced from the early attempts of men such as Strixner to the subtle

translations into black-and-white by Théophile Chauvel, of canvases by Decamps, Troyon and others. LaFarge paid interesting tribute to the effectiveness of lithography in this specialty. However, the flexibility and resources of lithography brought about an enormous extension of its commercial uses. It is that aspect of it which is uppermost in the public mind. But its use by artists has persisted.

In the history of artistic lithography there may be noted the rich, racy marines of Eugène Isabey, the consummate architectural delineations of Bonington, the masterly military scenes of Raffet, the magisterial satires of Daumier, the graceful wit of Gavarni, the dexterity of Menzel, the vaporous musical imaginings of Fantin-Latour, the silver-point-like, delicate portraits of Legros, the vigorous bull-fight scenes of Goya, the exquisitely fastidious notes of Whistler. To-day, in our own land, we have artists whose discriminating yet quite personal employment of the medium illustrates, in the variety of their approach and expression, the deep and wide richness of resource on which one can draw in lithography. Pennell, Bellows, Sterner, Bolton Brown, Weir, Mielatz, Haskell call to mind a wide diversity of styles and temperaments and moods. All of these artists have found full expression in this medium which they have adopted,—and to which they have adapted themselves as one does to a different language or dialect. The last point, as indicated before, is essential. There are others among our artists whom one would like to see of the company. For example, some of Childe Hassam's etchings seem fairly to cry, in their subject, for lithographic treatment.

So, floating off the broad stream of change and possibilities and hopefulness that these troublous times are bringing, we find ourselves in one of the many feeding rills, in a plea for the exercise of an art that seems surely coming quite to its own again.

### BUREAU OF ADVICE ON PAINTINGS

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO gives authoritative opinions upon old and modern paintings. Mr. Raymond Wyer, who is a recognized authority, is in charge of this department and will give special attention to letters addressed to this magazine under the above heading.

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## A N ESSAY ON JOHN FLAXMAN WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO HIS DRAWINGS BY MARTIN BIRNBAUM

THE ostentatious Johnsonian biographies written at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, furnish us with the thread of a charming narrative of John Flaxman's childhood. We first come upon him as a pathetic little figure, sitting among the huge white plaster casts of antique sculpture which his father made at the Sign of the Golden Head, on New Street, Covent Garden. John Flaxman, senior, descended according to tradition from an old English family that fought at Naseby, worked for Roubiliac, Scheemakers and other artists and had opened the shop six months after he left the town of York, where his invalid boy was born on July 6, 1755.

The moulages of the ancient masters were his playfellows, and such an environment naturally turned all his thoughts to sculpture. His future biographer, John Thomas Smith, the gossipy keeper of the prints and drawings in the British Museum, met and encouraged the boy when he was six years old. Romney, the distinguished painter, stroked his locks, evinced an interest in his future career, gave him sound artistic advice and offered to be useful to him in a pecuniary way. Then the Reverend Henry Mathew, of Percy Chapel, Charlotte Street, while under the spell of Winckelmann, came to order casts of Greek sculpture, and discovered the ill-shapen weakling on crutches, coughing and reading Latin, and taking impressions from seals. Soon afterwards, we hear that the rickety lad is translating Homer with Mrs. Mathew, and is a centre of interest to the

witty frequenters of her fashionable salon on Rathbone Place.

England was then enjoying the classical revival which Alexander Pope's rhymed translation of Homer had started, and Flaxman, sitting at the knees of his patroness, made drawings illustrating favourite passages in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Too weak physically to attend school, he managed with the aid of such friends to acquire the rudiments of a good education, and at the age of thirteen his model in clay won the first prize, a gold "pallett," offered by the Society of Arts, a success which was repeated in the following year with a basso-relievo. Thereafter he was a frequent exhibitor at the Free Society of Artists in Pall Mall, and at the Royal Academy, which had awarded him a pupil's silver medal designed by Cipriani, "for a model of an Academy figure," in 1769. He was not studying with any particular master at the Academy schools, and when it came to a competition for the gold medal in 1772, Sir Joshua Reynolds bestowed it on a pupil who did nothing of importance in his later career to justify the president's choice. This reverse infuriated the rather conceited lad, but otherwise it had a salutary effect upon his character. The adulation of such distinguished women as Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Chapone, who came to Mrs. Mathew's reunions, was a dangerous experience for a feeble child. As he grew older, however, his health mended, his hobble disappeared and, although he was never fitted for games or violent forms of exercise, he developed a certain alert manner and ruggedness of character without losing that winning, gentle manner which won everybody's liking and respect. At about this time he met Thomas Bentley, who recognised his talents and in turn introduced him to his partner, Josiah

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Wedgwood. When his father moved the shop to No. 420 on the Strand in the year 1775, we find young Flaxman working regularly for the famous English potter. William Blake, two years his junior, and Thomas Stothard were his bosom friends at the time, and together they frequented the "most agreeable conversazioni" in the drawing-rooms of the virtuous Aspasia whom we have already mentioned. In 1782 Flaxman married the admirable, if sententious Miss Anne Denman, and the famous prophecy of Sir Joshua, that Flaxman had ruined himself as an artist when he became a benedict, was among the few rebuffs which he ever suffered. Mrs. Flaxman proved on the contrary to be an ideal helpmate and a devoted, inspiring companion. Her husband's modest income at the time was increased by working as a collector of the rates, and they lived frugally at 27 Wardour Street. Around their simple hearth there gathered a few choice friends, chief among whom was the wealthy squire and poet, Thomas Hayley, who was to become the biographer of Romney and the patron of Blake. This rather maudlin writer's pretensions to connoisseurship were quite shallow, but he was a generous man and, having conceived a strong attachment for the Flaxmans, he invited them to spend their summers at "Eartham," in Sussex, where Romney and Flaxman decorated certain rooms of his villa, and Blake was given tedious commissions to make engravings for his patron's books. Wedgwood, who at first disliked Flaxman, also befriended him during these first years of married life, and in 1787 he advanced funds which enabled the couple to make an exhilarating pilgrimage to Italy, where Flaxman was to superintend the work of the potter's other modellers and draughtsmen.

The tour of the happy pair closed the first period of Flaxman's career. He was already recognised as a distinguished sculptor, but chiefly by reason of his connection with the famous Staffordshire potter, for whom he continued working regardless of the current studio opinion that he was degrading his talent by working for a tradesman. His intuition for elegant movement, his incontestable charm and delicacy, were peculiarly suited to Wedgwood's needs, but it is probable that these minute finikin labours crippled his powers when he attempted heroic groups. Flaxman spent seven idyllic years with his wife in the Eternal City, and made his abode most

appropriately on the Via Felice, but, instead of seeking the solitude which most young artists regard as an essential condition for serious work, all strangers of distinction who passed through Rome from time to time were rather magnificently received by him. Naturally, the most profound study was no longer possible in the brilliant milieu which Flaxman thus created, but his work was nevertheless a great advance on the extravagances of Nollekens, Gibson and other pseudo-classical rivals. His detractors claimed that he owed his popularity to his manner of living rather than to the quality of his work, but, in place of the popular mannerisms of the eighteenth century, he undoubtedly substituted a loftier, purer style, founded on the sound aesthetic principles which Winckelmann had rediscovered. Many of his Roman groups were magnificently conceived but their life waned when Flaxman's artisans began to finish them in marble. It was a point of scrupulous honour with him to complete his work on time, and it was physically impossible to devote sufficient care and thought to each group, especially when some of these were colossal in size.

In two fields, however, Flaxman achieved lasting and notable successes. These were the memorial tombstones—an art form favoured by Flaxman's Anglicanism—and the marvellously fine drawings. On the reliefs he symbolised without triteness the homely Christian virtues and themes like sorrow, maternal tenderness, consolation or tranquil piety. Flaxman's embodiments bear testimony to his devotional tendency and combine classical feeling and genuine pathos in a rare degree. Though frequently slightly mannered, Canova, his generous rival and admirer, thought they excelled all other contemporary sculptures. Their clarity and purity remind one of the lyric composition of Mendelssohn, and through such threnodies in stone which fill the churches of England, and the amazingly beautiful drawings, may be traced Flaxman's lasting impression on English art. Had his manual dexterity and power of execution in marble equalled his exquisite sentiment and the nobility of his conceptions, as displayed in such original clay models as are preserved in the Flaxman Gallery of University College, Flaxman's renown as a sculptor would have been greatly enhanced.

While executing his marble sculptures, Flaxman turned as a relaxation to his childish

## An Essay on John Flaxman

amusement of illustrating. His most important series of designs are the thirty-nine drawings illustrating the *Iliad* and thirty-four for the *Odyssey*, commissioned by Mrs. Hare Naylor; about thirty-six drawings inspired by the tragedies of Æschylus made for the Dowager Countess Spencer, who paid a guinea apiece for them, and the drawings illustrating Dante's *Divine Comedy* executed for Thomas Hope. These facile, unpretentious works are naturally of varying degrees of beauty, and frequently the artist not only interpreted a passage in two or three ways, but made important final

English edition, to take their place. Blake's style was not as suave as the Italian's but the fact is that all the engravers who intervened between the conceptions of the artist and his own expression fell far short of the delightful originals, as may readily be seen by comparing the drawing and engraving of any particular design. Flaxman had a genuine flair for ringing the finest shades of sentiment out of the slightest Homeric episode and when we turn the pages of one of the engraved folios in the dim shadows of a library our commonplaces disappear and we join the assemblies of the radiant gods on Olympus, follow the



DANTE IN PURGATORY

DRAWING BY JOHN FLAXMAN

changes while the approved drawing was being engraved. The plates soon achieved a world-wide success, became familiar to all students through the engravings of Pilori, Blake and others, and were published almost simultaneously in England, France and Germany. The Homer first appeared in 1793, the Æschylus in 1794, and the Dante in 1800, but all have been frequently reprinted. Thomas Pilori, an Italian, the most popular engraver of the time, did most of the work of interpretation. His name carried weight with the public and his plates were even shipped to England for publication, but the *Odyssey* plates were lost at sea, and William Blake, who hated the task, had to hastily make a new set of temporary engravings at five guineas each for the first

fortunes of the glorious heroes of Troy, mingle with the graceful companions of Nausicaa, mourn with Achilles over the body of the youthful Patroclus or sail the perilous seas with crafty Ulysses. The pellucid beauty of the drawings is never meretricious. The lovely draperies with their slender folds, the subtly ordered combinations of figures, the economy of means employed, the Hellenic severity tempered by Flaxman's rare sweetness—all these elements recall the highest periods of art, whereas the union of noble tenderness and dignified reticence exactly suited the temper of the sculptor's era. Amateurs were delighted with them, and it is to these works that the entire English school of sentimentalists, from Angelica Kauffmann downwards, may be traced.

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A fine spirituality seems to lurk about these designs, and when they reached Romney he wrote quite soberly to their common friend Hayley: "I have seen the book of prints for the *Odyssey* by our dear and admirable artist Flaxman. They are simple, grand and pure; I may say with truth, very fine. They look as if they had been made in the age when Homer wrote." Later when the morose painter heard that Flaxman was returning from Rome, he again wrote to their patron: "Though he is not here in person, I have caught a portion of his soul from the beautiful images of his Homer and Dante. I am charmed with them; they have thrown a light upon my mind that has dissipated some of its thick gloom." The talented Fuseli, who had charge of the Royal Academy collections, declared himself outdone, and Canova extolled them. Lord Byron, speaking of the Dante drawings, said that Flaxman's designs constituted the best translation of the Italian poet's work, and the ponderous philosopher Schlegel, chief among German critics of the time, also lauded the drawings in his most vehement Teutonic manner. In after years, when he was the artistic oracle of fashionable London, Flaxman assured his auditors that the most successful of his figures displayed in his illustrations of Homer, Æschylus and Dante were procured from innocent street vagrants and similarly natural and unsophisticated sources. The drawings are, indeed, instinct with inspiration and animation which only nature can give, but he carefully studied classic sources as well. The designs have the inexhaustible gift of suggestion that the old vase drawings can boast of, but although he made their beauties his own, and his designs are archaeologically correct, they are never mere pastiches of Greek originals. He handles this antique world in a wonderfully penetrative way, as though he enjoyed some subtle affinity with Hellenism, and all the works are characterised by a serene vigour and placid elegance which easily justify their universal celebrity.

While the merits of these drawings of Flaxman were highly appreciated as soon as they made their appearance in weak engraved form, their unique importance and great influence have not been adequately studied or commented upon. Meier-Graefe, one of the best of our contemporary critics, seems to have felt their power, for he places them on a level beyond the reach of

William Blake. "It is difficult to understand," he asserts, "why the strange nimbus that encircles Blake should have been conferred upon him rather than upon his compatriot Flaxman. Some of Flaxman's outline drawings illustrating Dante seem to me more valuable than all Blake's illustrations put together." On the other hand, it is true that Blake's vigorous genius undoubtedly affected Flaxman, who extolled the mystical drawings, claimed that they were equal to those of Michelangelo, and added that "his poems are as grand as his pictures." When Cary, the translator of Dante, referred slightly to Blake's powers, Flaxman was deeply offended. Touched by the quality of his friend's poetical gifts, Flaxman began early to show his generous, kindly attitude by counselling the publication in 1783 of that excessively rare octavo volume, *Poetical Sketches by W. B.*, and after joining with the Rev. H. Mathew in the expense, they presented the entire edition to the poet, to dispose of to his own advantage. Flaxman may also have introduced Blake to Wedgwood, for whom he engraved a show list of the potter's productions, and then he secured for him the patronage of Hayley. In 1800 Blake was persuaded to take up his residence with that writer in Sussex and to make engravings for his *Life of Cowper*. He was at first extravagant in recognition of his indebtedness, addressed a charming poem to Mrs. Flaxman, and repeatedly wrote letters to his "dear sculptor of Eternity." Secretly, however, he seems to have despised both Flaxman and his host Hayley, who was really sensitive to the originality of Blake's talents, and in the famous Rossetti manuscript, owned by Mr. W. A. White of Brooklyn, are found many effusions like the following couplet, which does credit to Blake's spleenful temper:

"My title as a genius thus is proved—  
Not praised by Hayley, nor by Flaxman loved."

His strange nature forgot every kindness. It galled him to observe careers like Flaxman's, the success and harmony of which nothing seemed ever to mar. Nor could his wild spirit brook Hayley's conventional banalities and, after a residence of three years at Earham, he broke off all relations with the writer rather than offer his genius to serve such offices. An account of the social relations of these three men would make a fascinating study of the artistic temperament,



PAOLO AND FRANCESCA

DRAWING BY JOHN FLAXMAN



THE GOD OF DINE

DRAWING BY JOHN FLAXMAN

## An Essay on John Flaxman

but we are immediately concerned only with the very real artistic debt which Flaxman and Blake owed one another. Blake in the Rossetti manuscript wrote: "Flaxman cannot deny that one of the very first monuments he did I gratuitously designed for him, and at the same time he was blasting my character to Macklin, my employer, as Macklin told me at the time. How much of his Homer and Dante he will allow to be mine I do not know, as he went far enough off to publish them, even to Italy, but the public will know." Students will recall that Linnell, who in 1818 became Blake's chief friend and disciple, commissioned the artist to execute a set of designs for Dante, and that work on these was begun about the year 1821, more than fifteen years after Flaxman's designs had become familiar to the public. Even laying aside such evidence, however, we have only to compare the earliest and cruder, if more powerful drawings of Blake with those made after he had engraved some of Flaxman's designs to recognise his debt to the sculptor. Flaxman's rather soothing influence may not always have been for the better, but Blake could not have missed the monumental symmetry, the gem-like purity and simplicity of his friend's drawings. Flaxman was an exponent of mild rapture and innocence and only rarely of horror or passion. He seized upon the homely domestic virtues, the joys of kinship or the pain of loss, and expressed these in large abstract forms with the greatest variety and ever-increasing profundity, making the beauty of the gestures permanent and universal in appeal. Romney, as we have seen, succumbed to their charms, and Lawrence's Homeric drawings, now scattered through American collections, show that he too had familiarised himself with their staid and quiet loveliness. His strength did not lay in the field of violent emotion, and his giants, demons and furies, as compared with Blake's, are gently reassuring in spite of their fearsome visages. A unique sentiment, using the word in the finest sense, was the mainspring of his fertile art. His science, taste and thorough training made him a master of the human form treated abstractly, but he had the defects of his good qualities, and only the captious critic will contrast his spontaneous flow of invention, superb technical beauty, infinite grace, clarity and harmony, with Blake's childish genius, mysticism, rude, unpolished directness and his tremendous, extravagant con-

ceptions. Flaxman's drawings place him on a level with the most consummate draughtsmen of all times, whereas Blake's imagination was in rebellion against and crippled his technical power.

We have noted that in Germany the praise of Schlegel coupled with the interest aroused by Winckelmann in matters Hellenistic made Flaxman immensely popular, and the influence which his drawings exerted on Continental art is clearly traceable. In France, however, the art of England was at that time despised, and although Flaxman was described as the "*merveilleux évoquant des chants homériques*," the debt of that country to Flaxman has only recently begun to be recognised. When Flaxman went to Paris with Benjamin West in 1802 after the peace of Amiens, to view Napoleon's precious spoils, he declined stiffly any interchange of civilities and courtesies with the French artists, who in Flaxman's opinion were instrumental and responsible for the ransacking of Italy. Religion was a living principle with him, influencing not only his life but his work. "The Reverend John Flaxman" he was jestingly called by the obstreperous Fuseli, and the epithet was a happy one, for Flaxman, like a rigid Puritan, held immorality in absolute horror, and would never excuse or condone it on the ground of the brilliance or cleverness of the artistic sinner. Just as his Bacchanales were not religious frenzies but merely patriarchal ceremonies, psalms and hymns in stone, so his political conduct was maintained consistently with moral principles which compelled him to refuse to meet the Emperor or his official painter, David, whom he had condemned in an open letter dated 1797. All regicides and atheists were avoided and the palm of beauty was awarded to the incomparable Ingres. It was probably on the strength of Flaxman's influential expression of opinion that Ingres won the Grand Prize of Rome with his *Achilles and the Ambassadors of Agamemnon*, and Ingres in turn paid Flaxman a compliment by giving him a prominent position in the famous *Hommage to Homer*, begun in the year of Flaxman's death. The greatest of French draughtsmen possessed an original drawing by the English master, depicting the bound Prometheus visited by the Oceanides, and this was treasured along with the sketches of Raphael and the manuscripts of Mozart and Gluck. In his note-books preserved in the museum at Montauban, the great Frenchman repeatedly refers with intense interest and

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ILLUSTRATION FOR THE ILIAD

DRAWING BY JOHN FLAXMAN

admiration to Flaxman, and he unquestionably borrowed the Jupiter of Flaxman's *Iliad* when he painted the *Homage to Homer*, in which the English sculptor may be seen standing beside Mme. Dacier to the right of the enthroned blind poet. Both artists became as it were mediators between the realism of modern times and the formal austere idealism of the ancients. Through Ingres, the influence of Flaxman extended to Flandrin, Chasserieu and to Ary Scheffer, who must have known the Dante drawing *La bocca mi baccio tutto tremanti* when he painted his *Paolo and Francesca*. Furthermore it is a curious fact that Ingres as well as Flaxman owe their immortality chiefly to occasional drawings, executed for slight remuneration.

When in 1794 the Flaxmans returned to London from Rome, with a collection of casts for Romney, they took commodious quarters in Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square, where the household included his sister-in-law, Maria Denman, and his half-sister, Mary Ann Flaxman, thirteen years his junior and herself favorably known as an artist. Their life was very happy and Henry Crabbe Robinson, in his famous diary, gives charming vignettes of the peasant spirit which reigned there. He always saw the New Year in at their home, which boasted the society of the Hayleys, Samuel Rogers, Stothard, Sir Thomas Lawrence and Romney. In 1795, the

last year of his activity, the latter painted the original of the well-known picture in the National Portrait Gallery, showing the sculptor at work on the bust of Hayley, with the latter's son in the background. It became the subject of an unfortunate and unseemly wrangle between Hayley and Romney's son, and was finally put into the possession of Thomas Greene, who was Romney's solicitor. Lawrence has also left fine souvenirs of his visits in the shape of two most beautiful portrait drawings of Flaxman and his wife, whom he highly esteemed. There is, indeed, not a single dissenting voice in the chorus which all the commentators of the period sing in Flaxman's praise, for the elevation of thought which characterised him as an artist marked him as a man. Even the suspicious Romney loved and admired him, and Crabbe Robinson takes pleasure in amplifying all the contemporary descriptions of his "good-humoured, even frolicsome, kind-hearted" friend.

Signal honours, dignities and important commissions came thick and fast after his return from Italy, where he was made a member of the Ancient Academy of St. Luke's. During his absence, Sir Joshua had died, and, by the irony of fate, his reproved sculptor was now deemed the most worthy to execute the statue in his honour which now stands under the dome of St. Paul's. In 1797 he became an Associate of the English Royal

## *An Essay on John Flaxman*

Academy, and in 1800, on presenting it with his *Apollo and Marpessa*—fine in conception but as usual weak in execution—he was made a full Academician. In 1810 a chair of sculpture was created for him and in connection with this office he delivered the ten lectures which have come down to us. As printed, the lectures make dull reading, for Flaxman was not an artist in words, but his admiration for primitive Greek, Gothic and Egyptian prove that his taste and judgment were far in advance of his time. He contributed various anonymous articles to the old encyclopaedia of Rees and he was one of the experts called to pass upon the wisdom of the acquisition of the Elgin marbles by the English nation. His professorial and social activities did not diminish his ardour for work and he was busy with a vast number of monuments. Almost one hundred of his works are listed in the catalogue of the Royal Academy exhibitions alone and how many more abound in the cathedrals of England, no one has as yet taken the trouble to tell. It is small wonder that in these he failed so often to preserve to the end of his labours the force of his original inspiration and impulse, as he did in the drawings.

Toward the end of his career, Flaxman became interested in applied art. In 1817 he designed a charming classical tripod, presented to the actor John Kemble, and he began the still more important *Shield of Achilles* for the eminent silversmiths, Rundell & Bridge. For this singularly involved and very skilful ring-shaped composition, inspired by the celebrated *Eighteenth Book of the Iliad*, he received £620, and replicas in silver were made for George IV and other distinguished personages. A plaster copy about three feet in diameter was in the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who led contemporary criticism by praising it extravagantly, as unsurpassed even by Michelangelo—"a divine work: unequalled in its combination of beauty, variety and grandeur."

Flaxman's career suffered a fatal blow when his wife died, after several strokes, on February 6, 1820. He had always been interested in Swedenborgianism and he now became more mystical and melancholy. He had been intimate with Blake for many years, and we learn with no great surprise that Sharp, the engraver, who was a spiritualist, invited him to lead the Jews back to Jerusalem and become their chief architect to rebuild the Temple. While nothing came of this, he withdrew more and more from society and

devoted himself to his work. In 1822 he addressed the Royal Academy on the occasion of the death of his Italian admirer, Canova, and in the following year, when he was finishing his *Cupid, Psyche, Raphael, Michelangelo* and other figures, his tasks were pleasantly interrupted by a visit from Schlegel. He had finished the exterior decorations for Covent Garden and was at work on designs for Buckingham Palace when he became ill. Allan Cunningham gives us a curious account of his last days. It appears that an admirer arrived at the sculptor's studio with an Italian book. "Sir," said the visitor, "it was so generally believed throughout Italy that you were dead that my friend, the author, determined to show the world how much he esteemed your genius, and having this book ready for publication, he has inscribed it '*L' Ombra di Flaxman*.'" Flaxman smiled, and accepted the volume with unaffected modesty; this occurred on Saturday, the 2nd of December, when he was well and cheerful; the next day he was taken suddenly ill with cold, and on the 7th (1826) he was dead. He was buried in the burial ground of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, near the old St. Pancras Church, accompanied by the President and Council of the Royal Academy, which exhibited his statue of John Kemble in the following year.

The entire nation mourned him and shortly afterwards Sir Thomas Lawrence delivered a eulogy on his deceased friend to the students of the Academy. This estimate of Sir Thomas, though obviously friendly, contains some subtle criticism. To us, the drawings which are now universally recognised to be his most important works have a special contemporary significance. They afford a kind of standard by which any artist might take the measure of his graphic ability. The power of Van Gogh, the theoretical importance of Picasso, and the dignified failures of the post-impressionists have temporarily blinded us to obvious beauty. We need something to liberate us from the tyranny of our more or less ugly mode in art, and these superb drawings, incisive, suave, tender or voluptuous, vigorous and yet serene, aerial in their delicacy, quiet in their loveliness and elegant in execution, like the playing of Heifetz or the singing of Galli-Curci, will again exercise their imperishable influence and help to carry us back to a time when the highest form of civilised life was a manifestation of noble beauty.



Courtesy, the Fine Galleries, Berlin

DIANA'S HUNT

BY ALBERT P. RYDER



Courtesy, the Fine Galleries, Berlin

HUNTSMAN'S REST

BY ALBERT P. RYDER



A MODERN GEORGIAN DINING-ROOM, WITH ADAPTATIONS OF LATE SHERATON CHAIRS,  
TABLE AND WALL-FURNITURE.

## SOME BASES FOR THE CRITICAL APPRAISAL OF MODERN FURNITURE

BY C. MATLACK PRICE

It is an interesting truth that originality, for its own sake, has never achieved worthy results in either architecture or furniture.

Granting to the master designers of the past their full meed of credit as originators, the fact still remains that architecture and furniture, in the forms which we most admire to-day, were products of evolution and not products of sheer origination. It is because of this that sporadic efforts at inventing new styles have never succeeded, and we find ourselves year after year becoming more intelligently appreciative of the old styles.

In the appreciation of furniture forms, in our present era of reproductions and adaptations, intelligence is highly rewarded, because furniture occupies an intimate place in our lives and offers more points of personal contact than architecture. It might be said, indeed, that furniture, through the medium of interior decoration, is the connect-

ing link between human beings and architecture.

In the general consideration of furniture there has been an unfortunate tendency on the part of many people to confuse antiques and reproductions, to regard the reproduction as a substitute for the antique. Another mistaken idea, often encountered, is that the reproduction of a piece of period furniture is fraudulently intended to deceive or to masquerade as an antique.

As a matter of fact, the best furniture made in this country to-day, and even much that is somewhat less than the best, possesses amply sufficient merit to take care of itself without borrowing any of the glamour of the antique.

There are certain qualities inherent in antique furniture which make it a thing entirely different from modern furniture which may be fashioned in the same form. A piece of antique furniture should be esteemed because of its romantic qualities, because it is a family heirloom, because its "pedigree" proves it to have been the one-time possession of a bygone celebrity, or because, if nothing else, it is contemporary with some older and more picturesque time than our own. Compared with these properties, the worm-holes or

## *Some Bases for the Critical Appraisal of Modern Furniture*

the cracks or the patine of antiquity are relatively unimportant and obviously superficial.

The superficial indications of antiquity may be imitated or even so skilfully forged as to be mistaken for the real, but the practice is both dishonest and unintelligent. The intrinsic facts of antiquity cannot be imitated, and they are the chief attributes of antique furniture which constitute any valid reasons for its acquisition.

Among other superficial qualities of antique furniture which may be copied in the modern reproduction, and qualities but recently appre-

the difference between the hand-made and the machine-made product, though, in the case of furniture, the machine can do but a part of the work, and much remains for the hand.

The aesthetic and decorative value of modern furniture to-day is largely gauged by the degree to which the evidences of hand-finishing eliminate the evidences of machine-cutting.

A thorough discussion of the technical points to be considered in modern as compared with antique furniture would be an extensive undertaking: I would dispel the frequently-met de-



A FINELY PROPORTIONED MODERN SIDEBOARD, IN A WELL-STUDIED ADAPTATION OF THE  
STYLE OF HEPPLEWHITE

ciated, are the softness of contour and the mellowness of colour characteristic of old pieces. These qualities have a distinct decorative value, by no means to be confused with any intent to deceive. Hard angles, sharp edges, bright colour and a too-high polish destroy the intimate friendliness of furniture which should be one of its most esteemed properties. It is this artificial attainment of certain decorative values of the antique, no doubt, that has led many to assume a non-existent intent to counterfeit.

Technically considered, the better modern furniture never fails to equal the antique, and in many cases it surpasses it. There is, of course,

lusion that modern furniture must, of necessity, be either better or worse than antique furniture. No such comparison should be made, for the reason that antique and modern furniture are not in the same class.

The same holds true in an intelligent consideration of the question of design. Let us confine this consideration, however, to a few observations dealing with well-designed modern furniture.

One of the first distinctions to be recognised in modern furniture design is the distinction between *reproduction* and *adaptation*.

The furniture reproduction, strictly speaking, is the accurate, line-for-line copy or facsimile of

## *Some Bases for the Critical Appraisal of Modern Furniture*

a specific and authentic piece. Accuracy and faithfulness produce the result, not ingenuity or creative ability. The greater proportion of actual reproductions are not made for sale in large quantities, because the restrictions imposed by the original model demand more individual craftsmanship than is possible "wholesale."

As compared to the adaptation, it is not at all difficult to appraise the merit of a reproduction, because its merit lies entirely in the accuracy with which the makers have followed their model.

The adaptation, however, offers a peculiarly interesting study for any who are interested in furniture design. Here the designer has taken a style as a motive, and has produced varied furniture forms, which, while dominated by the traits of one style, are not actual copies of any specific antique pieces of the period. His task is both easier and more difficult, for he is without the restraints imposed by the literal copy, and at the same time he is without the guidance of the model. He may even be called upon to design a piece of furniture in a given style despite the historic fact that in the period when the style



THE LATE SHERATON TYPE OF CHAIR BEAUTIFULLY RENDERED IN A MODERN ADAPTATION



AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE MODERN REPRODUCTION OF AN AUTHENTIC HEPPELWHITE CHAIR

existed the piece he is designing did not exist.

His task resolves itself into the development of a close sympathy and understanding of the spirit of the style in which he is working; he must keep ever in mind the spirit of the period style in question.

Modern adaptations of period furniture, unless they are designed with this sympathy and respect for precedent, seldom if ever achieve any significant degree of merit. They are likely, indeed, to be not only unworthy in themselves, but a libel upon the style they purport to reflect.

Considering the subtlety of the task involved, it is no surprise that there are so many poor adaptations. It is surprising, rather, that there are so many excellent adaptations, pieces of furniture which testify not only to the genius of their historic inspiration, but to the ability shown in their modern adaptation.

At first it was considered sufficient to make chairs which might be called "Sheraton" because they had square backs and square, tapered legs. Such a "subtle" distinction as "late Sheraton," an entirely different type of chair, was not

## *Some Bases for the Critical Appraisal of Modern Furniture*

thought of. "Chinese Chippendale" was unheard of, together with the Oriental lacquer phase of William and Mary and Queen Anne furniture. A few names covered a multitude of strange furniture adaptations, and often the names did not accurately, or even remotely, apply to any of them.

An idea was prevalent that no one but a deeply versed connoisseur could identify period styles in furniture, and the idea was by no means unfounded, if we can believe the story of the lady who said of a chair she was examining, "It isn't mahogany and it isn't walnut; perhaps it's Chippendale." Another addressed a letter to a magazine, inquiring for Heppelwhite's address, because she wished to order some chairs from him. In less than ten years a great change has taken place. People who lay no claim whatever upon being connoisseurs are able not only to recognise the styles of most modern adaptations, but to say whether or not the adaptation is a good interpretation of the style.

It is largely, if not entirely due to this increased appreciation on the part of the public that

the manufacturers have been able to bring out the variety of historic forms which are now available.

The French styles of Louis XV and Louis XVI have long been reasonably familiar, albeit for the most part in very poor adaptations, and our ancestral claim upon most English furniture forms, certainly from Queen Anne through the Georgian period, has left but little additional education necessary. To-day, however, we find that adaptations of early Jacobean and even Gothic forms, as well as forms of the Italian Renaissance, have actually attained wide general popularity.

Critical appraisal, however, must not lag behind, and the public must not forget that it will always be offered, substantially, what it demands. The demands upon the manufacturer have resulted in a broadening and enrichment of the field of modern furniture, and it is our distinct duty to do all that we can to cultivate the keenest critical discrimination in value, in order that the development of the modern reproduction and adaptation shall advance still further.



MODERN ADAPTATIONS OF THE CHARACTERISTIC HEPPELWHITE CHAIR SEEN IN AN AMERICAN COUNTRY-HOUSE DINING-ROOM

THE VOGUE OF BEARDSLEY  
BY FRANK PEASE

IT is just five years since Madame Simone A. Puget, now widow of the French patriot and so promising artist, André Puget, added another to the many predictions of a future vogue for that most fascinating of all the nineteenth century's fascinating *décadents*, that *fin-de-siècle* wizard of the fragile line and the jet-black shadow, Aubrey Beardsley. To-day we are in the midst of that vogue. It is, however, rather more than a vogue; it is a triumph. But not through any sudden demand for Beardsley's work itself. That has always remained a thing aloof, indeed, almost esoteric, a stranger to popularity, and sometimes caviare even to the particular. What is triumphing though, triumphing subtly and deeply, creating a Baudelarian "other world" of unheard-of forms and new meanings, is the Beardsley example and Beardsley influence.

To-day the unreal has triumphed over the real—or at least the realists. But without Beardsley we should not have known our present extravaganzas of colour, form and symbolic content. For what Beardsley brought to art was the courage of the frivolous. The vogue of Beardsley is a triumph because the impulses he set free in himself and others were those just most needed in our hurried, crowded and too often slate-coloured life; his were spiritual antidotes to the ordinary; something which should lift our faculties for appreciation, imagination and enjoyment out of the deadening ruts of realism.

In America—where, by the way, a large part of Beardsley's work is owned—we are just coming into our heritage of Beardsley influence. Happily, many of our emerged magazines have now passed their incubative stage, their period of so sweet, so *naïf*, and so impossible *jeune fille* covers—those dear covers of chicklets strayed far from their *egis* of boarding-school<sup>1</sup> and tennis-court into a world rather more than sophisticated, somewhat more than grown-up. And this is entirely due to Beardsley. Without Beardsley there would not now be a triumph in the new, and, for Americans, certainly, daring art. Beardsley it was who whetted our appetites for the unreal and the unknown. In matters of art, only yesterday we were realists. With but individual exceptions, we were not given to

imagination or risk, but preferred to take our values from time-worn sources.

But to-day, once we have learned to recognise it, we find everywhere the Beardsley influence. The smart exotics of an Erté, a Léon Bakst, or a Sidney Joseph, with their fiery phantasms, their so sensuous conjectures and spirited subtlety—all these could not now be, it almost seems, unless there had once been a Beardsley. Through Gordon Craig, Alexandre Benois and Joseph Urban, the whole art of theatric decoration has been persuaded to the startling richness and insinuate disproportions which Beardsley used in his captivating drawing-rooms and lavish terraces. The choreography of the ballet even is not afraid to change, discard or adapt the Pompadour *panniers* of its classical *fêtes champêtres* to the Beardsleyesque *froncés* and *débraillés*. Who could ever forget the bizarre pleasure of Liszt's *Les Préludes* as Pavlova gave it, or Chopin's *Les Sylphides* by that Grand Seignior of the ballet, M. Serge de Diaghilev? Were it to be said that in neither case could these exquisite gestures of art be traced directly to Beardsley, there would still remain questions of the origin and degree of our capacity for their appreciation. For appreciation is as much a part of art as execution itself, since no man—or but few—ever produced for himself alone. Amongst his amazing accomplishments, perhaps not the least was Beardsley's power of arousing, stimulating and even creating appreciation for new modes, attitudes and movements.

Modern illustrators owe to Beardsley, not their style, not the witchery of their wondrous forms, for these can be and usually are all their own, but they owe something which in our own taking-for-granted liberalism in decoration it is hard to realise as lacking at the close of the Victorian era, namely, that *high prestige* which spirited innovation now possesses. For Beardsley was a discoverer primarily. In the almost forgotten crannies of the mind, in those deep lacunæ of our multiple selves, Beardsley discovered, rather—for they were there all the while even if neglected—rediscovered, those tastes which are essentially *un-realistic*. What modern and especially metropolitan life lacked before Beardsley was an outlet for satisfaction of the same creative and appreciative forces which called into the world gargoyles, dragons, fantastic heads, and all impossible creatures that swam, danced, strutted

## *The Fugue of Beardsley*

or flew smiling, leering or shuddering through the voluptuous sculptures of mediaeval churches, or found expression in mediaeval *contes drolatiques*, in *fabliaux* where beasts talked, sang, orated, gave advice and told fortunes. Modern life needed something beyond, far beyond, realism. For across the borderland of a conscious present there still beckoned fugitives from that antique world, a world which now is not, which now could not be, except through such plausible distortions and supple perfections as in an art like Beardsley's.

In Beardsley those haunting memories and half-memories, those vagabond intuitions and wanton stuffs of fancy, were things come to life again. Beardsley made the wildest dream-motif legible. But, from things mediaevally ugly or coarse or obvious, Beardsley wrought that which was more palatable, refined and spiritualised. Suggestion, not realism; instigation, not crystallisation of art, was his forte. In Beardsley's scrap-book of the unknown was much of the old grotesquerie, something of its irony, not a little of its silvered satire, a deep inner laughter of his own—and ours, a seductive appeal to the *silences* of our hearts, to that part of us which can not be other than played to, never quite comprehended or completely expressed, that part of us to which only echoes can penetrate. There were ambiguous, indescribable, perhaps impossible, certainly vicarious enjoyments; longings out of forgotten pasts like the late Roman decadence of Catullus or the mystic pleasure-rites of that Roman sun-god, Heliogabalus; pasts never yet lived; pasts that never could have been lived; and futures—to paraphrase Arthur Symons's astonishing line—"futures we hold in our memory."

And were not these the components of an unspoken—perhaps not to be spoken—hunger that lay heavily upon tastes longest dominated by things Victorian? Consequently, for Americans, inheriting religiously so much from that period of "worship of wreck," was not Beardsley a downright necessity?

"Aubrey Beardsley," writes Robert Ross, "sums up all the delightful manias, all that is best in modern appreciation—Greek vases, Italian primitives, the 'hypnerotomachia,' Chinese porcelains, Japanese kakemonos, Renaissance friezes, old French and English furniture, rare enamels, mediaeval illumination, the *débonnaire* masters of the eighteenth century, the English pre-Raphael-

ites." Beardsley's interests were, in the words of Baudelaire: "Anywhere—out of the world!" which is but another way of saying: "Anywhere—out of realism!" Art's appreciators no less than art's creators do not live by bread at all. Yet in the compelling realities of American life for a long time there was no other food than the black bread of realism; seldom by any chance the *vol-au-vent*, *marrons*, *bombes à la marée*, *glacés aux rayons d'or*, *charlotte de pommes à la Lucy Waters*; in short, all those dainty *pâtisseries* whose only service is the satisfaction of pure delight, of refined spiritual enjoyment.

If life indeed does, as Wilde declared, follow art, then our provocative and usually handsome fashions of the minute stem back through Erté and Poiret to Aubrey Beardsley. Those undulant costumes of his *Salome!* Those frills and furbelows, laces, flounces, fichus and sashes, those entrancing sashes Marie Bashkirtseff once sighed so about because none of them bore her name; the sashes that remind one of the ribboned bouquets Louis Quatorze so loved to have twined about his silver orange-tree boxes; the same sashes with which Beardsley was always quaintly looping back some eighteenth-century alcove curtain! That toilette of Fair Helen, the little elegant trifles of Abbé Fanfreluche's dress, "laboured niceties," Beardsley called them. Where would our ravishing pageantry of modern fashions have been to-day without all these?

While it has not yet found its way into our literature, literature being often last of the arts—excepting, of course, architecture—to welcome innovation, signs are not lacking that we may know so exquisite a bit of "other-worldness" or "out-of-the-worldness" as Beardsley's own magnum opus and swan-song, that delightful tour into an it-never-happened past, *Under the Hill*. A recent fantaisie by Albert Samain, with Tanagra figurines all talking of love and things which, while reminding one of Austin Dobson's *Proverbs in Porcelain*, still approached Beardsley's "evocation of a certain impossible but quite credible atmosphere." Thus far, however, our purely decorative arts are closest the Golden Apple.

Looking back upon Beardsley's own day, we can now see better times were in store for our abiding appetite for the unreal. At that time in almost every field realism pressed feverishly against all barriers of restraint and of taste. Realism was crowding out romanticism, clipping

## *The Vogue of Beardsley*

the white wings of pure fancy, and ridiculing light mysticisms. The Eternal Triangle no longer gave forth its once shrill notes of intensive excitement; these were dulled and deadened utterly in the prosaic "Oyez! Oyez!" of police-courts and litigation. Ibsen and Strindberg made a discordant racket about it in the North. In the South, under a shadowing cathedral, Blasco Ybanez analysed away—"everything!" And in Beardsley's own country, Shaw flung pellets of mud and ashes, his bouquets of pallid jokes and wilted roses. These realists, it would seem, were determined to spare nothing, not even sin. "*Salute, O Satan!*" How wiser were our own irredentist Puritans!

That was before the now famous nineties—Beardsley's age. As that rather stodgy old lady, *L'age Victorienne*, scuttled primly out the side door to avoid an unseemly spectacle of two newcomers struggling clamorously at the front, the art of Aubrey Beardsley flew in at the window. Thus were pre-Raphaelism in motley and "naturalism" in mufti left out in the cold.

In the very atmosphere of those ante-Beardsley times we may instance the prevailing demoralisation when Richard Strauss could make sheep *baa* three minutes on end, babies squirm and splash in iron bath-tubs, lonely brooks rattle like a pail of poured marbles or chortle like a city hydrant—and call it music! Rodin was so steeped in "nature" that he could be accused of moulding from actual bodies, and this, while disproven, is in itself sufficient commentary on the pestilential realism of that day. In Beardsley's own field, Hugh Thompson and du Maurier had still a host of followers who copied endlessly their heavy boxed faces and all too lifelike cobs. It was a dull day for artistic hunger that wants something else to do than look in the mirror or out the window. The pre-Raphaelites could not triumph. The realists had—almost. Then came Aubrey Beardsley.

And now amidst the so ebullient gaiety of indescribable colour and the whimsied whirl of our own sometimes not-yet-emerged forms, or what one is tempted to call over—or beyond forms, that convey in so many new ways what Gautier meant by "the impalpable phantom of the idea," we can still discern the strange half antique, half other-worldly genius that was Aubrey Beardsley's.

Within the figures which Erté, Léon Bakst,

Robert Chandler, Joseph Urban, Howard Cushing and Sidney Joseph portray there is that which intrigues us as may opiate dreams and mad fantasies be conceived to lure dervishes . . . somewhere, I know not whither, but certainly far out and beyond all familiar meanings, beyond the tiring clasp of commonplace; in any case, to a stimulating distance; far enough, too, for the defeat of realism. Of Aubrey Beardsley's art, Austin Dobson *might* have written:

Oh, the song where every one of his Graces  
Tight-laces—  
Where he wooed the sweet Muses both starchly  
And archly—  
Where his verse, like the piper a-Maying,  
Comes playing—  
And his rhyme is as gay as a dancer  
In answer—  
It will last till men weary of pleasure  
In measure!  
It will last till men weary of laughter . . .  
And after!

## BOOK REVIEW

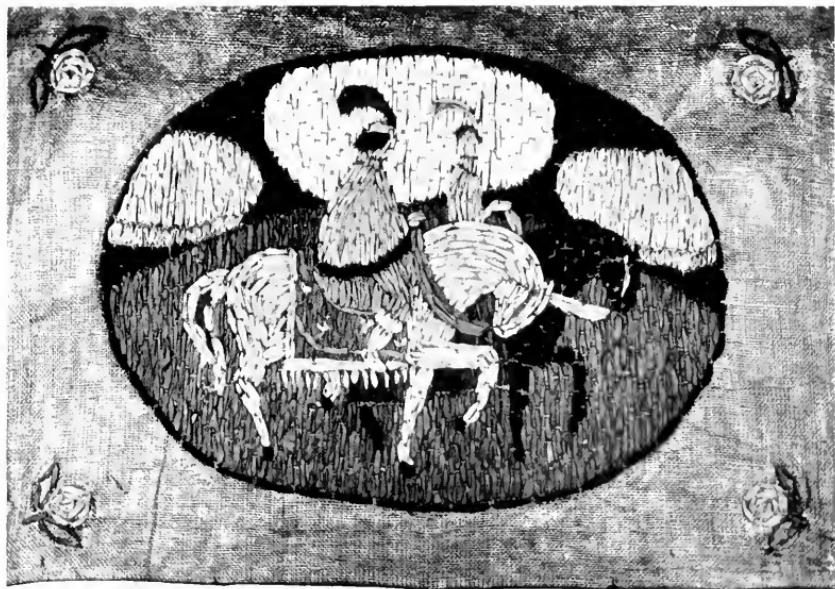
**T**HE GREAT THOUSAND YEARS AND TEN YEARS AFTER. By Ralph Adams Cram. (Marshall Jones Company, Boston.) Price, \$1.00.

Thoughtful essays of the quality of Mr. Cram's latest gift to literature are truly rare and, like old wine, should be sipped with reverence. Apart from his bias for Gothic art and mediævalism generally, Mr. Cram is a philosopher and a radical of a highly intellectual order. His essay could be recommended for diction and style alone. His division of history into 500-year nodes is exceedingly interesting and beyond contention. The great thousand years are the two sequent nodes, one each side of the year 1000, which marked the beginnings of mediævalism. The author sees the decay now setting in as a prelude to the next great epoch of civilisation. It is impossible to forecast what the next era will be, but by all signs he welcomes a return to the mediæval type with the monastic principles of chastity, obedience and poverty as the only possible sequel to the materialism and selfishness of the hour. To whatever extent we care to follow Mr. Cram in his arguments, we are at least confronted with good sense and sound scholarship.



*Exhibited at Brau Gallerie, Lenox, Ma.*

THE MAN FROM MONTANA  
BY GEORGE LAURENCE NELSON



RAG TAPESTRY

BY ETHEL MARS

## RAG TAPESTRIES A NEW HANDICRAFT FROM PROVINCETOWN BY MIRA BURR EDSON

FROM American craftsmen are coming beautiful examples of artistic craftsmanship, able to rank with any in the world in design and technique, with a flavour of our own country and time.

In the present day, when country home, cottage and bungalow are receiving so much attention, and while simplicity of living combined with comfort and beauty is considered also, it is opportune that there should appear a kind of wall-hanging or tapestry especially suited to such use. The name chosen for these by the artist herself is "studio-hangings," because, she says, they are most appropriate for the broad wall-spaces which a studio or cottage interior offer, and to the rough finish usually accompanying them. The hangings are, however, well adapted to any modern interior which does not follow some definite period style, and even here they can take their place in a Colonial house, the style and method being altogether harmonious with its

general character. These tapestries or hangings are, indeed, a development from the hooked rug, familiar to craftsmen and revived from the art of our forebears. There is, therefore, the added pleasure of thinking them the product of humble materials and the careful suiting of means to ends, as in the rugs, which exalts these to the uses of art. But the tapestries have an unmistakable modern touch which is more characteristic of them than suggestions of the past; well designed, beautiful in colour and of a severe simplicity.

The technique was invented by Miss Ethel Mars at her home in Provincetown, Mass., in September, 1916. As she tells the story of it, she had begun to make a hooked rug, but the process is a slow one and she was, as an artist, impatient to see her design as it would appear carried out in the materials and colours intended for it, and so began to stitch down or embroider the strips of fabric in their appropriate places, using a kind of long-and-short embroidery stitch. The effect was pleasing, not only as regarded the pattern but the method as well. The idea came to her then of using this stitch for the

## *Rag Tapestries*



RAG TAPESTRY

BY ETHEL MARS



RAG TAPESTRY

BY ETHEL MARS

carrying out of patterns of a more pictorial kind which, being lighter in weight and more free and sketchy in the interpretation of a pattern, might produce a result which would make a charming wall-decoration. This proved so satisfactory that many have been so produced, and also cushion-covers, hand-bags, belts and hat-bands, tablet-tops and couch-covers.

Like the hooked rug, these tapestries are made upon a foundation of burlap or sacking. This varies in quality and kind according to the style and plan of the pattern employed. Sometimes the ground is entirely covered, as with the rugs; sometimes there are portions of it left to form a part of the pattern or otherwise aid in the decorative effect. In this case a canvas or other appropriate fabric is used for the foundation material. The embroidery is by means of narrow strips of cotton cloth cut in the desired widths and which the artist dyes herself to suit the use and design, employing vegetable dyes for the purpose in great variety of tints and colourings, all adapted to the finest interpretation of the theme. Some

## *Rug Tapestries*

of the illustrations show this use of the foundation fabric. Framings for the more pictorial part are thus produced. One has upon the suggested frame a bordering embroidered. Upon another the decorated portion is oval and the "frame" has an ornamental unit in each corner—as note the rose in that of the mediæval knights. Sometimes the surface is almost entirely covered, or it may be that the conception of ornament and framing is one, as in the "madonna."

It has been said by a well-known decorator and craftsman that the hooked rugs of Mrs. Albee—beautifully made with patterns taken from Indian design—were the only ones which were unquestionably appropriate for certain types of American interiors and furnishings and the craftsmen styles. The same might be said of these tapestries. The value of wall-hangings in furnishing the home beautifully and simply is well understood, and they are not least to be desired when the surroundings have that primitive largeness and breadth which is found in the cottage and the bungalow. They lend an air of comfort, refinement and beauty not so easily attained by any other means. "Real" tapestries, generally speaking, are expensive and with a style of design which suggests rather the old-world interior. These studio-hangings, on the other hand, with their suggestion of modernness, refinement and charm, the simple and direct workmanship and beautiful colour, are suitable almost anywhere and can adapt themselves to almost any surroundings. They are notably in harmony with the taste of the day for cheerful, brightly coloured interiors, unpretentious yet wholly comfortable and charming.

The modern craftsman is finding his or her place, indeed, in the modern art world, and especially as the friend and helper of the household and the decorator. More and more opportunity will undoubtedly be allowed to craftsmen to come forward and occupy the place that has already been accorded them abroad as artists presenting a very real and beautiful art-expression. The crafts, in truth, have been considered abroad as quite worthy the attention of artists who have received honours for other—for the "fine" arts. Miss Mars found this to be the case in Paris when she went there and where she herself became interested in the arts and crafts, making and exhibiting wood-blocks and other handicraft. As a painter she exhibited

in both the Spring Salon (the Beaux Arts) and the Autumn Salon, of which she became a member. Here the handicrafts are exhibited among other forms of art and attract a great deal of interest. The artistic feeling in France could appreciate the need of bringing beauty into every phase of activity and that art may be expressed in any medium, that it should enter into the every-day life of a people. This has always been so, as we so well know, among all nations and peoples which have produced a great art. The Autumn Salon is especially strong in these exhibitions of artistic crafts and they form an important part of its regular exhibitions, so that an artist creating beautifully in these is considered as worthy of esteem as when working only in paint or clay. Thus noted artists express in many ways—as did those of old. This fact, of course, reacts upon the worth and beauty of the handicrafts and makes at once for a broader art-expression and a more artistic setting for daily living.

## **G**ERMANY AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE

MANY terrible things have happened in the world of art, but it would be difficult to conceive a more violent abuse of the ethical and artistic conscience than the conversion of Germany into Belgium, and yet that is now gaily proceeding, and the papers mention it without noticing apparently anything humorous or objectionable in the transaction. An eminent sculptor, it seems, discreetly screened from the public gaze, by a few deft alterations of the face is presenting New York with a redeemed personification of Germany, which will henceforth gaze upon us as heroic Belgium. "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out," and if Germany offends thee, which it certainly should, cast her into outer darkness. But why insult a friendly nation and bring ridicule and asperion upon the sacred name of art by so mean a subterfuge as this?

It has indeed been customary in the past, before a nation thought of sending statues to the melting-pot to make ammunition, to decapitate the busts of forgotten or depreciated personages, for the purpose of superimposing a more popular head and thus effecting a petty economy, but such an action is a glorious virtue in comparison with the dark deed now being perpetrated on Bowling Green. Can this be true?

FOUNTAINT FIGURE "AETHOR"

BY ISABEL NELSON AND P. BRYANT BAKER  
IN COLLABORATION

LIFE-SIZE FIGURE TO BE CAST IN BRONZE  
FOR A CHICAGO GARDEN

*Exhibited at the Gallery-on-the-Moors,  
Gloucester, Mass., 1918*



FRONT VII W



SIDE VIEW

## B OOK REVIEWS

COSTUME DESIGN AND COSTUME ILLUSTRATION. (John Wiley & Sons, Inc.) Price, \$2.50.

THE great war has given us all a different point of view, but the changes in international relationships have not affected us so directly as yet as the visible changes going on around us, one of the most striking being in the clothes of both sexes. As Miss Ethel Traphagen states in her book, *Costume Design and Illustration*, conservation in the form of our garments is of the past. Dame Fashion has been more capricious during the nineteenth century than ever before, but she has never shown herself so boldly revolutionary than during the past few years. Is it a pure coincidence that the fair sex captured trades and the right to vote when they donned man's nether garments? To the student of historical costume the relation between breeches and authority seems undeniable; the tenor of many satirical drawings of the Middle Ages is that when woman puts on breeches she rules the household! If trousers for the ladies have come to stay, the fashion draughtsman must be still more highly trained than ever to succeed in making the "dandlette" look beautiful, for he is called upon to harmonise hidden living curves with visible straight lines.

Miss Ethel Traphagen's book will help the serious student as it is so full of illustrations that clarify the text. The first part gives suggestions to facilitate the acquisition of a knowledge of drawing and proportion, while practical technical considerations are gone into very fully.

Then the use of colour in a general way is entered into, and though the author is somewhat arbitrary in her statements throughout the book, confusing "rule or canon" with "law," some very excellent definitions and advice are given.

The chapter on design could be read with profit by all ladies who buy shop-window-dressing clothes, for the most becoming and therefore most beautiful gown is rarely exhibited, for it has no striking effect until it has the right person inside.

As for the sources of design, we are told they lie all around in the most unexpected places and an excellent example is given of the adaptation of a bowl of tulips for an attractive hat.

In conclusion, we find a short resumé of period fabric design and an outline of historic costume

which with a useful bibliography will enlarge the student's outlook and interest.

Calthrop, in his *History of English Costume*, proved that learning may be imparted with a light heart. This the reviewer misses, but was all the more delighted to rest halfway through *Costume Design and Illustration* and smile at Dr. Frank Crane's list of modern colour nomenclature—being unable to decide the preference between robin's-egg blue and elephant's-breath gray.

THE MEANING OF ARCHITECTURE. By Irving K. Pond. (Marshall Jones Company, Boston.) Price, \$2.

The author has written an essay of constructive criticism interesting to layman and practitioner alike, in which the principles of architecture have been studied analytically and synthetically. We have hosts of books upon architecture proper, styles and periods, but Mr. Pond is more concerned in fathoming the relationship between form and spirit in art, the high idealism that interprets the meaning of life. The author traces the animating spirit in Greek art which manifests itself in modern architecture, and supplies informative chapters, well illustrated, upon the significance of mass and form, the element of rhythm, the imitative and creative in architecture, finishing his masterly little book with an excellent treatise on present-day ideals. Where the exemplification of unified and perfected character is not sought through an idealised interpretation of the inhering structural forces, the author sees mere theatrical picture-making in three dimensions.

## A SUMPTUOUS CATALOGUE

THE Palace of Fine Arts, San Francisco, has produced a compact volume of 250 pages embodying a mass of informative material upon the collection of Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst which has been loaned to this wide-awake institute. The volume—edited by Director Laurvik, assisted by Messrs. Upham Pope, Meyer Riefstahl and Miss Ackerman—is a model of what a first-class catalogue should stand for. Besides illuminating articles upon rugs, tapestries and textiles, it is rich in illustration and descriptive matter to each exhibit. As a *bonne bouche* is added an exhaustive index.



*Exhibited at the Galter, on-the-Moor, Gloucester, May*

THE TWO SISTERS  
BY EBEN F. COMINS



© 2007 Adam Emory Albright

A LOG IN THE RIVER  
BY ADAM EMORY ALBRIGHT

# THE STUDIO

STILL LIFE AND MR. WILLIAM NICHOLSON. BY SIR FREDERICK WEDMORE

"**W**HAT is it you admire," I have been asked, before now—perhaps by some mid-Victorian connoisseur of painting—"What is it you admire in the work of William Nicholson?" And, before now, I have answered, "Everything." A large order; but I made sure that circumstances would give me the occasion to modify, to explain.

In a sense that first abrupt reply of mine was positively and literally true; for when, indeed, in surveying Nicholson's so various canvases—his Still Life pieces, his Landscape, and his Portraiture—when has one failed to recognize in Nicholson's products the essential in every art: the man behind the performance, the artist, behind the labour? But the word "labour" should be banished altogether from one's account of the matter; for all that one is promptly conscious of—save in the case of some unlucky accident—is the sense of an off-hand, rapid, absolutely happy deliverance: a thing, a person, an event, seen clearly, and straightway boldly and most knowingly grappled with.

But now for some words of leisurely qualification of the first impulsive pronouncement. William Nicholson is an absolutely typical, but much less a positively ideal artist. He is an artist who is spontaneously, inevitably original, but yet an artist perhaps just one little bit too much concerned about originality. Seeing most things—why not again say, everything?

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—with much more penetrating eyes than most men, Nicholson seems to me to be sometimes a little too anxious to steer clear of being even suspected of suggesting a vision or an aim that has been entertained by another. Just now and then his performance seems to apprise us that he is himself insufficiently conscious of the extent to which Providence or the Fates have decreed that William Nicholson shall be unlike other people. There is no need for him to consciously step in, in this matter. *Laissez-faire!* Providence and the Fates have taken the business off Mr. Nicholson's hands.

For all that, there is one contemporary with whom, at least in certain moments and in certain efforts, it is difficult not to associate William Nicholson. That is his brother-in-law, the fine imaginative painter, James Pryde. Working together more or less, now a whole generation since, as the "Brothers Bickerstaff," there must have been—there clearly was—something in common, something they shared



"SILVER"

OIL PAINTING BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON

## *Still Life and Mr. William Nicholson*



"SILVER LUSTRE"

OIL PAINTING BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON

between them, more easily observed than expressed. As time proceeded they did not become more alike : Nicholson, never far from a realism elegant and characteristic, and most unusually varied—a brilliant talent of so many facets—and James Pryde, a recorder of the Past, yet no recorder by obvious story, but one who is somehow magically charged with the unrevealed history of every weird and frowning tenebrisment that he depicts. My latest sentences, tentative and inadequate, may roughly suggest, though they cannot define, where these two most interesting painters meet, and where they part company.

An earlier survey of my own, of the work of William Nicholson—an essay in "Some of the Moderns," a volume now several years old—does not, I flatter myself, contain much that I should desire to unsay about the subject of this present paper; but it does leave unconsidered, of course, the artist's

latest leanings, his latest developments. In Still Life—so conspicuously to the front in Mr. Nicholson's exhibition, open at this moment in the Goupil Gallery—this artist had always been interested. He had not only enjoyed it: he had painted it: painted it well, but as an accessory. It is to the delighted contemplation of it in later years that we owe its prominence in the pictures we are invited to understand and to appraise to-day.

Still Life—I shall not mince matters in the least about it—has been ridiculously neglected by the English public. What is

its place even at the hands of our Royal Academy? What is the usual attitude of the visitor who looks upon it? The Still Life piece, in English estimation, is a piece for dark corners. To it is cheerfully appropriated the spot which, were it devoted to an example of any other branch of painting, would be considered to have been grievously ill-employed.



"HENLEY'S HAT"

OIL PAINTING BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON



"SOUVENIRS DE BABETTE"  
FROM THE OIL PAINTING  
BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON



"THE HILL ABOVE HARLECH"  
FROM THE OIL PAINTING  
BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON



"WHITE WAYS, EVENING"  
OIL PAINTING BY  
WILLIAM NICHOLSON

## *Still Life and Mr. William Nicholson*

In the remote future, to which our successors may look forward, when—since all things are possible—Englishmen may have become an artistic people, it may be recollect, or perhaps be slowly learnt, how interesting was the Still Life of the very earliest of our real masters of the brush. Hogarth employed it, indeed, less as main theme than as substantial and important accessory; and it was an English artist, it was Richard Earlom, who—translating colour and texture as both appeared in the great flower and fruit pieces of Van Huysum, into the art of engraving—gave a little more extended circulation to examples of Still Life. In Holland, at a date appreciably earlier, one of the greatest and rarest Dutch masters of *genre*—Vermeer of Delft—displayed his powerful control of Still Life subjects. De Heym was even more continuously their master. And, reaching again the eighteenth century, there came, in the fullness of Time, Chardin, whose never dazzling, always discreet and sensitive and sympathetic and fully equipped talent, has, in the matter of appreciation, now come into his own. Occupied with William Hunt, Mr. Ruskin—great even in his mistakes or his misfortunes—had apparently never heard of Chardin.

It has been the privilege of Frenchmen to have entered into and understood with a surpassing readiness the charm of humble human duties and of homely things. To do so is a part of French character. And so the sceptre, if one may be allowed to call it that, of Still Life painting having long since passed to France, in the great art of Chardin, has ever remained with her.

Never more conspicuously perhaps have France and Still Life painting been honourably associated than in quite recent years. In the later of those years England herself—assuredly under our neighbour's influence to some extent—has taken up the most engaging problems of Still Life with an increasing willingness. There is Mr. Francis James, essentially colourist and draughtsman of flowers. Again, Mr. Horace Mann Livens may be cited with confidence. Time will do justice to his individuality in this department of his labour, hardly less than to his nobly planned and broadly executed water-colours of London and of Brighton and of an everyday world. Mr. Clausen has painted flower pieces that are charming. But when he began, France had already had Fantin, whom

perhaps, in the sphere of labour I am for the moment discussing, he may most admire or recall. France, in Still Life, had already had Manet, with his great convincing certainty of vision and of touch. And then there is Vollon, with his special sumptuousness, his order and freedom amidst wealth of matter, and his august, Imperial way. With us again there has “arrived” Mr. Peploe—and in France Cézanne and M. Laprade and M. Marc, of Toulouse. All are delightful.

The course of Still Life painting having been thus lightly, but not carelessly sketched, we are brought round again to the achievements of William Nicholson—one of the most variously endowed artists now practising his craft.

To begin with a great *tour de force*—a thing which, once seen, it would be difficult to forget—the Still Life pieces in the Goupil Gallery Exhibition include that curious and engaging masterpiece of technique and of comedy, *The Hundred Jugs*. Is it a back room at a chinashop, where expert service will presently turn chaos into order? Mr. Nicholson at any rate has dexterously stepped in, while chaos—by far the more amusing of the two possible rulers—is yet in full sovereignty. Mr. Nicholson, like the good dramatist in *Francisque Sarcey's* estimation, has known the *scène à faire*: the particular aspect that beyond all others demanded portrayal.

A fragment of interior more interesting to me personally—a picture more enjoyably to be lived with, because it has, along with the utmost dexterity, much more of actually achieved beauty—is *The Convex Mirror*. The mirror distorts much, in quite an entertaining fashion; but life and character—with no recourse to the eccentric or the merely novel—are in the man whose figure is caught by the glass; and one live thing besides the student at the mirror is recorded without whimsical or ordered change, and with exact and delicate appreciation. That is the rose-crested cockatoo, whose lovely greyish pink is a familiar note in Mr. Nicholson's studio.

The subtlety of vision and of touch which is the charm of Still Life work, and which the painter with whom we are engaged does so abundantly possess, is shown again, and with a singular and dainty charm, in *Silver Lustre*—is shown, too, in that one bit of Still Life here, that is touched with Romance, that has a story



THE CONVEX MIRROR  
FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY  
WILLIAM NICHOLSON



*Still Life and Mr. William Nicholson*



"THE BALLROOM, RAID NIGHT"

OIL PAINTING BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON

behind it - the piece wherein, upon some slab or table, along with festooned vase, there is a hat and fan and flowers. Feminine possessions, grouped so well, and shown so daintily, it is as *Souvenirs de Babette* that they intrigue us in Mr. Nicholson's Exhibition.

But the extreme subtlety, the quick attainment of the precisely right, which are the two characteristics—or is it not really only one characteristic?—is not this extreme subtlety, this quick and certain attainment, this "hit or miss" (and it is generally "hit"), is it not shown, and has it not now for some years been shown, as equally characteristic of Nicholson's Landscape? He paints, in landscape, as elsewhere, things that have really impressed him; and so we have *The Hill above Harlech*—the view from behind Harlech Castle, and overlooking the wide sweep of bay—and those other and perhaps yet more individual visions, visions of the Downs, the endless chalk Downs, beloved, in Mr. Nicholson's case, by no merely fair-

weather friend, but by a familiar, an accustomed haunter of their great suave spaces, their secluded hollows, their large, low, rounded, grey or golden hills. I know no one since the days of Hine and Thomas Collier who has loved the Downs as much, and has seen them so intimately. *White Ways, Evening*, is one of the pictures at Mr. Marchant's that may be named in this connexion; and there is also a most subtle vision of sunrise, in the same simple and homely and—to the common eye—apparently uniform, yet ever wide-stretched world.

And the surprise picture—the picture that may astonish us the most, where there is much that causes wonder? It is—if it is anywhere—*The Ballroom, Raid Night*. The ballroom as a shelter—the otherwise neglected ballroom of a great West End hotel. There, all may meet. It is not melodramatic in the least. It is veracious, not sensational. It is as clever as it is surprising. But then, for my own part, I had expected fully that our painter would have something up his sleeve.

## *The Royal Academy Exhibition, 1918*

### THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION, 1918.

**I**T is quite possible that to the ordinary man the 1918 Academy will seem rather unexciting because there are in it few things which are sensational or surprising. The public are apt to judge an exhibition less by its general merit than by the occasional pieces of work in it which are remembered because they are unusual in subject or treatment—in the minds of most people only the special performances count as important, and the rest of the collection matters not at all. But this way of estimating a show is altogether wrong : in any representative gathering of works of art it is their average quality that ought to be considered first, and the exceptional things should seem important only because they help to raise the average. Even when there are two or three notable achievements in a commonplace collection the exhibition as a whole is not a good one, for the commonplaces lower the average and drag the notable works down with them, and the general atmosphere which results is one of inefficiency.

But certainly it would not be right to call the Academy this year inefficient. On the contrary, it includes a larger proportion of sound and serious work than usual, and it is distinguished by an exceptional consistency of effort. There are very few really incompetent things in it, even those which do not present any very brilliant idea are carried out sincerely and with a conscientious intention, and there are many in which both the intention and the achievement can be heartily commended. To the student of art such an exhibition is full of significance, because it proves that the standard of artistic practice throughout the country is being thoroughly maintained, and that our artists instead of being depressed by present-day conditions of existence have been stiffened in their resolve to do their best. Since the war began British art has appreciably gained in stability and in steadfastness of purpose, and this gain is even more evident now than it was last year. This is, indeed, a hopeful sign of the times, for, as the spirit of a people is reflected in the art which it produces, the strengthening of the artistic sentiment implies a development in the character of the nation, and a hardening in the popular resolve to fight things out to the end.

In other ways, however, the war has not perceptibly affected the Academy. There is no large number of battle pictures, and what there are do not claim any special attention, and of symbolical or imaginative compositions inspired by the war there are fewer still. The canvases which most deserve to be noted are mainly of the type with which we have become familiar in past years—there are some good portraits, a few figure paintings of real interest, many excellent landscapes, and a fair gathering of other kinds of production which cannot be exactly classified ; but no one can fairly be said to have obviously broken new ground, and there are no rash or ill-considered experiments.

Among the portrait painters the places of highest distinction must be given to Mr. J. J. Shannon and Mr. Melton Fisher—Mr. Shannon's *Lady Broughton* and *Miss Bruce Ward* are as fine as anything he has ever produced, and Mr. Fisher's *Madame Lucchesi Bacci* and *Estelle* are masterly achievements of exquisite charm—but there is admirable work from other artists like Mr. Fiddes Watt, Sir John Lavery, Mr. F. O. Salisbury, Mr. W. Llewellyn, Mr. M. Milbanke, Mr. Charles Shannon, Mr. Greiffenhausen, and Mr. Charles Sims, to quote a few of those who are prominent in this branch of practice. The best landscapes are by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. B. Priestman, Sir David Murray, Sir E. A. Waterlow, Mr. Alfred Parsons, and Mr. Arnesby Brown, whose *Evening* is a most fascinating transcription of Nature ; and there is a small snowy landscape of rare merit by Mr. Sims. Figure pictures of memorable quality are contributed by Mr. Anning Bell, Mr. S. Reid, Mr. J. J. Shannon, Mr. E. Board, Mr. Bernard Partridge, and Mr. Cadogan Cowper ; and things of special interest come from Mr. A. J. Black, Mr. W. Knight, Mr. Tom Mostyn, Mr. H. A. Olivier, Mr. Campbell Taylor, Mr. Terrick Williams, Mr. Coutts Michie, Mr. Spencer Watson, Mr. Bertieri, Mr. Richard Jack, Mr. Harold Speed, Mr. Herbert Draper, and Mr. Hacker—the portrait of Sir Frank Short by Mr. Hacker is one of the most vivid character studies in the show, and his composition, *The Watchers*, is dignified and impressive.

The sculptors best represented are Sir Thomas Brock, Mr. Drury, Mr. Pomeroy, Mr. Derwent Wood, Mr. Mackennal, Sir Hamo Thornycroft, Mr. Reynolds-Stephens, Sir W. Goscombe John, Mr. Gilbert Bayes, and Sir George Frampton.



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"THE WATERS OF LORNE"  
BY D. Y. CAMERON, A.R.A.



"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST"  
BY CHARLES SHANNON, A.R.A.

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"EILEEN AND DIANA." BY  
SIR JOHN LAVERY, A.R.A.

"YARROW: THE VAPOURS LINGER ROUND  
THE HEIGHTS." BY ALFRED PARSONS, R.A.



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"Thou canst not say I did it:  
Never shake thy gory locks at me."  
ACT iii, SCENE iv.

"MACBETH"  
BY STEPHEN REID



"EDWARD IV BEING ENTERTAINED BY  
WILLIAM CANYNGE, MAYOR OF BRISTOL"  
BY ERNEST BOARD

(By courtesy of Ernest Savory, Esq.)



"COUNTESS RHONA DE  
SAAVEDRA Y CERVANTES"  
BY MARK MILBANK



"INTERIOR, SUMMER MORNING"  
BY L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR

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THE FORTH BRIDGE FROM THE  
OIL PAINTING BY SIR JOHN  
LAVERY, A.R.A., ONE OF THE  
OFFICIAL BRITISH ARTISTS.

### STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

**L**ONDON.—In this year's Royal Academy, military portraiture is not a conspicuous feature, and the most notable display of that kind is to be found at the galleries of Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons in Old Bond Street, where the collection of work executed by Mr. William Orpen, A.R.A., in his capacity as one of the Official British Artists on the Western Front, is being shown. This exhibition, comprising as it does not only portraits of many distinguished officers, including Viscount French and his successor in the chief command, Sir Douglas Haig, but also a remarkable series of landscape paintings and drawings, is of extraordinary interest as a revelation of the artist's rare and versatile genius, and mainly on this account, but partly also, of course, because the subject-matter is one in which we are all deeply concerned, it is without doubt the most important artistic event of the day. Of the portraits two were reproduced in our last number — they were those of officers who have earned fame by their feats of daring in aerial warfare; and we now reproduce another of the series, the subject in this case being an officer who has won renown as a commander of His Majesty's "Land Ships." That the function of portraying the heroic fighters whose valour commands the admiration of the nation should fall to a painter of such distinction as Mr. Orpen is indeed a fortunate cir-

cumstance and one that reflects credit on those responsible for the selection. It is gratifying to know that the Admiralty is following a similar course in regard to the heroes of our naval forces, of whose glorious deeds the world has as yet heard little, and has appointed an artist of note to act in the capacity of "limner."

Sir John Lavery's particular function as an Official Artist has been to record scenes and incidents pertaining to our maritime forces, and the paintings he has executed form a very interesting series, to which the painting of *The Forth Bridge*, here reproduced in colour, belongs. Though to exhibition visitors he is known almost exclusively as a portrait painter, Sir John Lavery has painted many admirable



"CAPTAIN F. E. HOTBLACK, D.S.O." FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A., ONE OF THE OFFICIAL BRITISH ARTISTS

## Studio-Talk

pictures of land and sea which testify to the versatility of his gifts.

The work of two other Official Artists on the Western Front has been on view during the past weeks at London galleries—Mr. Paul Nash at the Leicester Galleries and Mr. William Rothenstein at the Goupil Gallery, Regent Street. The work of the latter includes a number of portraits of military officers and men, European and Indian, but the significance of this collection, like that of Lieut. Nash, lies in the presentation of the tragic effects of the war on the country itself, once so fair and smiling but now a vast tract of ruin and desolation. Mr. Rothenstein is more matter-of-fact in his methods than Mr. Nash, whose pictures and drawings, however, certainly communicate a deep impression of "The Void of War," the title given to his exhibition.

At the Goupil Gallery, following on Mr. Rothenstein's show, Mr. Marchant has brought together a collection of recent work by Mr. William Nicholson, various examples of which

are reproduced to illustrate Sir Frederick Wedmore's article in this number, and simultaneously there is being shown at these galleries the collection of paintings, drawings, and prints formed by the late Judge William Evans. This collection—an important one on account of the discriminating taste exercised in its formation, and in particular because of the ample representation it affords of certain phases of modern British art—was the subject of an article which appeared in this magazine some nine years ago (October 1909), when numerous of the works belonging to it were reproduced, and we are now privileged to reproduce in colour two further examples, Charles Conder's *Brighton* and Monticelli's *The Conversation*—the former one of a pair of pictures admirably displaying the artist's rare sensitiveness of vision and the latter a little gem (the original being not a great deal larger than the reproduction) bespeaking, like the larger *Fête Champêtre* reproduced with the article just mentioned, the emotional employment of colour which distinguished this artist.

Mr. Harold Waite, of whose work as a land-



"IN THE KENNET VALLEY"

BY HAROLD WAITE



"BRIGHTON." FROM THE  
OIL PAINTING BY  
CHARLES CONDER.





"THE HARVEST"

BY HAROLD WAITE

scape painter we reproduce two examples, *In the Kennet Valley* (p. 24) and *The Harvest*, is an alumnus of the Royal Academy Schools, where he carried off some of the principal distinctions awarded to students, such as the Turner Gold Medal and the Creswick Prize, and since those days he has been a frequent exhibitor at Burlington House. Both his father and his grandfather were painters of ability, so that in his case inheritance has played a part in shaping his career. His work is instinct with love for Nature, and its guiding principle might fitly indeed be summed up in the words of Walter Savage Landor: "Nature I love best, and next to Nature—Art."

In the summer exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, which remains open till June 30, landscape, as usual, predominates, and the work generally upholds well the high standard which distinguishes the work of the Society's members and associates. Mr. Clausen, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Sims, Mr. Sargent, and Mr. Rackham are among the absentees, but in spite of these notable abstentions the display is not at all lacking in variety. Mr. Walter West's *April in Italy* and *Haytime*

in Lombardy, Mr. Harry Watson's *Across the Downs (Sussex)* and *The Pool*, Mr. Henry A. Payne's *The Rising Moon*, Mr. Murray Smith's *An Old Sand Pit, Glamorganshire*, Mr. Russell Flint's *Summer Ripples* and *The Yellow Scarf*, Mr. Lamorna Birch's *Near Caldy, Cheshire*, are, with Mr. Cayley Robinson's drawings to illustrate the Book of Genesis and Miss K. Turner's flower-pieces, among the works which give distinction to the present show.

The Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours and the Royal Society of British Artists have both held their spring exhibitions, and in both cases the display has not diverged in any marked way from those we are accustomed to find on their walls, except that the British Artists' show again profited by the better system of hanging which has of late been introduced. At the Institute the story-picture is still a good deal in evidence with not a little else that is commonplace in idea, but the visitor in search of good art has not to look in vain. On this last occasion some excellent sculpture by Mr. Charles Hartwell, A.R.A., Mr. Mackennal, A.R.A., Sir W. Goscombe John, R.A., Mr. Gilbert Bayes, and others added to the interest of the show.

The British Artists were fortunate in having some work of their President, Mr. Brangwyn, to show in their Central Gallery—a water-colour, *The Platelayers*, a subject handled with characteristic boldness, though it has not afforded an opportunity for that richness of colour treatment which we usually find in the artist's paintings. On the whole, the work shown in this gallery seemed to lack animation, especially by contrast with Miss Dorothea Sharp's two canvases, *Company* and *The Wind on the Hill*. Mr. E. A. Cox, whose work has in recent years imparted an agreeable note to these displays, was not represented in the recent show, his services now being monopolized by the Army. An excellent example of it is the picture *In Spain*, here reproduced.

Among other recent or current exhibitions to be noted is one at the Burlington Gallery in Green Street, Leicester Square, whose walls hitherto have been devoted chiefly to the display of excellent colour reproductions of modern pictorial work, notably the set of historical paintings executed some few years back for the Houses of Parliament. The proprietors of this gallery have just lately inaugurated a series of exhibitions of modern original work and the first show, opened last month, comprised an interesting collection of pictures and drawings by artists of diverse methods and aims, such as Mr. J. D. Fergusson, Mr. Dudley Hardy, Mr. S. J. Peploe, Mr. W. G. Robb, Mr. Murray Smith, Mr. E. A. Taylor, Miss Jessie King, and Mr. Joseph Simpson, of particular interest being a collection of chalk studies of little children of the last-named artist. At the Twenty-One Gal-

lery in the Adelphi, a collection of water-colours of "London—Old and New," by Mr. A. Ludovici, has been on view, the series including half a dozen drawings of Hampton Court and its surroundings, and the whole being marked by a shrewd appreciation of atmospheric tone. The use of coloured wood prints in domestic decoration is well exemplified at Messrs. Heal and Son's galleries in Tottenham Court Road, where are being shown a number of prints by Mr. Hall Thorpe, which in their attractive scheme of colour, composition, and simple framing are admirably suited to the purpose

From a friend of the artist we learn with regret of the death of Lieut. Harry Chamen Lintott, a prominent member of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, who died on March 22 from wounds received when leading his platoon into action on the Western Front



"IN SPAIN"

OIL PAINTING BY E. A. COX, R.B.A.







MEMORIAL TABLET

DESIGNED BY FLORENCE H. STEEL

the day before. Mr. Lintott joined up as a volunteer almost immediately after the outbreak of war and went to France with the Artists Rifles the following January. Invalided home eighteen months later, he returned to France early last year as an officer and took part with his battalion of the London Rifle Brigade in capturing Bullecourt after desperate fighting. He rejoined the Artists last December and remained with them till the end. Mr. Lintott made his debut at the Royal Academy in 1900 when he was only twenty, with a portrait of the distinguished soldier, Sir George White, and in the succeeding years his work has been seen at most of the leading galleries in England and America. From Manchester we have received news of the death of two men of prominence in art circles there—Mr. Fred W. Jackson, a gifted landscape and portrait painter, whose work was the subject of a notice in these pages some eight years ago, and Mr. Ernest Marriott, who as artist and writer achieved far more than local fame. Mr. Marriott, who was only thirty-five when he died early in March, studied under Walter Crane at the Manchester Municipal School of Art and for ten years was in charge of the Portico Library. He was for a time correspondent of THE STUDIO in Manchester, succeeding Mr. E. A. Taylor. At the time of his death he was Hon. Quartermaster of the Brabyns Military Hospital at Marple, and on the day before his death gave a lantern lecture to wounded soldiers on the Art and Architecture of Venice. Mr. Jackson, who was born in 1859, studied in Paris and at Fontainebleau in association with Edward and William Stott, James Charles, and H. H. La Thangue, and was one of the first members of the New English Art Club.

We give on this page a design for a memorial by Miss F. H. Steele and a reproduction of a bust of the late Professor Lantéri by Mr. Pibworth, one of the many sculptors who acknowledge their great indebtedness to him as their instructor at South Kensington.

**P**ARIS.—The sale early last month of the pictures and studies by Degas

drew an attendance unequalled by any similar event in recent years, and the prices realized were extremely high. The most important canvas, the *Portrait de Famille*, in which the influence of Ingres is seen in combination with Degas' later manner, was sold to the Louvre for 400,000 francs; a ballet scene, *Quatre Danseuses*, fetched 132,000 francs, and one or two other works brought bids nearly as high. The sale lasted three days and realized in all 5,602,400 francs (approximately £224,000). M. C.



BUST OF PROFESSOR EDWARD LANTÉRI  
BY CHARLES PIBWORTH

**T**OKYO.—Of numerous art sales that have recently taken place at the Tokyo Fine Art Club none was so important as the one in which the family treasures of Marquis Satake, an old fidal lord, were put up for sale. It was the greatest since the record-breaking Akaboshi sale, and comprised three hundred items, consisting of paintings, calligraphs, lacquer ware, *cha-no-yu* utensils, and armour. The sale realized the enormous sum of 1,111,160 yen in spite of the fact that the public was more or less in a depressed mood, as the sale took place shortly after the great storm and tidal waves which devastated Tokyo and its vicinity.

The sale included two excellent examples of work by Sesshyu, the famous Japanese priest-artist who went to China in search of a teacher and returned greatly inspired by the grandeur and sublimity of the continental mountains and lakes. One was a portrait of Daruma, the founder of the Zen sect of Buddhism, in the form of a kakemono (hanging picture), and the other was a landscape on a pair of screens. The

*Daruma* (p. 34), sold for 30,300 yen, was drawn by Sesshyu at the ripe age of eighty-two, and shows remarkable strength and vigour of expression. In this simple drawing he has succeeded in portraying the enlightened mind, revealing life, with its spiritual spark, through the calm repose of the flesh. The landscape (a pair of six panelled screens), sold for 46,000 yen, is free from his usual overemphasized lines, and though lacking somewhat his usual vigour of expression, it teems with his reverence for Nature, suggesting its infinite grandeur in the half-finished contour of the mountains in a marvellously well-balanced composition.

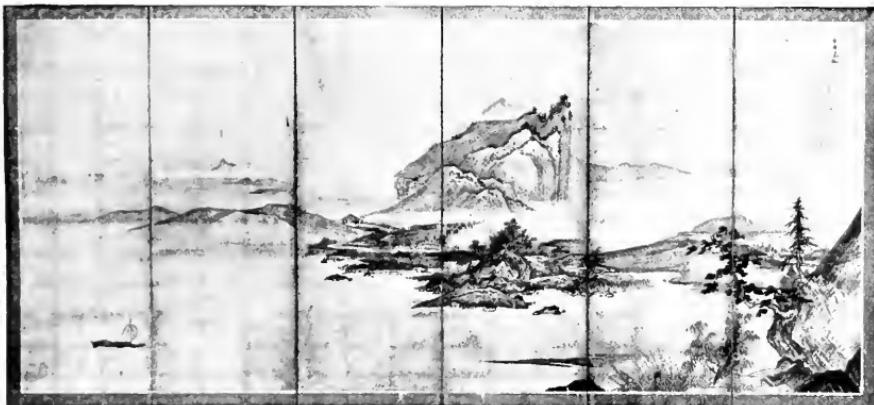
The highest price paid at the sale was for *Sanju Rokkasen* (Portraits of Thirty-six Poets) in two rolls. These portraits, except two painted by Tamnyu to replace lost originals, were painted by Fujiwara Nobuzane, a noted poet and painter of the thirteenth century, and the poems were written by Ryokyo. The set realized 353,000 yen (about £35,000), the biggest amount ever paid at these sales. Nobuzane here displays his marvellous ability in



"A SAILING-BOAT"

(Sold for 52,300 yen at the Marquis Satake sale, Tokyo)

BY SESSHON



LANDSCAPE SCREEN PAINTING

(Sold for 16,000 yen at the Marqua Satake sale, Tokyo)

BY SESSHYU

portrait painting, the character and personality of each poet being shown with remarkable skill. It was rumoured that the rolls were to be cut into pieces and made into kakemono to be possessed by several collectors. If this should ever come to pass it will be a great misfortune. A two-panelled screen by Korin of *Thirty-six Poets* fetched 66,100 yen. It shows his wonderful facility with the brush, and keen sense of linear composition and colour harmony.

The gem of the whole collection was a *Sailing-Boat* by Sesson, a very small kakemono, which fetched the sum of 52,300 yen. Seldom has an artist painted wind so graphically as has Sesson

in this painting. How effective are the bending tree, the stretched sail, and the swelling and dashing sea, all depicted with a few lines. It shows what a master can do with a few strokes on a small piece of paper. It may be noted in this connexion that there is a strong tendency now, as one of the results of the art exhibitions now in vogue, to paint on big surfaces. The pictures of contemporary artists have grown so large in size that most of them are quite inadequate for the tokonoma for which they are meant. Moreover, many of the modern works are thin, scattered, and incisive. To painters of this class of work Sesson's *Sailing-Boat* seemed to carry a strong and precious message.

## Review

A pair of kakemono of tigers and dragons by Shuzan, though it fetched only 2188 yen, formed a notable item in the sale. The subject is one of which Oriental artists are very fond, but Shuzan has here gone further than most in his treatment of it. It recurred in a pair of screens attributed to Keishiki, a famous Japanese painter of some six hundred years ago, an excellent piece of work which sold for 2690 yen. A pair of screens painted with flowers and birds by Motonobu realized 13,000 yen. Several pieces of lacquer ware fetched more than 20,000 yen each, and a suit of armour, richly covered with works of art, was sold for 16,100 yen. The enthusiasm shown at each art sale at the Tokyo Fine Art Club, however unimportant, is really startling, but perhaps the art fever has

now reached its highest point, considering the enormous prices which works of art have commanded at these sales. HARADA-JIRO.

## REVIEW.

*Life and Works of Ozias Humphry, R.A.*  
By GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON, Litt.D. (London: John Lane.) £3 3s. net.—The researches embodied in this fine volume were begun, the author tells us, some fourteen years ago, and we gather that but for the war the book would have made its appearance much sooner. Had that been the case, it is almost certain that the famous lawsuit which occupied public attention so largely a year ago would never have been heard, or indeed heard of, for amongst the material collected by Dr. Williamson was a photograph of a sketch, signed with Humphry's initials, which had been preserved in the Royal Academy archives among the papers bequeathed by the painter's son, and which conclusively settled the question at issue. The picture of *The Ladies Waldegrave* had been sold as a Romney to Mr. Huntington, of California, for £20,000, and its market value as a Humphry is estimated to be only about one-fiftieth of that sum. If that ratio were to be accepted as defining the relative merits of the two painters, we should have to regard Ozias Humphry as unduly honoured by such a monument to his memory as this biography, but without predicting for him an auction-room fame at all comparable to that of his friend, it is well to bear in mind that market valuations are capricious, and that not so long ago painters whose works now fetch fabulous sums could be bought at sums as low as that which Humphry's *Waldegrave* group is said to be worth. Humphry's fame, however, during his life, rested in the main on his work as a painter of miniatures and on his pastels, and it is this rather than his work in oil that gives him a claim to consideration at the present day. Among the numerous illustrations accompanying Dr. Williamson's account of his career are reproductions of many of these miniatures, a few of them being in colour, and they enable one to appreciate the qualities which distinguished Humphry's work on the small scale. Following the biography are several appendices containing lists of his works, extracts from his account books and other papers, etc.



"DARUMA"

BY SESSHYU

(Sold for 30,300 yen at Marquis Satake sale)





"L'ÉTANG." FROM THE  
OIL PAINTING BY  
J. B. C. COROT.

(Collection of Danys Hague, Esq.)

## *The Collection of Mr. Denys Hague*

### THE COLLECTION OF MR. DENYS HAGUE.

THE appreciation of Modern French Art amongst collectors of pictures in Great Britain has steadily increased during the last twenty years. With the dispersal of the Staats Forbes, and a little later of the Alexander Young pictures eleven years ago, a large number of works of the Barbizon School came into the market. While some of the more important crossed the Atlantic or found a permanent home in the public galleries of the British Dominions, a number of fine examples remained in this country to form the nucleus of smaller collections of similar character. And it is not only the works of the Barbizon men which have been sought after. In a number of private collections will be found examples of the other French Schools, and many of these have appeared from time to time in the pages of this magazine. That this appreciation should thus become more widely spread is particularly gratifying at the present time, when the French and British nations have been brought into such close relation by the war, and any influence which tends to further mutual respect for, and understanding of, the art of either country cannot but be desirable.

The series of pictures brought together by Mr. Denys Hague, though small in extent compared with the two collections mentioned above, is similar, in that the works have been chosen with sound judgment and that the owner has been successful, in most cases, in acquiring examples which represent the best achievements of the artist. Take, for instance, the three Corots, *L'Elang*, which is reproduced here in colours, has all

the finest qualities of the master's art: the balance and rhythm of the composition, the exquisite colour harmony, the subtle gradation of the tones, the general unity of effect, these could belong only to Corot. It reveals, too, the poetic feeling which gives to his work that sublime element which is almost spiritual in its appeal. Of the other two Corots in the collection, the *Landscape with Figures* is delicately rendered with its silvery grey tones and atmosphere of repose. *Arbres au bord de l'eau* is a more sombre canvas, though rich in colour.

Diaz is represented by a characteristic landscape, *The Forest of Fontainebleau*, which we also give as a supplement (p. 43). Fine in colour and broad in treatment, it displays the artist's romantic and lofty conception of the scene and his skill in the rendering of light and shade. Though it lacks the grandeur and solemnity of the compositions of his friend and master, Rousseau, it shows to some extent the same tragic sentiment and simplicity of outlook.

Daubigny's position amongst the Barbizon



'NEAR PARIS'

BY STANISLAS LÉPINE

## The Collection of Mr. Denys Hague

men is a little difficult to define. His landscapes invariably give the impression of being faithful transcripts from Nature, whereas the other members of the group were for ever striving to express through Nature their own romantic personalities and to reveal her hidden beauties. He was essentially an individual artist and his finest works possess a charm which has gained for them universal admiration. *Le Chateau* (p. 45) is a typical example of his best period, with the trees silhouetted against the soft, luminous sky and throwing their shadows across the placid water. H. Dupré's landscapes lack the expressive beauty of Daubigny's compositions, there is yet much truth and force in his work. His outlook on Nature was somewhat melancholy and this, to some extent, has deprived him of the recognition he deserves. His one example in the collection is fairly representative of his finest work. Charles Jacque is seen at his best in *Troupeau sous Orage*. It is strongly handled and well displays the artist's skill in the painting of sheep. Troyon

is not represented, but there are two excellent examples of the work of his pupil, Emile van Marcke, the smaller of the two, *Vaches au Paturage*, being reproduced on page 47. It is a vigorously treated study, to which the strong brushwork gives a quality of directness and spontaneity. *Le Paturage* is a large and important canvas, more tightly executed, and lacking the breezy freshness of the smaller picture.

By Harpignies, the last survivor of the Barbizon group, there are eight works of fine quality, of which *Lever de Lune, Loire* (p. 45), is perhaps the most characteristic. Against the delicately toned sky, the dark trees, skilfully painted, with that knowledge which the artist possessed to such a remarkable degree, stand out with telling effect, while from the harmonious hues of the foreground the eye is carried across the peaceful river to the hills beyond.

Of the three Boudins, *A French Port* (p. 41) is a notable achievement, large in feeling and brushed in with freedom and vigour. The



"PLACE ST. MARC, CRÉPUSCULE, VENISE"

BY H. LE SIDANER



*Collection of Denys Hague, Esq.*

LE PALAIS BLANC,  
AUTOMNE. VENISE  
FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY  
HENRI LE SIDANER





"A FRENCH PORT"  
BY EUGÈNE BOUDIN

## The Collection of Mr. Denys Hague

mastery painting of the sky and water and the judicious management of the light and shade are worthy of careful study.

Few artists have rendered the beauties of Paris and its surroundings with such instinctive charm and refinement of vision as Lépine, and Mr. Denys Hague is the fortunate possessor of eighteen of his works. Indeed, it may be said that in this remarkably interesting series and in the eight notable examples of the work of Le Sidaner lies the chief claim of the collection to distinction. Of the Lépines one painting, *Near Paris*, has been selected for illustration (p. 37). In this small landscape breathes the spirit of the poet. The beauty of the delicate light of the evening sky is accentuated by the rich colouring and tonality of the foreground. It may not be so characteristic as some of the other paintings by Lépine in the collection, but it is undoubtedly the most arresting.

The subtle charm of the art of Le Sidaner was never more impressively displayed than in the eight canvases just referred to. The particular technique this artist employs enables him to render with sympathetic touch his impressions (perhaps one should say his reveries) and to wrap them in a veil of mystery and romance, informing them with a beauty which is irresistible in its appeal. The qualities which distinguish the work of Le Sidaner from that of any other artist present considerable difficulty to the engraver, and the painting shown here in colours, *Le Palais Blanc, Automne, Venise* (p. 30), has been chosen, not because it is considered the finest example, but because it lends itself more readily to reproduction than any of the other works. *Place St. Marc, Crémuscle, Venise* (p. 38), is more important as it is more character-

istic, and beautiful in its tonality, its luminosity, and in the spirit of enchantment and mystery which pervades the whole composition. These two pictures belong to the artist's second Venice series and were completed in 1907. They were included in the special exhibition held that year at the Goupil Gallery in Regent Street, London, and also figured at the Paris Salon in the same year. Other delightful works by Le Sidaner in the collection are *La Salute, Matin d'Hiver, Venise*, a misty effect; *The Canal, Bruges*; and *Houses on the Canal, Moonlight*.

Two works by Fantin Latour well display his wonderful gifts as a painter of flowers. Technically they are fine achievements and in them is expressed the artist's sympathetic feeling for his subject. Two pastels by Léon Lhermitte and a small painting of a farmyard by Adolphe Hervier complete the French pictures in the collection.

Of the examples of the Modern Dutch School



"SILVERY WATERS"

BY JAMES MARIS

'THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.  
FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY N. DIAZ





*The Collection of Mr. Denys Hague*



"LE CHÂTEAU"

BY C. F. DAUBIGNY



"LEVER DE LUNE, LOIRE"

BY HENRI HARPIGNIES

## The Collection of Mr. Denys Hague

the most important is a large work by James Maris called *Silvery Waters* (p. 42). Though not treated in the artist's broadest and most vigorous manner, it is an imposing canvas, in which the masterly brushwork and fine atmospheric quality are the most striking features. The painting of the spacious sky and the effect of the light upon the silvery waters are admirable. The general tonality is grey, but it is by no means a sombre picture, the strong contrasts of light and shade giving to it brightness and vivacity. The work of William Maris lacks the distinction and individuality of that of his brother James, yet as a painter of cattle he achieved considerable popularity, and at times his work reached a high level. He was an ardent student of Nature, and his pictures invariably teem with the freshness of the country. His *Summer, near Haarlem* (p. 46), offers an excellent example of this quality, and the simple character and damp atmosphere of the low-lying Dutch landscape are conveyed with truth and dexterity.

Anton Mauve is hardly seen at his best in his one picture in the collection, *The End of the Day*. Executed in oils, it is heavy in tone, and one looks in vain for the poetic sentiment, the soft atmospheric effect, and the delicate colour harmony which characterize his art, more especially his water-colours. But in *Sheep Grazing* (p. 47) we have a good example of the work of one of his followers, Ter Meulen. It is a pleasing composition, broadly treated and shows an intimate knowledge of the subject, for the artist has devoted himself especially to the painting of sheep.

*La Tricoleuse* is a typical Israels subject, in which

"SUMMER, NEAR HAARLEM"

the artist, in that sympathetic manner which was peculiarly his own, has expressed the humble life of his country. It serves to illustrate his mastery of chiaroscuro, his essentially personal technique, and the skill with which he brought his subject and environment into harmony. Two landscapes by Weissenbruch and one by De Bock are also included in the collection.

The influence of Constable on the painters of Barbizon and indirectly on those of the Modern Dutch School is now generally acknowledged, and it is interesting to find among Mr. Denys Hague's pictures a characteristic work, *Nelley Abbey*, by the great English landscapist; also a canvas by David Cox called *Changing Pastures*. Nor must we omit to mention a delightful little water-colour drawing by Whistler of *The Thames at Battersea*.

E. G. HALTON.



BY WILLIAM MARIS

*The Collection of Mr. Denys Hague*



"SHEEP GRAZING"

BY F. P. TER MEULEN



"VACHES AU PAIX"

BY E. VAN MAERK

## *Sir William Orpen's War Pictures*

### SIR WILLIAM ORPEN'S WAR PICTURES.

A GREAT array of Sir William Orpen's pictorial records of the scenes and the events presented on the Western Front, records shown lately, and still shown it may be, at the Agnew Galleries in Old Bond Street when these words shall reach the reader, has its Catalogue prefaced by a popular writer of Fiction, Mr. Arnold Bennett, who, however little he may consider himself an expert in Art Criticism, has really hit it off—his task on this occasion—extremely well in a couple of sentences which I make no apology for quoting. "These pictures," says Mr. Bennett—writing of Orpen's work *en bloc*: at least that part which is exhibited—"are painted in a new manner, in the artist's War manner, very broadly, very rapidly, sometimes very summarily, perhaps thinly. Their success is largely due, apart from the reality of the inspiration, to an extreme competence in the choice and employment of means."

But there are, we should remember, many methods open to a painter of choosing means with judgment, and of wisely employing them; and it has been interesting, to me at least, in going over the singularly varied themes and almost as frequently varied treatments visible in the Old Bond Street Galleries through the energies of the Ministry of Information, sometimes to halt and consider, and to say, "Well done, excellently done; but how would it have been done had another and quite different travelling artist of great competence had Mr. Muirhead Bone especially, for he is in some respects the strongest of them all—felt impelled to give his version also, his rendering at the least, no less

unique and characteristic, of brilliantly recorded fact?"

Whatever particular thing, whatever particular object was before William Orpen, two things in relation to it are sure not to have been overlooked. These two are character and colour. And there are two things—on the other hand: two very different things—which, if Muirhead Bone were concerned in the matter, are sure not to have been overlooked. And these two things are character and line—character varied, line dexterous and economical, line certain in any case to be charged with the very maximum of meaning.

But the typical, or everyday, visitor to picture galleries—the visitor whose point of view is not an artist's, in any substantial measure—goes to these picture galleries to be occupied more with the question of what is done in this or in that canvas than with that other, and endlessly more interesting question, how it is done. And he who does not go to picture galleries at all,



"DIEPPE"

BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.



"THE ARTIST." BY SIR  
WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.

## Sir William Orpen's War Pictures



"MY WORKROOM, CASSEL"

BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.

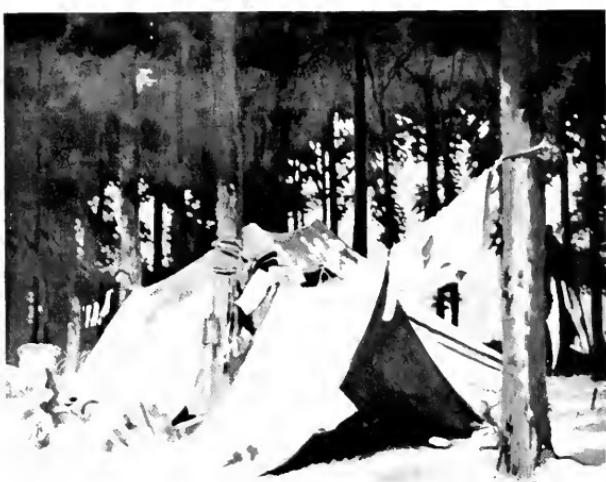
but who would go if he could, has the right to learn what is there and to be interested in learning. And when the gallery talked of is full of Orpen's pictures he would learn that in a sense everything is there. That variety is a characteristic is very speedily perceived. There is the *Hospital Receiving Room*—not quite a Damnier, I must be allowed to protest, though Mr. Bennett thinks otherwise. Again there is the ghastly vision the thing that shows us, with a vigour once in a while repulsive, dead Germans in a trench. There is *The Refugee* typical. It has the very spirit of the *dépaysé*. There is *The Village*, a mere wreck it seems, but seen in beautiful and rosy light. There is *Albert*, the victim town: one amongst many, yet very individual—Albert—played out. There is the tortured landscape of *The*

*Great Mine*. There is *Resting near Arras*—Vimy Ridge in the distance. There is *The Artist*, helmeted. There is General Seeley, of grave and weighty understanding. And there, Sir Douglas Haig—with his stern purpose, his good cheer, with his unconquerable hope. And this again is *Wardicks entering Péronne*—an episode of March 1917. So many unforgettable adventures, days, and things!

Our illustrations include several of the places and some of the people that, in the just preceding lines, have been swiftly and generally indicated. And once or twice—and they are occasions of greatly

welcome relief—the artist is merciful enough to allow us to leave the scenes of action, to imagine ourselves once more in enjoyment of an old-world, placid rest.

Do let us embrace the opportunity—let us



"THE MASCOT OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS."

BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.

*miss barker*



"THE REFUGEE." BY SIR  
WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.

## Sir William Orpen's War Pictures

on no account forgo this chance. *Dieppe*—the picture brings back for a moment the sunny delightfulness of that French summer haunt. We are in the centre of a town only quietly busy: the very centre of it—inland from the Casino—the Café des Tribunaux is the immediate and particular house: justice being, it seems, administered in the neighbourhood, and refreshment at your particular table. Memories of that Norman shore must crowd upon Mr. Nicholson, must be scarcely less numerous with Mr. Pryde, must be yet more numerous with Mr. Sickert. If I think of Dieppe myself it may be with pleasant recollections of more than one artist, and to boot, an agreeable remembrance of where I first saw Saint-Saëns, and where and on what day I first met Madame Carrière.

These are personal references, but there are two pictures, left so far unnoticed, which—whatever else of Sir William Orpen's may or may not be passed by—it would be intolerable not to speak of.

We return to them. The first of them, simple and comparatively slight in appearance, yet from beginning to end rich in its own grave beauty, is the little piece entitled *Bombing: Night*. You face a very small group of young, slight, lightly-draped figures, gathered together to take with dignity and courage their chance, their fate. As yet, nothing has happened, but every touch of the pencil is charged with tragedy: the very soul of tragedy is in that little thing. It finds itself conceived with singleness of purpose and is expressed with flowing line.

And the second picture? The second is of much happier omen. *Poilu and Tommy* it is called. It brings before us rapidly and lightly, the easy,

ready friendship of the one and the other. How spontaneously they were chums! Each has his national characteristics; his individual idiosyncrasies. There is likeness and difference. The likeness is to be welcomed; and the difference is to be welcomed too; for—as sensible and seeing folk are at last apprehending—the qualities of the one are complementary of, and not inimical to, the qualities of the other.

That—as far as concerns these British Isles and France—is the real lesson of the war. This is the one thing that above all I care to remember. And where so much has gone wrong, this at least will go right. France and England in a new "Holy Alliance!" a thing that generations shall not stale. FREDERICK WEDMORE.

[Three military portraits painted by Sir William Orpen and forming part of the exhibition at Messrs. Agnew's were reproduced in recent issues of this magazine.—ED.]



"BOMBING: NIGHT"

BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.



"THE BUTTE DE WARLENCOURT"  
BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.



"THE GREAT MINE, LA BOISSELLE"  
BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

**L**ONDON.—Shortly before the opening of the current exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers at the Grosvenor Gallery, Mr. William Strang, A.R.A., who has held the office of Vice-President for some years, was elected President in succession to the late Auguste Rodin, who succeeded James McNeill Whistler in 1903, and Mr. Charles Shannon, A.R.A., was elected Vice-President. On the whole the present show gives the impression of being better than usual, particularly in regard to portrait and figure subjects. Notable among these are Mr. Strang's *The Little Flora*, *The Mill Girl*, and *The Emigrants*; Sir John Lavery's *Hazel in Rose and Gold*; Mr. McEvoy's *Madame de Gondarillas and her Children*; Sir William Orpen's *Licut. Carroll Gardens, M.C.*, and especially his *Mona, Daughter of James Dunn, Esq.*; Mr. Sargent's *Viscountess Alcheson*; Mr. Anning Bell's *Garden of the Sleeping Beauty*; Mr. Charles Ricketts' *Don Juan and the Statue* and *The Holy Woman and the Angel of the Resurrection*; Mr. Edmund Dulac's *Miss Vivian St. George*; and Capt. Russell Flint's *Models of Anticoli*. In landscape painting Mr. Cameron's *Early Spring in Strathairn*; Mr. Talmage's *Silver Morning: Cliffs at Freshwater*; Mr. Dacres Adams's *The King's Garden*; Mr. Fairlie Harmar's *The Gardens, Cheyne Walk*; Mr. La Thangue's

studies of Ligurian subjects; Miss Alice Fanner's *The Lion Gates, Hampton Court*; and two Venice subjects—Mr. Ludovici's *The Salute*, and Mr. St. John Partridge's *Early Morning Effect*, are among the works of primary interest. The exhibition includes an example of Mr. Pryde's very personal art, *The Monument*, and two London subjects, *London Bridge* and *Cannon Street Station*, by M. Baertsoen, a Belgian honorary member, which in murkiness of atmospheric tone contrast strikingly with the Thames pictures painted some time ago by his fellow-countryman, M. Claus. Lithography, wood-engraving, and other forms of graphic art are favourably represented.

There is not much work of outstanding significance at the summer exhibition of the



\*BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. J. ELLES, C.B., D.S.O.\*

BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.

## Studio-Talk

New English Art Club. Several of the club's principal supporters are not represented among the oil paintings in the central gallery, and two or three of them have sent nothing at all to the exhibition. On this occasion Mr. Wilson Steer is seen at his best in some water-colours, notably *An old Hulk* and *Harcwich*, in both of which his spontaneous use of the medium is admirably exemplified. In the oil medium the most conspicuous features are the landscapes of Mr. C. J. Holmes, portraiture by Prof. Henry Tonks and Prof. W. Rothenstein; the large decoratively treated canvases by M. Jacques Raverat, and a big *Decoration* by Lilian Lancaster. Excellent painting of the nude figure is to be seen in Prof. Tonk's *The Manicure* and Mr. Fairlie Harmar's *The Model Covets*; of still life and flowers in contributions from Mr. Harold Speed, Mlle. Alice Ronner, Mrs. Rushbury, Miss Louise Pickard, and Mr. J. B. Manson; and of interiors by Mr. Alexander Roche. Mr. Henry Rushbury, Mr. C. M. Gere, Miss M. Gere, Mr. Rich, M. H. Daeye, Mr. Muirhead, Mr. D. S. MacColl, Mr. Joseph Southall, Mr. Collins Baker, and Elinor Darwin are among others whose work helps to strengthen the exhibition.

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As there has been a good deal of talk lately about impending changes at Burlington House in the direction of bringing the administration of the Royal Academy more into harmony with modern tendencies, it may be of interest to recall the names of members and associates of the Academy who have been identified with the New English Art Club since its inauguration in 1885. Among the R.A.'s there are Mr. J. S. Sargent, Mr. J. J. Shannon, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. H. S. Tuke, Mr. La Thangue, Mr. Solomon, Mr. Clausen, Mr. Hacker, the late Mr. Bramley, and Mr. Parsons, and among the associates Sir William Orpen, Mr. Mark Fisher, Mr. Priestman, Mr. Philip Connard, and Mr. Edward Stott, recently deceased.

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Mr. Stott's association with the New English Art Club began at its very beginning, and he was a regular contributor to all the early exhibitions of the club. It was in 1885, the year the club was founded, that he took up his abode at Amberley in Sussex, where he passed the remainder of his life. At that time he had not long returned from Paris, where he had

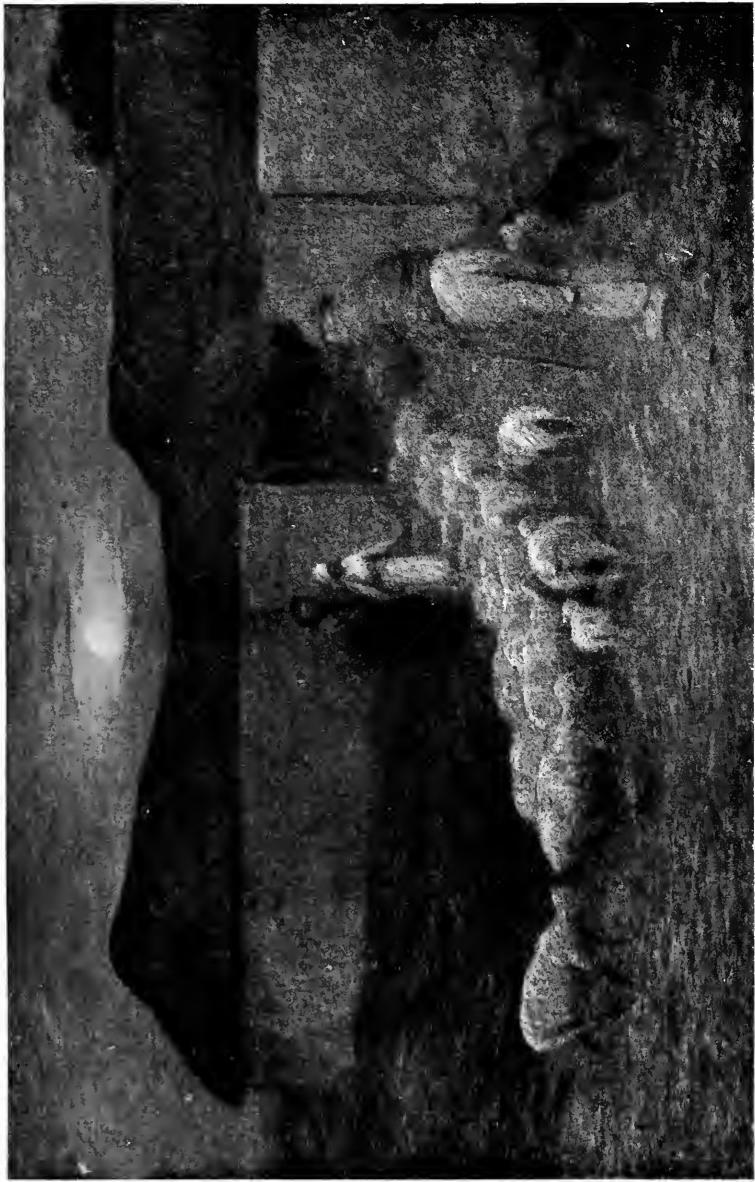
studied in the Cabanel *atelier* and also for a short time under Carolus Duran, Mr. Sargent's tutor in preceding years, but it was the painters of Barbizon, and especially Jean François Millet, whose influence left an enduring mark on his work. The picture we are privileged to reproduce here in colour—one among several important canvases and pastels in the possession of the present owner—belongs in date to the early years of this century, and we believe was exhibited at the New Gallery in 1904. With another picture it was selected to represent the artist at the Franco-British Exhibition held at Shepherd's Bush ten years ago, and is undoubtedly to be accounted a masterpiece among those pictures of the twilight for which he was famed.

**E**DINBURGH.—Since entering into possession of the new galleries, the Royal Scottish Academy has devoted a considerable portion of the wall space to the exhibition of work by prominent painters of various English and Continental Schools. So much has this practice been followed that on some occasions the exhibition has been unduly cosmopolitan in character. This year war limitations have necessitated the Council making a change, and the principal gallery is entirely devoted to the work of Past-Presidents of the Academy. The change is welcome in that it provides an opportunity of studying the development of painting in Scotland for over a century, so far at least as applied to portraiture; for most of the Presidents down to the present occupant of the chair have been primarily portraitists.

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As regards the art of the year the general observation may be made that it is free from artificial embellishment, sensationalism, or levity of thought and purpose. There are no war distractions, but evidence of a genuine desire to present the true and beautiful apart from the transient influences of the time. Among the veterans Mr. Robert Alexander attains a high quality of art in his sympathetic rendering of a huntsman visiting his dog-kennel, while Mr. Lawton Wingate's three small landscapes show his skill in interpreting Nature in her most sensitive moods. The President, Sir James Guthrie, in his not over-intimate but suavely truthful portrait of Mr. Maconochie Wellwood, amply sustains his reputation, and Mr. Fiddes

FOLDING TIME .. FROM THE OIL PAINTING  
BY EDWARD STOTT, ARA

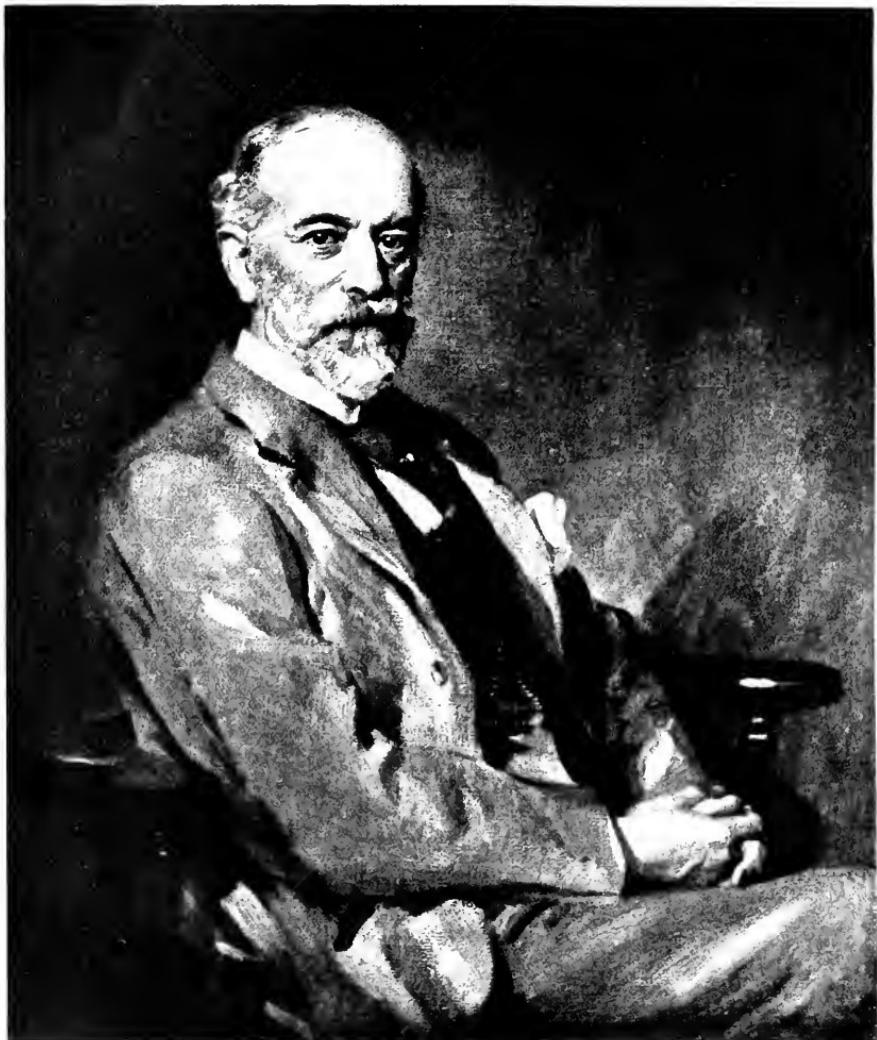






(See page 116)

"MOTHER'S CARE" BY  
GEMMELL HUTCHISON, R.S.A.



"J. A. MACONOCHE WELWOOD, ESQ."

BY SIR JAMES GUTHRIE, P.R.S.A.

(*See page 82 of this Academy*)



"SUMMER HOURS"

(*Royal Scottish Academy*)

BY ALEXANDER ROCHE, R.S.A.

Watt's two portraits strongly emphasize character. Mr. Henry Kerr in his portrait of the Rev. Principal McCulloch realizes the ascetic strain in Free Church theology. Mr. David Alison follows the Orpen vein with much success in a portrait of a lady. Mr. Charles Mackie, in addition to excellent landscape work, shows his capacity as a draughtsman in the *Interlude*, the leading features of which, however, are essentially the action and interaction of light and colour, and Mr. Robert Hope has never been more successful than in *The White Cockatoo*. Other figure-subjects of note are contributed by Mr. Robert Burns, Mr. Duddingstone Herdman, Mr. F. C. B. Cadell, Miss Eleanor Moore, an Ayrshire lady whose picture of a Red Cross 'nurse' is a remarkably strong piece of work, and Mr. Gemmell Hutchison, whose *Mother's Care* adds one more to a now considerable series of domestic subjects, always treated simply and with a fine sympathy.

Recent elections to the Academy resulted in Mr. D. Y. Cameron attaining full membership, and though his contributions are less important than usual there is in his *Irisaig* scene, with its fine spaciousness, a restfulness and aspect that contrasts strongly with the massive features of his *Morar* mountain landscape. Of the three new Associates, Mr. Gould is seen to least advantage. Mr. Peploe's *Gipsy Girl* and his still-life pictures evidence originality of thought, and Mr. A. G. Sinclair in a large autumnal landscape shows his adhesion to the blottoesque school, which Ruskin anathematized. Mr. E. A. Walton's *The Ford* is one of the fine things of the exhibition, in its combination of strength and delicacy in colour and form. A remarkably fine work also is Mr. Alexander Roche's *Summer Hours*, joyous in spirit and finely co-ordinated throughout. It is a remarkable achievement for one who for years has been deprived of the use of his right hand. Mr. Lorimer's *The Golden Hour*, a garden picture, conveys no sense

of the artificial ; one sees in it good arrangement and the evening light invests it with charm.

The only pure seascape in the exhibition is that by Mr. Marshall Brown, which justifies the ambitious scale on which it has been produced. Mr. Ogilvy Reid's *From the Hebrides* is also a good seapiece of a different type. Mr. Cadenhead's large Badenoch landscape is as fine a realization of the basic and essential features of Highland scenery, unsullied by anything human, as Mr. Cadenhead has produced. Mr. W. M. Frazer, who has recently been mostly engaged in English landscape, has returned to the earlier sphere of work in a charming *Atholl Moorland* with a spacious sky. Notable landscapes are also contributed by Mr. J. Whitelaw Hamilton, Mr. Archibald Kay, Mr. W. Y. Macgregor, Mr. R. B. Nisbet, and Mr. J. Coutts Michie.

Among the few animal subjects Mr. James Douglas's *Highland Pastoral* indicates a decided development in artistic power ; and two

interiors by Mr. P. W. Adam evidence his remarkable faculty in imparting aesthetic interest to this type of work. The water-colour section is unusually large and contains much interesting work, the chief contributors being Mr. Thomas Scott, Mr. Cadenhead, Mr. Edwin Alexander, Mr. A. K. Brown, Mr. Henry Kerr, and Miss Katherine Cameron.

A. E.

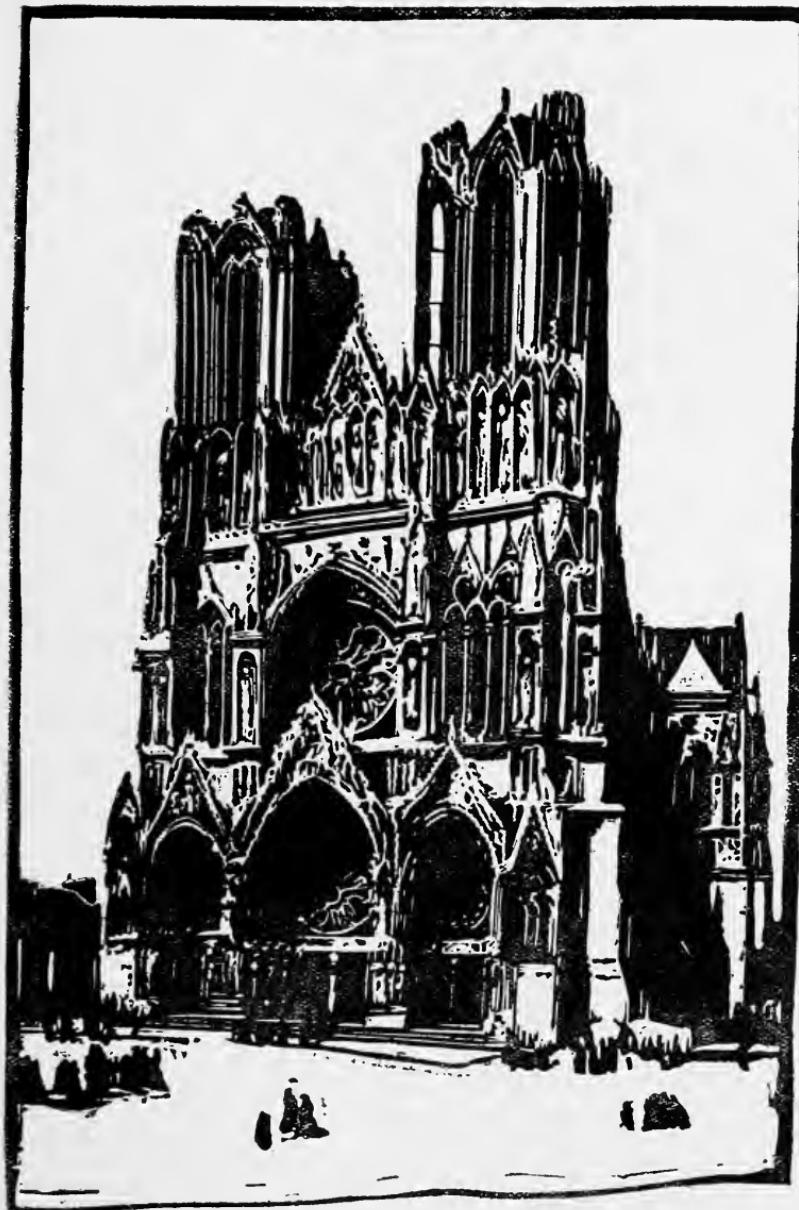
**G** LASGOW.—Amongst the younger Glasgow artists, Captain Allan D. Mainds is certainly one of the most versatile. As a designer of costumes and posters, as a painter and instructor in black and white, wood-block cutting and printing, he has few equals, and is ever ready to impart his store of knowledge to those seeking his aid. As an officer at present serving his country in the Royal Field Artillery, he finds his pencil not one of the least useful implements of warfare. His *Rheims Cathedral* is a characteristic example of his wood-block cutting ability. E. A. T.



"THE WHITE COCKATOO"

(*Royal Scottish Academy*)

BY ROBERT HOPE, A.R.S.A.



"RHEIMS CATHEDRAL"  
FROM A WOOD BLOCK PRINT  
BY ALLAN D. MAINDS.





(Eleventh Mombusho Art  
Exhibition, Tokyo).

"IN THE MIDST OF A SONG"  
BY SHIMA-SEIYEN

"WINTER"



"AUTUMN"



"SPRING"



THREE OF THE "FOUR VIEWS OF KONGOZAN [KOREA]," PAINTED BY TAKASHIMA-HOKKA AND SHOWN AT THE ELEVENTH NOMBUSHO ART EXHIBITION, TOKYO

**TOKYO.**—The Eleventh Annual Mombusho Art Exhibition, which recently came to an end, was a great success.

The section of Japanese paintings contained 192 subjects, 145 of which were selected out of 2,242 paintings submitted to the Judging Committee, the remainder being contributed by the judges and artists privileged to exhibit *hors concours*. The section of European painting (chiefly oils) contained 92 pictures, of which 69 were selected from 1,385 sent in. A quarter of a million people visited the exhibition during its five weeks' run in Tokyo, and 71,000 in Kyoto, where it was open for a fortnight.

One of the most popular works in the exhibition was a screen painting by Kaburaki - Kiyokata, called *Black Hair*, illustrating the ancient custom of maidens washing their hair early on the morning of the *tanabata* (the festival of the stars). The qualities pertaining to feminine youth are admirably suggested in this painting, and the climax is attained in the black hair, the pride and very life of the Japanese maiden. Kiyokata is accounted the greatest painter of *bin-jinga* (pictures of beautiful women) in Tokyo. Highly commendable was the series of small *kakemono* entitled *Eight Views of Hakuba Mountains*, by Terasaki - Kogyo, a professor at the Imperial School of Fine Arts, Tokyo, and universally recognized as one of the greatest contemporary artists of Japan. Constantly devising new means of expression, Kogyo draws ever closer to Nature for inspiration and improvement of his art. Since his visit to China some years ago, his landscapes have

shown even more depth and sublimity, and in technique and feeling they reveal an approximation to the work of the old Chinese masters.

As usual, the Kyoto artists were very strongly represented at the exhibition. In wonderful mastery of technique, Takenouchi-Seiho, their leader, stands pre-eminent. The subtle gradation of colour-values and the masterly brush-strokes shown in his picture, *The Day Labourer*, commanded admiration. Seiho's *forte* is the painting of small animals and birds, which he depicts with the fewest possible strokes of the brush, but he is quite able to cope with big subjects. He has been occupied for some years painting a ceiling for a big temple in Kyoto;



TWO OF "EIGHT VIEWS OF HAKUBA MOUNTAINS"

BY TERASAKI-KOGYO

(Eleventh Mombusho Art Exhibition, Tokyo)



THREE OF THE "SIX VIEWS OF MOUNTAIN PATHS"

(Eleventh Mombusho Art Exhibition, Tokyo)

BY YAMADA-KEICHIU

and the work, when completed, is anticipated to be the greatest work of his life. Among other Kyoto artists prominently represented was Kawamura-Manshu, whose special talent in portraying the effect of the mist on landscape was well displayed in a set of three paintings entitled *Nihon Sankai*, depicting three places most noted for scenic beauty in Japan, Miyajima, Matsushima, and Ama-no-Hashidate; and Shoda-Kakuyū, whose set of four paintings of *The Moon of the Four Seasons* was one of the best I have seen of this subject, often attempted by our artists.

The exhibition contained many other praiseworthy landscapes. Takashima-Hokkai, of Tokyo, one of the Committee, who became known abroad at the time of the St. Louis World's Fair in 1905, showed an improvement of his art in his *Four Views of Kongozan*, a product of his recent visit to Korea. Yamada-

Keichū, of Tokyo, exhibited a set of panels entitled *Six Views of Mountain Paths*, full of meritorious qualities, as was also the case with Tanaka-Raishō's *Waterfalls of Four Seasons*.

Works by women artists were conspicuously rare on this occasion. The foremost among them, Uyemura-Shoyen, of Kyoto, was unable to send this time; and Ikeda-Shoyen, latterly the best-known lady artist in Tokyo, was unable through serious illness to complete the work she intended sending, and passed away soon after the exhibition closed. Only two women exhibited in the section of Japanese painting: Shima-Seiyen of Osaka, and Kurihara-Gyokuyo of Tokyo. The former exhibited a rather dramatic subject—*In the Midst of a Song*—a blind girl singing and playing on the samisen, portrayed at an embarrassing instant when one of the strings came to grief.

HARADA-JIRO.





"PORTRAIT OF A LADY."  
FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY  
PILADE BERTIERI.

## *The Paintings of Niels M. Lund*

### THE PAINTINGS OF THE LATE NIELS M. LUND.

WHEN, a couple of years ago, it became known that Niels Lund, in the prime and vigour of life, had died suddenly of heart-failure, the news was received with a shock of widespread regret. It was felt poignantly that there had gone from us a man of engaging personality, sympathetic nature, and sincerity of character, and a painter of attractive and distinguished quality, from whom much was still to be expected in the revelation of pictorial beauty. With his unassuming gentle manner and his genial vein of quiet humour, Lund struck one at first meeting as a thoroughly likeable fellow, but one could not help feeling that the deeper essentials of genuine comradeship were there for the easy finding. So with his art. If his pictures had that about them of pictorial attractiveness which arrested the eye with a ready sense of admiration, any distrust of

picturesque obviousness would be dispelled by the discovery of justifying qualities of true painters' vision and expressive art. There was never any suggestion of artistic cheapness in the distinction which won for his landscapes, with their virile thoroughness of painting, draughtsmanship, and composition, prominence and favour in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy and the Salon.

Niels Moller Lund was regarded always as a Newcastle man, and there, in the city on the Tyne, the nobler pictorial aspects of which he had recorded in more than one notable canvas, they showed their local pride in his achievement by a memorial exhibition of his pictures at the Laing Art Gallery. But he was really a Dane. Faalborg, in Funen, was his birthplace, and by the waters of the Little Belt he passed the first four years of his childhood. Then his father came over to England and started business as a shipping agent at Newcastle, which thus became the place of the boy's bringing-up. On leaving school he went into his father's office,



"CHEPSTOW CASTLE"

LXV. NO. 259.—SEPTEMBER 1918

BY NIELS M. LUND

"THE CITY OF DURHAM." BY NIELS M. LUND



"WINDSOR CASTLE." BY NIELS M. LUND



## *The Paintings of Niels M. Lund*

but a short time there was sufficient to convince him that business was not his vocation, whereas in the evening drawing classes he discovered his true bent. When it was decided that he was to follow art as a career, he came to London, and passed his period of pupillage at St. John's Wood Art School and in the schools of the Royal Academy. Further study in Paris served to equip him with that soundness of painters' craft which was so characteristic of his work.

Niels Lund was always artistically attracted by the human figure, his graceful treatment of the nude inclining rather to the academic, as one may see in *The Bath of Diana*, where nymphs and landscape form a decorative scheme; while in several portraits he revealed an interest in character which enabled him to present the individuality of his subject with an engaging sense of vitality. But his temperament was more truly that of the landscape painter, and it was landscape in its more romantic aspects that specially appealed to him. Happiest among the straths of the Scotch highlands, with their tumultuous waters and picturesque domination of characteristic trees, he would feel all the significant beauty of an ancient castle amid surroundings of romantic impressiveness; while

the scenic sentiment of a great city would call to him for pictorial record in a spacious and comprehensive vista. So, on a large and important canvas, which he called *The Heart of the Empire*, he painted London as he saw it under a troubled sky, looking westward from the top of the Royal Exchange. The mood of the sky invariably plays its influential part in Niels Lund's pictures, and in one capacious view of Newcastle a great sky of rolling cloud has a very dramatic effect on the aspect of the smoky city, seen across many roofs, with a patch of light falling upon the river against which a church spire is silhouetted. The Tyne has inspired the painter, in at least one canvas, to a charming pictorial intimacy with its busy aspect of bridge and craft-crowded river. In *The City of Durham*, which is one of our illustrations, we have, perhaps, the most impressively picturesque view of the city on the Wear, and, with the river flowing round the base of the eminence crowned by castle and cathedral, one of the most rhythmical of Lund's larger compositions.

In *Windsor Castle* the artist has let the historic pile take the sunlight with a gentle beauty, emphasized by the shadows on the "silver-streaming Thames" cast by the noble



"THE HAUNT OF THE ROE DEER"

BY NIELS M. LUND



"FALLS OF DOCHART." BY NIELS M. LUND

## The Paintings of Niels M. Lund

clump of trees in the foreground, and in this charming picture his quality of scenic poetry has found happy expression. How often, one wonders, since Turner showed the masterly way, have artists essayed to interpret pictorially the beauty of Chepstow Castle, as it stands, in all its dignity of ruin, on the cliffs that bank the lovely waters of the Wye? Yet it is doubtful if any modern painter has given us a more beautiful vision than this of Lund's, illustrated here, with its warm glow of suffused sunlight.

Dignity of design became more and more a guiding factor in Lund's landscape as he came to a fuller pictorial understanding of the majestic forces of Nature, but a natural graciousness is never lacking. One recalls pleasantly the tender grace of that very early picture of his, *The Haunt of the Roe Deer*, with its lambent charm of sunlight; and then one remembers, with no less artistic satisfaction, the sadder beauty of *Departing Autumn*, which Lund might have painted under the stimulus of Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," so full is it of the "breath of autumn's being." This was one of the many diverse moods and aspects in which he depicted his beloved Perthshire, for that beautiful part of Scotland was certainly his

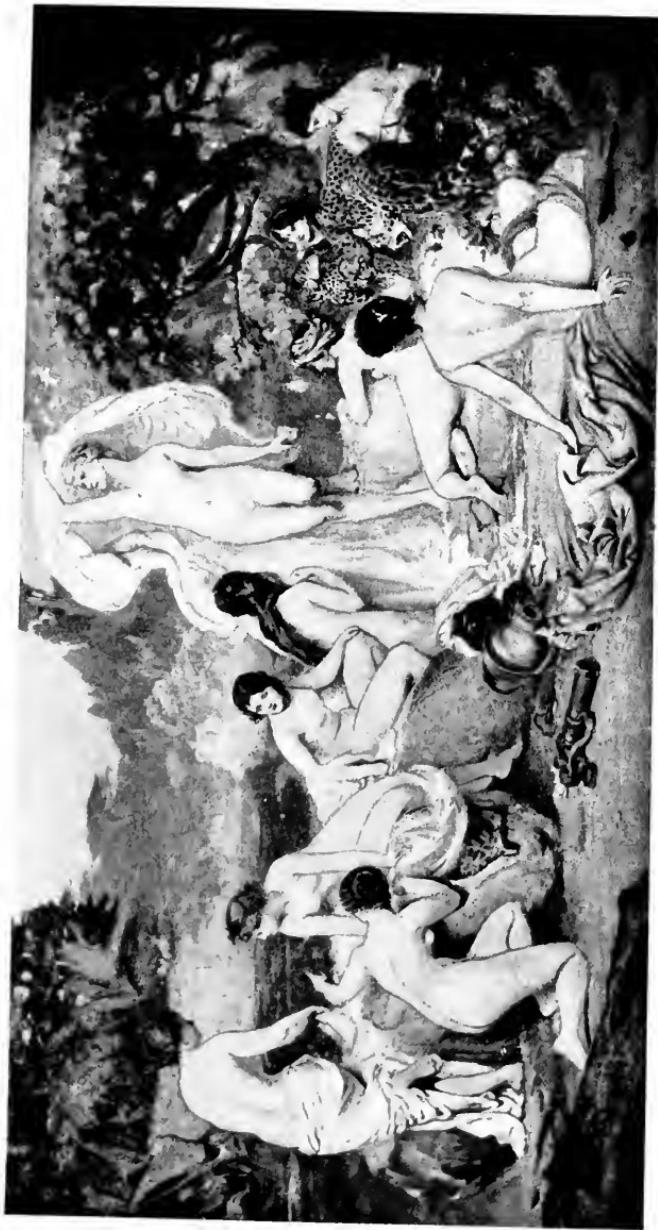
happiest pictorial hunting-ground. Here, especially in the neighbourhood of Killin, he found the subjects in which his soul most delighted and his art achieved its fullest and most individual expression. Here, in his pictorial mastery of the waters in their foaming tumult of torrent, fall, and swirl, he showed his greatest accomplishments as a painter. With extraordinary variety of interest and rhythm his brush seemed to make the waters live and move and roar. In many a picture of distinguished beauty he did this, but even when he painted other views of the same torrent he avoided anything in the nature of sameness or repetition. *The Falls of Dochart*, reproduced here, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1914, is typical of the kind of picture in which Niels Lund put forth all his powers, and here he is certainly at his best. But no less representative would be *Winter in the North*, *Spatie in the Highlands*, *Falls of Turnwell*, *Yuletide in Perthshire*, *The Pearl Fisher*, *The Wilds of Rannoch*, and *Mid the Wild Music of the Glen*. Mezzotint and etching Lund practised less, perhaps, for their own intrinsic qualities of expression than for reproducing with the charm of black and white certain subjects of his painting.



"DEPARTING AUTUMN" (UNFINISHED)

BY NIELS M. LUND

"THE BATH OF DIANA"  
BY NIELS M. LUND



(In the possession of  
*William Peacock, Esq.*)

## Miniatures in the Pierpont Morgan Collection

### MINIATURES IN THE PIERPONT MORGAN COLLECTION. VI.—THE CHARDIN SNUFF-BOX.

[The preceding articles in this series appeared in our issues of November and December 1914, October 1915, July 1916, and July 1917.]

**I**T has been well said that the artist who can draw correctly is independent of vehicles. It matters not whether it is in water-colour or in oil, in enamel or in lithography, in pastel or in pencil, that he works; his productions are noteworthy, they constitute works of art. This very facility has at times, however, proved a danger, but at other times a delight, because a great painter loves to turn from one medium to another, and to experiment in some unaccustomed vehicle or technique. The treasure from Mr. Morgan's famous collection which we illustrate is one of such experiments, and in it a great master has proved his skill and his facility. It is, so far as is known, the only snuff-box ever decorated by Jean Baptiste Siméon Chardin, and it was executed for the jeweller Godefroy, who made the box, and whose children Chardin had represented in his two famous pictures of *The Child with the Top* and *The Young Man with the Violin*.

It was painted in 1740, and all the scenes upon it were the work of Chardin's own hand, so the tradition states. Chardin is said to have watched the production of a box somewhat similar in design, and to have wondered whether he could decorate one. Godefroy encouraged the idea, and in the jeweller's own workshop the box was painted, and from his heirs Mr. Morgan acquired it through a famous Parisian dealer. The story goes that it took too long to execute, and the work was found too tedious for it ever to be repeated, and so in this box Mr. Morgan claimed to possess an absolutely unique work.

Chardin in his own time was but little appreciated, and so modest was he that he set slight store by his own paintings—on one occasion exchanging an important work with a friend for a fancy waistcoat his companion offered him in return. In his lifetime and long afterwards his pictures sold for quite small sums, and only during the present generation has the world found out what artists always knew, that Chardin was one of the world's greatest painters.

Born in 1699 Chardin lived to the age of eighty. His father was a maker of billiard-tables, a hard-working, industrious man, who bore a high character for integrity and uprightness. Siméon proved his title to be an artist early in life. Beginning as a pupil to Cazes, in whose studio he at first performed quite menial tasks, he soon gave evidence of his skill, and then went to Coypel, from whom he learned to "paint with minute accuracy whatever his eye beheld." This lesson he never forgot. It influenced all his career, and Chardin's pictures are truthful representations, painted with a Velazquez-like realism and with honest intention to present them in every way as they actually are. He must yet, however, be distinguished from the Dutch and Flemish painters of still-life, inasmuch as his productions are marked by a human interest, a keen sympathy with the objects presented, which the Dutchmen often did not possess.

We have no space to deal in full with his career, or to do more than refer to his first marriage to the girl whom he courted when she was sick, and bravely married when she was poor and in weak health; to the loss of his wife and daughter; to the tragic end of his much-loved son; to his second marriage with the widow who cheered and encouraged him; to his admission under dramatic circumstances to the Academy; to his terrible illness, and to his indomitable courage and pluck; but we must add to the record some words of admiration for the character of a simple-hearted, upright, honest artist, who won the esteem and affection of his colleagues and was regarded by all who knew him as a man of remarkable probity, tact, and courage. His life was not without its tragedies; poverty at one time came very close to him, and in his later years his sufferings were acute, but he was always fearless and cheerful. He worked up to the very last, and as has been well said, "the portraits of his closing years, in quite a new technique—that of pastel—betray no decline in keenness of vision or in power of expression." His knowledge of shadows and reflections was supreme, his truth and accuracy in drawing impeccable, his sense of colour extraordinary, and his power of grouping consummate. Mr. Morgan's fine box, if it does not show him at his very best, exhibits him in pleasing mood, and is a precious example of the art of a great master.

GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON.



SNUFF-BOX DECORATED  
WITH PAINTINGS BY  
J. B. S. CHARDIN.



## *Recent Prints by W. Lee Hankey, R.E.*

### SOME RECENT PRINTS BY W. LEE HANKEY, R.E.

CAPTAIN LEE HANKEY'S development as an engraver has been full of interest as it has been marked always by experiment and advance. He has etched in bold firm lines; he has made monochrome aquatints of quality; he has been one of the foremost exponents of the colour-print from aquatint plates for the tints and soft-ground etching for the contours; and always he has expressed uncompromisingly his own vision; but it is with the intimacy of the direct touch of the dry-point upon the copper that he has found, perhaps, his most characteristic expression. His manner of handling the method is distinctive and admirably adapted to his pictorial conception. This is seen with particular charm in the group of prints which he has produced within the last two or three years. His period of active service in the earlier part of the war brought him in contact with various types of French and Flemish peasantry, and in the simple pathos of their humble, war-gripped lives he has found pictorial material which has made poignant appeal to his human, no less than to his artistic, sympathy. With a peculiar tenderness of expression, therefore, he has used his dry-point, visualizing his subjects with the ample tonal sense of the painter rather than with the etcher's suggestive reticence of line, albeit linear definition, artistically unobtrusive, invests the designs with essential vitality.

More than one of these prints has already been seen in *THE STUDIO*, notably *Her Sole Possession* (March 1917), a young French war-widow drawing comfort from the nestling of her infant.

Now we reproduce some further typical examples of this appealing phase of Captain Lee Hankey's art. There is something beyond artistic beauty in these prints: there is real human emotion. In *The Widow* the artist has concentrated himself on the utter sorrow expressed in the toil-worn face of the bereaved woman, with her sleeping baby held dejectedly upon her lap, while the wistful look of the child by her side seems to emphasize the poignancy of this moment with the outlook of long, sad, laborious years to come. Here the dry-point work is remarkably rich and luminous. A

*Flemish Mother* is a charming contrast, for here is hope expressive in the young woman's gaze — a little anxiety, too, perhaps, for the husband is doubtless in the firing-line; but the delicious baby on her knee is so much alive, and herein is a solacing joy. The composition is engagingly simple, the tender sentiment of the thing convincing. *Tant Difficile* gives us a pathetic glimpse into one of these humble little homes, from which the bread-winner has been drawn for soldiering, never probably to return. The poor room, with its tell-tale of difficult life for this young mother, has been realized, in all its small detail, with true pictorial harmony. It is characteristic of the artist that he appears to love plump babies and small children, in all their potent helplessness, even as Swinburne loved them, with such a tender vitality he depicts them, while delicately suggesting their relative significance and the sheltering mother-love. In *French Folk*, an aged peasant woman seems to be trying to comfort, with her sad, wise resignation, a young girl, maybe her grandchild, to whom the war has brought a sorrow doubtless that recalls an experience of her own in the long ago. The face of this old wrinkled woman with all its expression of character and feeling, is a remarkable study that Rembrandt himself might not have disdained, and the aged hands with the claw-like fingers, how truly they are drawn! *Fading Light* also gives us a beautifully pathetic study of an old woman; but the light is going out of her life, and, as she lies on her death-bed, with her hands powerless, she gazes upward into some hopeful beyond, where there can reach her no longer any tidings of the war, that, with its horrors so near, has saddened her last days. How living, how intimate the scene is! With what tender, loving draughtsmanship the artist has realized it! A gladder beauty is that of *A Daughter of Spain*, a print, indeed, of charm, done presumably in the happy days of peace, when the artist's "active service" was to draw for delight's sake an attractive girl sitting with easy grace in the sunshine of her native warm South. Two other phases of Captain Lee Hankey's art are also shown here. *Sur la Neige*, with its delicate drawing of leafless trees in a sunny atmosphere, reveals his sensitive feeling for landscape; while *An Easter Egg*, done from four—or was it five?—plates, shows him quite at his best as a maker of artistic colour-prints.

MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.



"A FLEMISH MOTHER"  
DRY-POINT BY W. LEE HANKEY, R.E.



"TANT DIFFICILE." DRY-POINT  
BY W. LEE HANKEY, R.E.



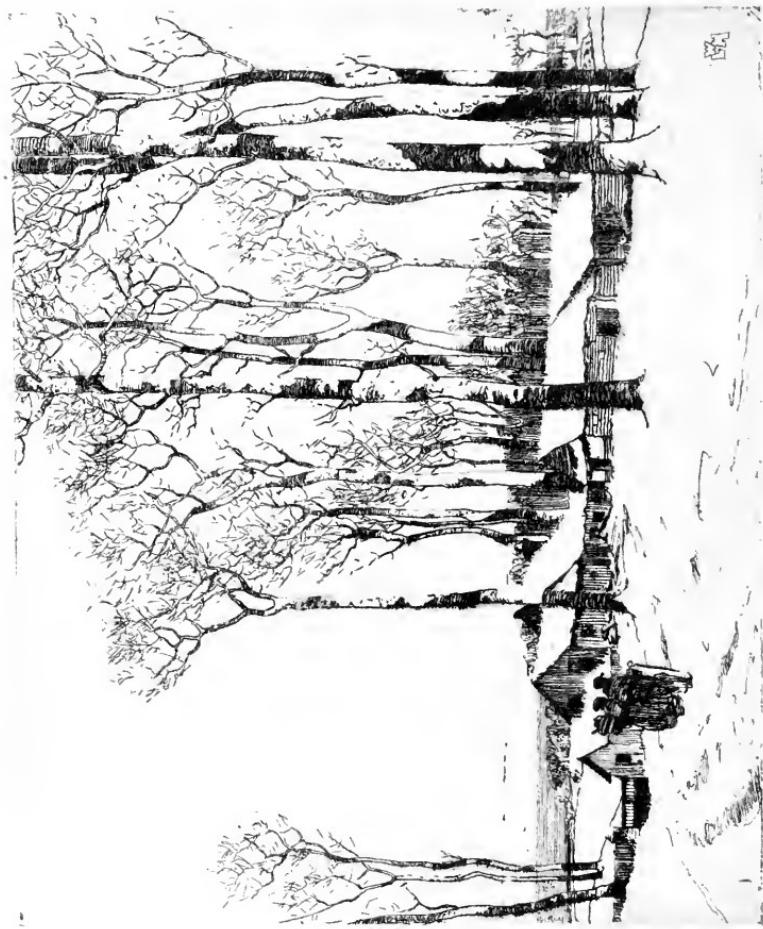
*—d'après une photo —*

"FRENCH FOLK." DRY-POINT  
BY W. LEE HANKEY, R.E.



"THE WIDOW." DRY-POINT  
BY W. LEE HANKEY, R.E.

"SUR LA NEIGE," DRY-POINT  
BY W. LEE HANKEY, R.E.



"FADING LIGHT." DRY-POINT  
BY W. LEE HANKEY, R.E.





"A DAUGHTER OF SPAIN"  
DRY-POINT BY W. LEE HANKEY, R.E.



"THE RETURN." — A COLOUR PRINT.



THE PUBLISHER, MONTREAL, QUEBEC.

"THE RETURN." FROM  
A COLOUR PRINT BY  
W. LEE HANKEY, R.E.



N.B. After going to press with the foregoing article on Mr. Leo Hankey's prints, we found we were unable to include a reproduction of the colour-print, *An Easter Egg*, mentioned at the close of the article, and have substituted therefor another which, though different in subject-matter, serves the purpose equally well.

### STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

**L**ONDON.—As our frontispiece this month we give a reproduction in colours of a recent painting by Mr. Pilade Bertieri, whose work was reviewed in these pages some two years ago. This portrait study, while it admirably exemplifies the artist's disciplined craftsmanship, is particularly agreeable in its judiciously planned colour-scheme, from which it derives a decorative value of a high order.

We include also with this number a colour reproduction of a pastel design for a decorative frieze by Mr. George Sheringham, which was exhibited at the Pastel Society's exhibition last year. At the Goupil Gallery in Regent Street the recent exhibition of the collection formed by the late Judge Evans comprised a representative gathering of decorative paintings executed by this artist during the past few years. The deceased collector, in whom many artists found a generous but at the same time discriminating friend, had a high regard for Mr. Sheringham's work, and the examples he acquired, sufficiently numerous to have a room assigned to them at the Goupil Gallery, included several which have been reproduced by us at one time or another.

We give on this and the next page illustrations of two mural tablets recently placed in parish churches to the memory of officers who have fallen in the war. The one shown on this page, designed by Mr. Maurice B. Adams, F.R.I.B.A., has been placed in St. Paul's, Hammersmith, which, though a modern structure, contains, among other relics of the building which it replaced, numerous memorials dating back to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, described in detail in the sixth volume of "The Survey of London," published three years ago. In the more important of these memorials heraldic motives are a recurring feature, and in

this respect, therefore, the memorial designed by Mr. Adams is fitly in keeping with its surroundings. The introduction of heraldic charges in such memorials gives an opportunity for the use of colour which, if not unduly lavish, greatly enhances the decorative effect and agreeably relieves the monotony of the stone or wood. That it has not been overdone by Mr. Adams will be apparent even from our monochrome illustration, and the monument as a whole deserves the warm appreciation bestowed on it by the Bishop of London, who dedicated it. In the case of the Lothersdale memorial the semicircular lunette, with its carefully modelled figures, is the outstanding feature of the tablet, which is of fine white marble. The designer is



MURAL MONUMENT IN HAMMERSMITH CHURCH  
DESIGNED BY MAURICE B. ADAMS, F.R.I.B.A.

(Photo Bedford Lemere)

Mr. A. F. Smith of Keighley, a versatile artist-craftsman of sound judgment in matters of ecclesiastical decoration.

The general question of War Memorials was discussed at a conference held at the Royal Academy on June 26, and reported in the daily Press nearly a fortnight later. The conference, convened by the President and Council of the Academy and presided over by the President, was attended by many distinguished representatives of the Church, the Government, and of the leading art societies. The spokesmen at the conference were practically unanimous in supporting the action of the Academy in appointing a Committee on War Memorials, and in endorsing the series of recommendations formulated by this Committee and made public a few weeks previously, and with a view to carrying out the chief objects aimed at—to secure combined instead of isolated effort in erecting memorials and to protect churches and public buildings from unsuitable treatment in setting up monuments of the war—the conference resolved itself into a general committee to appoint an executive committee for giving effect to the suggestions agreed upon.

Lord Crawford, who among the members of the Government present at the conference had the strongest claim to speak for art, said the great problem was to impress on the public mind the collective capacity of large joint memorials. Too often, he remarked, the dignity of a public building had been spoilt by the small personal memorials placed in it, but as our successes in this war had been due to collective effort, he considered that the function of a committee of advice should be to induce collective effort also in the permanent records of those achievements. He urged, however, that the artist, the creator of the work which formed the memorial, should have as free a hand as possible.

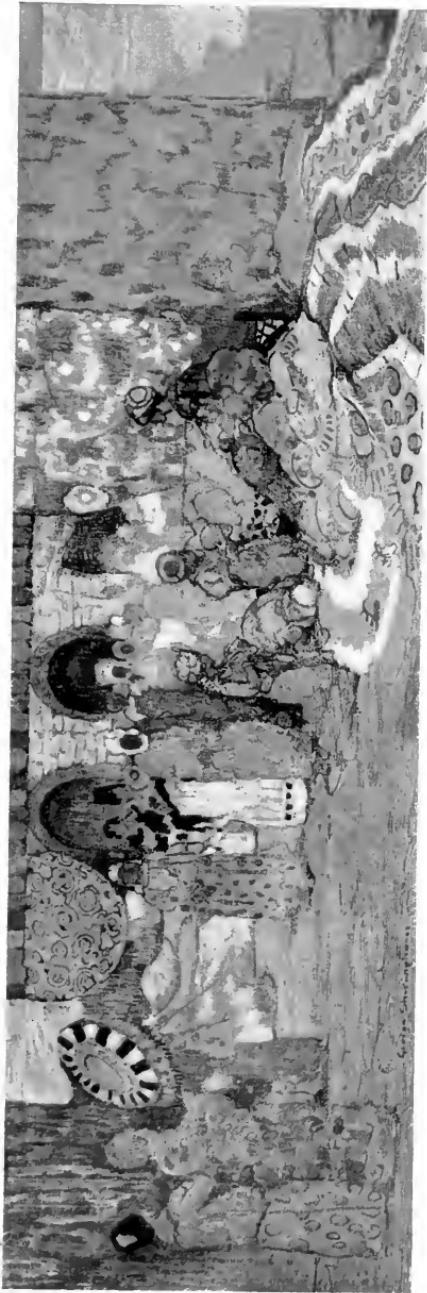
From our own point of view this last recommendation is vitally important, and to give effect to it the essential desideratum is that the executive committee or other body to which is to be assigned the function of passing judgment on proposed memorials should be constituted on the broadest lines. With regard to the character of the monuments as collective or personal, there is of course much to be said in support of the argument for collective commemoration as preferable to a multitude of individual memorials, but to exclude entirely the personal memorial would, we think, be unwise. It is true that in our churches throughout the land, and also unfortunately in our cathedrals, there are far too many of these personal monuments, which detract from, instead of adding to, the dignity of the edifice, but on the other hand there are, as we all know, not a few which are of extraordinary interest both on general grounds and as unique records of local history. We have no great faith in committees where questions of artistic judgment are in issue, but if the proposed body succeeds in preventing the erection of trivial and commonplace monuments of whatever kind, it will have done something to justify its creation.

The exhibition of military photographs in

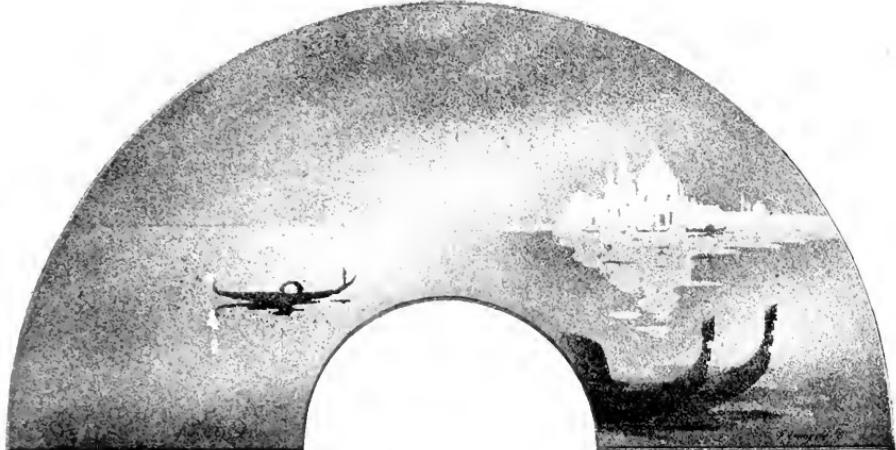


MURAL TABLET RECENTLY ERECTED IN LOTHERSDALE PARISH CHURCH,  
YORKSHIRE. DESIGNED BY ALEX. F. SMITH

THE AMBASSADORS—DESIGN  
FOR A DECORATIVE PANEL  
FROM THE PASTEL PAINTING  
BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM







"THE VENICE FAN"

AQUATINT BY STELLA LANGDALE

colour which created such lively interest at the Grafton Galleries early this summer has been followed by one at the Institute Galleries, Piccadilly, in which naval incidents and operations are displayed on the same large scale and with the same remarkable realism. Merely as products of the camera these enlarged prints, some of them of huge dimensions, are impressive, so clearly and faithfully do they reproduce the forms and tints of the objects portrayed, but they have a still higher claim to the attention of the British landsman in that they help him to realize how great is the debt he owes to our maritime forces, upon whose untiring vigilance under all sorts of arduous conditions our very existence depends.

Mr. Frank Spence-Spenlove's notable picture, *Green Shutters—Viaticum, Belgium*, exhibited in Gallery No. V at this year's Royal Academy, has been purchased by the City of Newcastle-upon-Tyne for the permanent collection at the Laing Art Gallery. Several of this well-known artist's works have in recent years been acquired for public collections at home and abroad.

**B**RIGHTON.—Miss Stella Langdale, whose work has already been referred to in the pages of this magazine, has in the course of the past two or three years devoted her attention to the medium

of aquatint with very successful results, as evidenced by the numerous prints she has produced, of which the two now reproduced—*The Venice Fan* and *The Slaggen Pass*—may be taken as typical examples. Her experiments include some interesting essays in the production of colour-prints from a single plate, a method which the early English aquatinters in colour frequently employed, but which is now less commonly practised than the French method of using separate plates for the several colours introduced. Miss Langdale's work shows a predilection for subjects of a grave or serious character—this is seen in the illustrations she has executed in recent years for two notable books—Newman's "Dream of Gerontius" and Stephen Phillips's "Christ in Hades"—and the same temperament is adumbrated in her impressive print of *The Slaggen Pass*.

**D**UNFERMLINE.—We illustrate two examples of work recently executed by Mr. Andrew Samuel, A.R.C.A., craftmaster at the Craft School established by the Carnegie Trust in this town, both of which are commendable as avoiding the faults all too frequently present in things of the kind. Illuminated addresses and kindred documents are often written in a script which can only be read with difficulty, but in this Burgess Ticket Mr. Samuel has taken care that the writing should be readable—as writing always

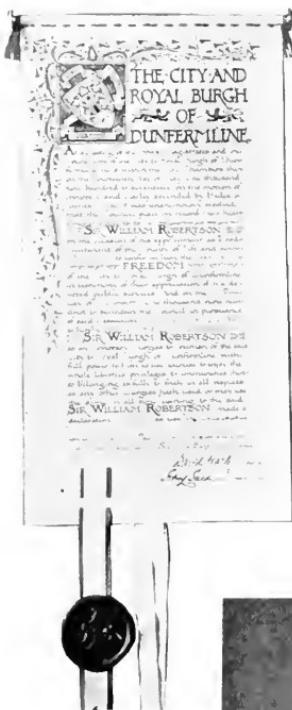


Feb. 1988  
S. Langdale

S. Langdale

"THE SLAGGAN PASS, SCOTLAND"  
AQUATINT BY STELLA LANGDALE

should be—and the result proves that legibility is not inconsistent with decorative attractiveness. In the form of the casket again he has made a departure from the common practice by adopting the cylindrical shape instead of the usual rectangular box, as more appropriate for a scroll.



DUNFERMLINE  
BURGESS TICKET  
WRITTEN AND  
ILLUMINATED BY  
A. SAMUEL, A.R.C.A.

The cylindrical body is of copper, as is the base below, resting on a mahogany slab; all the rest is of silver—the two ends with the arms of the City and of the recipient respectively in enamel, the presentation plate on top, and the supporting pillars—moonstones being introduced at intervals.



DUNFERMLINE BURGESS CASKET. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED IN SILVER,  
COPPER, AND ENAMEL BY ANDREW SAMUEL, A.R.C.A.

**T**OKYO.—At the public sales in Japan during the past year the art objects sold realized in all no less than 21,000,000 yen (equal to more than £2,000,000 sterling). At the Tokyo Fine Art Club alone there were forty-nine sales, which yielded a total of 12,000,000 yen, establishing a record hitherto unknown in Japan. It may be remembered that the Higashi Hongwanji in Kyoto (the main temple of a Buddhist sect) sold its art treasures nine years ago and realized 500,000 yen. This was the first of the great art sales, and it was then considered a startling event. The Nishi Hongwanji (the principal Buddhist temple in Kyoto of another sect) followed suit five years ago and raised 1,150,000 yen, creating quite a sensation. When, however, Count Daté, a former feudal lord, disposed of his treasures two years ago and realized 1,380,000 yen, a new record was established, and this again was surpassed by two of the three great art sales which took place during 1917: Viscount Akimoto's, which realized 1,500,000 yen, and Mr. Akaboshi's first sale, which at 3,930,000 yen established the biggest record yet reached in Japan.

Although grave questions now confront the nation the prospects for this year also are good,

## Studio-Talk



A CELEBRATED TEA-BOWL (YOHEN  
TEMMOKU JAWAN)

(Sold at Viscount Inaba's sale in Tokyo for  
167,000 yen—nearly £17,000)

and no less than two dozen big art sales have already been scheduled to be held at the Tokyo Fine Art Club. The first of importance took place recently, when Viscount Inaba's collection was offered. Among a number of important paintings sold was a small *kakemono* by Tokko-Zenji, which fetched 16,800 yen. The subject was Daruma, and the painting is said to be the famous one known as *The Blood Daruma of Hosokawa*, which was once saved from being destroyed by fire by a loyal vassal, who, when unable to escape, cut open his abdomen to make a hiding-place for the priceless roll, hence the name, *Blood Daruma*.

The sale included a splendid work by Hanabusa-Iecho, a set of three *kakemono* with a waterfall for the centre, a stream and swallows on one side, and swallows and waves on the other—which realized 11,180 yen, and another triple set by Sesshyu, with Daruma in the centre, a wild duck and reeds on the right, and a heron and reeds on the left. Though sold for the modest sum of 1290 yen, this latter set of *kakemono* is an excellent example of Sesshyu's painting. The heron on the alert, the wild duck burying its beak under its wing, half asleep upon one leg—all suggest the

mental struggle of the keen-eyed Daruma, who sat in meditation facing a stone wall for nine years. Other items of interest included a pair of six-panelled screens (which once belonged to the eighth Tokugawa Shogun), with black monochrome drawings by Kano-Eitoku of a dragon and tiger; a charming little *kakemono* with an autumnal landscape painted by Watanabe Kwazan, who still inspires our artists; and a large *kakemono* of a group of monkeys at a waterfall painted by Shibata-Zeshin, who showed special talent in drawing waterfalls.

The sale included a number of *cha-no-yu* utensils: tea-bowls, caddies, *chasaji* (spoons for pulverized tea) water-jars, etc. The greatest among them—perhaps the greatest of its kind in Japan—was a tea-bowl known as “Yohen Temmoku Jawan,” and classed as a *meibutsu* or celebrated piece. It fetched the enor-



"GROUP OF MONKEYS AT A WATERFALL"  
BY SHIBATA-ZESHIN

(Viscount Inaba's sale, 3118 yen)



SET OF THREE KAKEMONO WITH DARUMA IN CENTRE

*(By Count Inaba's sale, £290.00)*

BY SESSHYU

in us price of 107,000 yen (nearly £17,000), but, as one of the connoisseurs remarked, no price could be said to be too high for so exquisitely beautiful a piece. Seven years ago a German collector offered, but in vain, the sum of 100,000 yen for a similar bowl at the Daitokuji, a time-honoured Buddhist temple in Kyoto very intimately associated with *cha-no-yu*. The one in Viscount Inaba's collection is superior to that. As may be seen from the accompanying reproduction, the inside has curious marks, apparently accidental, in the glaze of dark greenish-purple hue of profound depth. In these iridescent bubble-like marks that seem to come and go in the profound purplish silence of the past and future, the evanescence of life is suggested, and when the bowl is filled with the soothing green beverage (the tea to be drunk in such a bowl is prepared by whipping in hot water pulverized green tea-leaves), how exquisite is the harmony of hues! The metal edge, so common to a

Tenmoku tea-bowl, is absent; and the outside, so deliciously smooth to the touch, is in that iridescent dark tone in which green and purple melt into a deep black—the glaze so delicately suggesting the colour of the wings of an insect called *tamamushi*, which our artists in olden times delighted in using for the decoration of precious objects. The glaze stops at a short distance from the bottom, where the lustreless dark pottery, with a texture like that of silk crape remains exposed. Seldom have I held in my hands a bowl that conjured up in me so much as this the ecstasy of *cha-no-yu*, an institution or cult in which the drinking of the tea is merely a means of helping us to realize truth and beauty amid the sordid facts of our existence, and to see ourselves in right proportion to the infinite.

A number of splendid *chaire* (teaddies) were also sold on this occasion, as well as porcelain

## Reviews

water-jars and incense-cases, some of them fetching several thousand yen. There were many excellent examples of the lacquer-ware with which the ancient homes of Japan have been enriched in times past. Among these mention should be made of a set of red lacquer boxes for food, with some exquisite carving of floral designs round the sides, which with the tray belonging to them fetched 8900 yen.

HARADA-JIRO.

### REVIEWS.

*The Dawn of the French Renaissance.* By ARTHUR TILLEY, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of King's College, Cambridge. (Cambridge : The University Press,) 25s. net.—Practically completed before the outbreak of war in 1914, and for the most part printed in the year following, Mr. Tilley's exhaustive study of the causes and influences which contributed to the Renaissance movement in France will be welcomed by all serious students of the history of art and letters. It is of some significance to note at the present time, when many, including the author, appear to anticipate the advent of a Renaissance more general and more profound than any that has taken place in the past, that the movement of four centuries ago followed upon a long period of almost incessant war. The chief impetus came, in fact, from the Italian expedition of Charles VIII, who with his courtiers in their progress from city to city became deeply impressed by the evidences of the Renaissance in the country of its origin. With the various phases of the movement in Italy and this expedition of Charles VIII, as with other influences which helped to inaugurate the movement in France—conspicuous among them being that exercised by Humanists of the Low Countries—the author deals at considerable length in his opening chapters, reserving for the latter part of the book a detailed consideration of the movement as it affected the respective departments of letters and the major and minor arts—architecture, sculpture, painting, stained glass, enamelling, weaving, etc., and here the letterpress is reinforced by illustrations of well-chosen examples in the various categories. It is to be hoped that Mr. Tilley's treatise, embodying as it does the results of painstaking research and study extending over many years, may meet with the appreciation it deserves as a valuable

contribution to the history of one of the greatest movements in the progress of civilization.

*Matthew Maris : An Illustrated Souvenir.* (The French Gallery, Pall Mall.) £1 1s. net : special edition, £2 2s. net.—The recent memorial exhibition of the works of Matthew Maris at the French Gallery was an event of more than ordinary importance, and the interest it aroused was in itself an eloquent tribute to the memory of this remarkable artist. It was impossible for various reasons, and especially because of the difficulties connected with transport, to make this display as comprehensive and representative as desired, and so, in arranging this illustrated souvenir, the organizers of the exhibition have not restricted themselves to the work shown therein, but have included reproductions of important paintings and drawings that are now dispersed far and wide. The reproductions are over fifty in number, and many of them are in photogravure, nearly all the others being in half-tone, and the quality of the prints is excellent throughout. As a frontispiece there is included a photogravure reproduction of J. M. Swan's fine portrait of Matthew Maris, and the letterpress, besides a memoir and appreciation of him, includes an interesting note on his technique by Mr. F. Lessore.

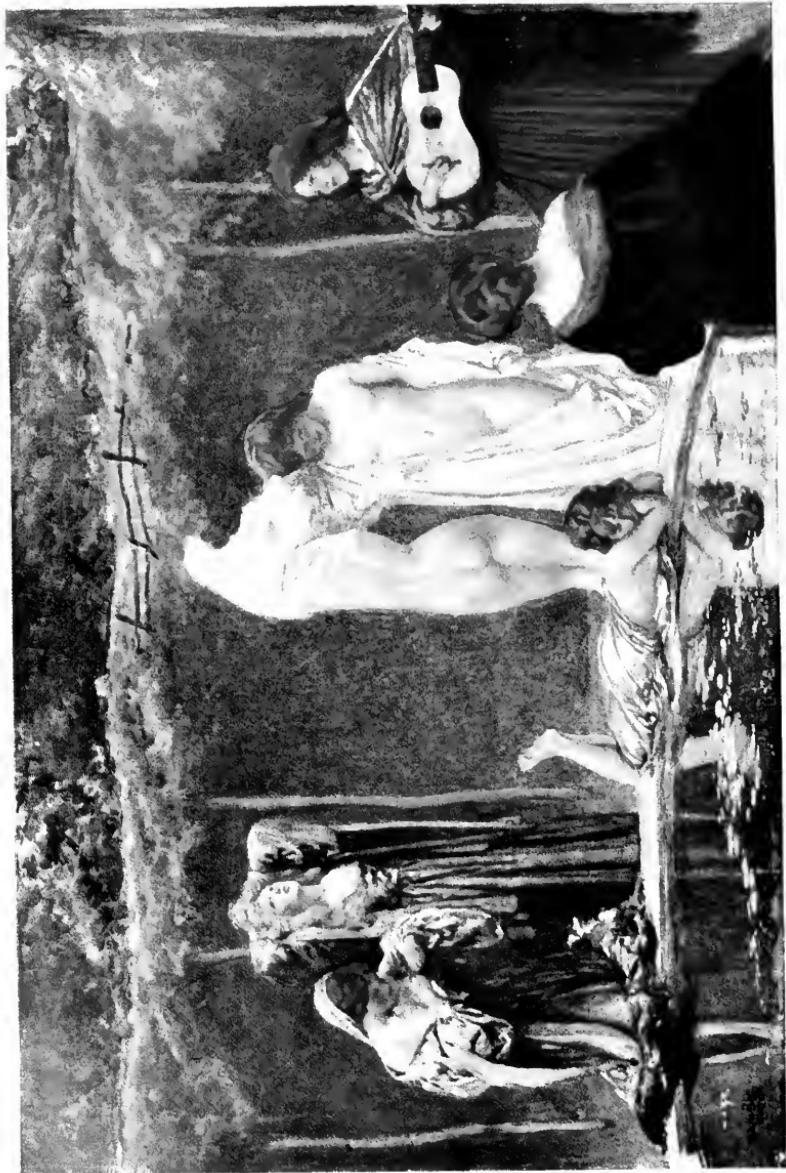
*Light and Shade and their Applications.* By M. LUCKIESH. (London : Constable and Co., Ltd.) 12s. 6d. net.—The scientific analysis of the phenomena of lighting and the correlative phenomena of shade, which is the subject of this treatise—a companion to the author's work on "Colour and its Applications," already noticed in these columns—has an important bearing on the plastic arts, and in this connexion the chapters on Light and Shade in Sculpture, Architecture, and Painting are worth studying by those concerned in these branches of art, as well as by those who are entrusted with the arrangement of works of art in galleries and rooms. The discussion throughout is accompanied by illustrations and diagrams.

The Art Gallery Committee of the City of Bradford, Yorkshire, has issued a second and greatly enlarged *Illustrated Catalogue of the Permanent Collection of Pictures and other Works of Art in the Corporation Art Gallery.* The collection consists mainly of purchases and the majority of the works are by British artists now living or recently deceased.





"THE POOL" FROM THE OIL PAINTING  
BY R. ANNING BELL, A.R.A.



(In the possession of Mr. Lawrence Smith, Esq. — See page 126.)

## *The Water-Colours of Horace Mann Livens*

THE WATER-COLOURS OF HORACE MANN LIVENS. BY SIR FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE singularly masculine personality of Mr. Horace Mann Livens has moved amongst us, more or less, in London, for a good score of years. Fully that time must have elapsed since Mr. Livens finished a two years' stay in Antwerp, whither he had been drawn by the reputation of the Antwerp Academy and of its then conspicuous teacher, Professor Charles Verlat. Antwerp as a place of academic training was probably to some extent overrated; or possibly the good results of its teaching may not always have been revealed with quite the customary promptitude. Antwerp was not a school for the acquirement of the lighter graces; but there was thoroughness of practice, very sound training, and the fair chance that the equipment afforded would end by releasing the real individuality of the student.

Livens returned from Antwerp an expert in

drawing—a painter excellent in his handling of the brush, but a painter in too low a tone. On leaving Flanders he had much to remember, and certainly something to forget. Probably his own character actually reinforced the sound traditions of his school—prevented him, amongst other things, from making bids for popularity; for that “playing to the gallery”—“the gallery” which it is the first and the last business of painters and of writers, quite as much as of comedians, wholly and for ever to disregard. Since those first days—which were far from being of a kind to prepare the way for them—Mr. Livens has not been vouchsafed dazzling successes. But slowly and surely he has established a position; has won the commendation of the soundly judging—more than that, he has proved magnetic, nothing less than magnetic, to the natures framed to understand him. Nor is this at all entirely owing to his slow though certain acquisition of a colour-sense which ends by being not much less notable than his draughtsmanship. The language of his mature



“PINNER CHURCH”  
LXV. NO. 260.—OCTOBER 1918

WATER-COLOUR BY H. MANN LIVENS

## *The Water-Colours of Horace Mann Livens*

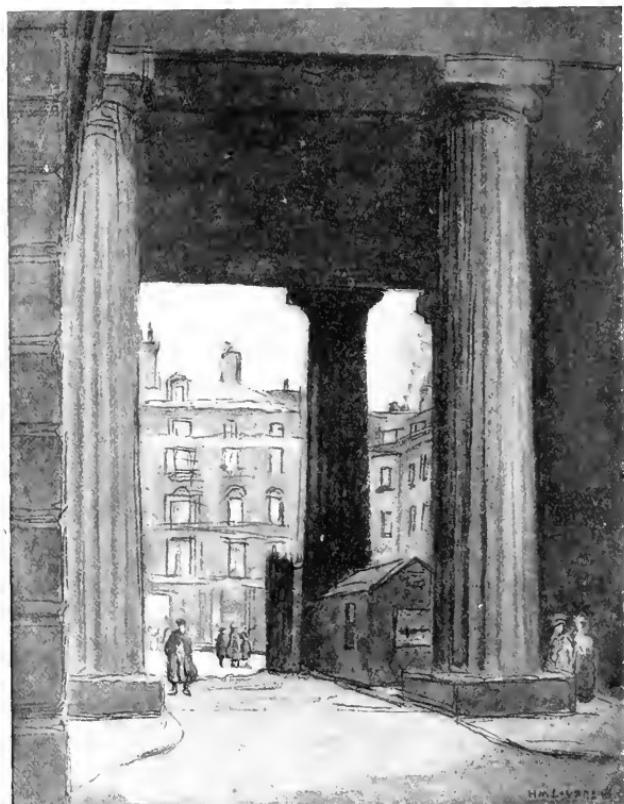
adoption is an instrument not only of utility: it is an instrument of charm. There is fascination in Mr. Livens's vision: fascination in his method of disclosing it. If you are intelligent and have once concentrated yourself upon his work, you do not for anything or at any time damn him with faint praise. He has you in his grip—he has cast his spell.

And what are the themes that this most serious artist—never fantastic, never for a moment conventional—what are the themes to which he addresses himself? They are many; and they are many partly because he would disapprove of any too great specialization of effort. Edouard Manet, or Edouard Manet's work, would be at his elbow to jog him and reprove him, did he address himself at all exclusively to this or that class of object or subject. A man whose eyes are open should be a citizen of the world. A man who can not only see, but draw and paint, must paint, on one day or another—or must be willing to paint—not one thing, but everything. And so Mr. Livens—working with many mediums: working in oils, working in water-colours, working in pastels, working even on rare but still happy occasions with the needle of the etcher—so Mr. Livens, during—well, say a quarter of a century—has produced his visions of the fowl-run, visions of old faience smooth and grey, visions of massed flowers, visions of a dismantled house, almost Pryde-like in its suggestion of the uncanny, visions too of the stateliest course of a great river, broad and bridged—visions too of Brighton plunged on what exceptional days in a November gloom, and then, in brisker weather, of Brighton alive and astir, or of some sunny restaurant

front beheld in the radiant afternoon-light of summer and of Piccadilly.

Themes as many as these, and themes as various, are treated by Mr. Livens with a spirit tolerant of all. Indeed, for him, one and all these matters may be approached with something more than toleration—with an intense, devoted, pregnant gaze. Mr. Livens is a Realist. "The true Realist," I think I heard him say one day, and if I did not, I ought to have heard him say it, "the true Realist is the true Romantic, besides."

Established many years ago, in a part of Surrey which, if on the one hand it is not quite country, is on the other hand not quite suburb, Mr. Livens made for himself abundant opportunities of studying cocks and hens—the proud, self-satisfied denizens of the yard. Their colour



"EUSTON"

WATER-COLOUR BY H. MANN LIVENS



"AYLESBURY." WATER-COLOUR  
BY HORACE MANN LIVENS

## *The Water-Colours of Horace Mann Livens*

attracted him—their decisiveness of movement, their jerky quickness, I expect. For these beings are not given to suppress themselves. They are in evidence. They would live in the limelight. But after an interval—a passage of time at least—in which he had succumbed to their fascination, Mr. Livens (who I am sure has something of the explorer in him : who's curious, who is an inquirer) turned naturally to the beauty of Flowers ; and the painter who might have been considered as the successor of Hondecoeter made signs that he might yet be a rival of Fantin's or of Vollon's.

"Vollon" do I say ?—and shift my ground a little in saying it. Yes ; because there came, in the fullness of time, in Mr. Livens' practice, the treatment of great Still Life pieces, noble fruits, I fancy, that Vollon would have loved. And, again, because I have seen

Mr. Livens, in the presence of the great Still Life of Théodore Ribot, become an enthusiast in the matter of Ribot's tomatoes, or as to Ribot's great gold and green keeping pears of Anjou. Even more of an enthusiast perhaps than he might have been had he been in presence of one of Ribot's Bretoises—in presence, that is, of the pieces in which the master records the stern solicitude of the aged, or the flower-like charm of the young.

The range of Mr. Livens' practice having by this time been, I hope, a little more than roughly indicated, it is time to answer a quite legitimate question, What is the work in which this artist is apt to be most of all successful ? Where most frequently does he touch high-water mark ? And the answer to the would-be collector is one which the very evidence of the illustrations to this article will be able

in some measure to confirm. It is this : " If you must have him in one medium only, have him in more than one of his great water-colours." I use the word " great " not at all unadvisedly—I use it to indicate quality as well as scale. As regards scale there is indeed nothing exceptional—nothing in the least exaggerated. The paper is " largeish " if you like—it is certainly not unwieldy. The style, the conception, the handling of the water-colours—they are " large " or " great," as you please.

And—dealing not seldom with subjects which to the unobservant eye or uncreative mind are commonplace—it is remarkable that in their treatment no suggestion of the commonplace is for the moment proffered. Plain features are, as it were, pressed into the service of a refined and ordered and sometimes even subtle com-



"BOW STREET"

WATER-COLOUR BY H. MANN LIVENS



"THE RIVER, RICHMOND."  
FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY  
HORACE MANN LIVENS.



## *The Water-Colours of Horace Mann Livens*

position. That that is the case with Mr. E. V. Lucas's water-colour of *The Bridge, near Hampton Court*, our monochrome illustration will, I think, well imply. The vigour and decisiveness which characterize the artist are affirmed by the water-colour of *Holland House under Snow*. That does not give much opportunity of showing Mr. Livens as a severe and competent draughtsman of architecture. *Euston* affords that, and *Bow Street* affords it the former perhaps even more than the latter. The water-colour of *Aylesbury*, with its almost entire concentration of interest upon objects in the far background, has at least some affinity of artistic purpose with the drawing that is here reproduced in colour—*The River, Richmond*.

Summing up as far as may be, in a word or two, the characteristics of these notable water-colours, one has to reckon upon, and to do credit to, the essential largeness, the massiveness, the learned, and ever-efficient boldness of style. Then, as to each individual performance, one must remember the sure and rapid seizure of the

significant, the elimination of the superfluous. Accident and detail are forgotten except when they can usefully be summoned, and then they must be the bearers of a message, the contributors to an *ensemble*, the qualified aids to the attainment of the larger purpose. And what is, with Mr. Livens, the larger purpose? It might be, though it is not, the special charm of colour. It could hardly be a merely obvious correctness of line in the presentation of this or that given object of portrayal. The larger purpose of Mr. Livens is, I take it, the always dignified attainment of a design that is decorative. But his design can never be decorative through sought-for elegance, or through mere prettiness. His water-colours are never pretty, and they are never cramped. They contain nothing that belittles them; not a touch that minimizes their aim. In most of Mr. Livens' drawings—over and above their skilled, large, comprehensive portraiture of facts that occupy him—there is woven a web of restful, because noble, Line, which cannot tire or pall.



"THE BRIDGE, NEAR HAMPTON COURT"

(In the possession of E. V. Lucas, Esq.)

BY H. MANN LIVENS



"HOLLAND HOUSE  
UNDER SNOW."  
WATER-COLOUR BY  
H. MANN LIVENS

## *The Landscape Element in Thomas Rowlandson's Art*

### THE LANDSCAPE ELEMENT IN THOMAS ROWLANDSON'S ART. BY FRANK GIBSON.

**M**OST people look upon the work of Rowlandson as caricature pure and simple. It was a good deal more than this, and a careful study of it shows that its creator was not only a good draughtsman, but also an artist in the best sense of the word. It is quite true that he did a great many caricatures, but at the same time he was a painter with considerable and varied gifts. His achievements in caricature place him above his contemporaries Gilray, Bunbury, and others of his time. Moreover, his work is far more pictorial than theirs; indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that Rowlandson was a true successor of Hogarth as a pictorial satirist. As an artist, his serious work, by its mastery of delicate tints, grace of line, and also its wonderful inventiveness in figure compositions and their settings, entitles him to a foremost place amongst English painters in water-colour.

He started his artistic career as a portrait painter, and exhibited both male and female portraits at the Royal Academy exhibitions from 1777 to 1781. According to the opinion of the best critics of his time, amongst whom were the painters Reynolds, West, and Lawrence, these portraits possessed great pictorial merit, and there is ample reason to believe that if Rowlandson had continued in this branch of painting he would undoubtedly have held his own—possibly more than his own—with his contemporaries. But the popular success that his drawings *Fauxhall Gardens*, *An Italian Family*, and *The Serpentine River* enjoyed, when they were exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1784, made the artist throw up his opportunities in the direction of portraiture as well as painting in oil, and henceforth devote all his time to caricature and water-colour drawings.

Rowlandson had not only an eye for character in men and women, but also for their surroundings, which are generally admirably hit off, whether they portray the interior of the mansion, the tavern, the street, the country lane, or field.



"LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES AND CATTLE"

(In the collection of Edward Mirch, Esq., C.M.G.)

WATER-COLOUR BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON

## *The Landscape Element in Thomas Rowlandson's Art*

Indeed, in landscape work his rendering of country scenes, villages, rustic cottages, lanes, fields with cattle, woodland, river, and shipping scenes—all these seem to have been done by another individual artist rather than the Rowlandson who did grotesque drawings and caricatures which were often indefensibly vulgar.

Apart from this, it is clear that the chief merit of Rowlandson's work lies in its spirited draughtsmanship and harmonious and tactful colouring. In a word, he excels as a skilled water-colourist. He was certainly thought a master in this medium by his contemporaries and the men who followed him. George Cruikshank, the illustrator and caricaturist, who was actually working during Rowlandson's life, had the most profound admiration for his predecessor's genius. To the late Joseph Grego he spoke of Rowlandson as a most accomplished water-colour painter, and the equal, in his opinion, of most of the founders of the early English

School in that medium. Cruikshank thought that Rowlandson was particularly good in his maritime and water-side sketches. He drew shipping with picturesque ease and dexterity, his far-spreading landscapes and other works, recalling in a forcible degree the drawings of William Van-der-Velde, who he (Cruikshank) thought was the only artist whose marine studies could be quoted in comparison with those of Rowlandson.

But his landscape work was not confined to the river. He travelled a good deal on the Continent—namely, in France, Flanders, Holland, and Germany. He did not neglect his native land either, for he made extensive tours over a good part of England. He must have seen the Lakes, and his excursions took him into Wales, Cheshire, Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset. Bath he naturally visited, and Brighton, just becoming fashionable, he knew well, as he also did Margate. He diligently



"OX-HUNTING"

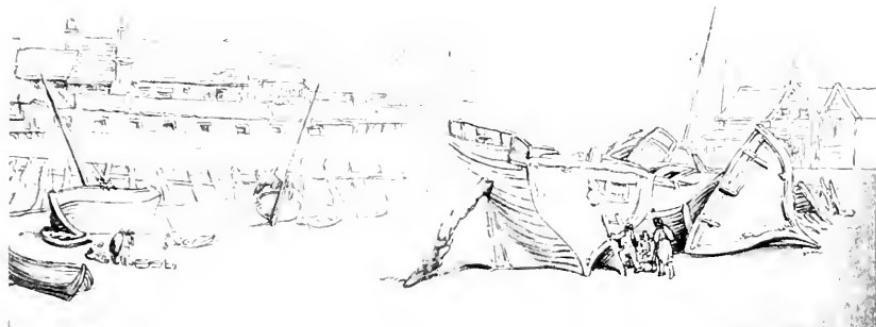
WATER-COLOUR BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON

(In the collection of Edward Marsh, Esq., C.M.G.)

"THE HORSE FAIR."  
FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY  
THOMAS ROWLANDSON.







"OLD HULKS"

(In the collection of M. C. Brinsford)

WATER-COLOUR BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON

sketched in other seaports and seaside towns on the southern coast, like Plymouth and South-

ampton. He had seen Scarborough, and Yarmouth he often visited, for it was a favourite



"CATTLE"

(In the collection of Edward Marsh, Esq., C.M.G.)

WATER-COLOUR BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON

## *The Landscape Element in Thomas Rowlandson's Art*

haunt of his. With London and its suburbs he had the most intimate acquaintance, and it figures much in the great mass of his work.

Rowlandson's technical method, which was simple and direct enough, seems to have been derived from the Dutch masters of the seventeenth century, who used a full palette of water-colour in combination with pen work. For instance, Philip de Koninck employed it in his landscape drawings, and Ostade made pen drawings of figure subjects which he tinted with washes of colour. This practice spread to France and England in the eighteenth century, and it is Rowlandson who has achieved more artistic results with the process than any artist before or since. In his colouring he wisely limited himself to a few simple tints, which he used with great judgment as accessories to his bold and masterly outline. The colour adds a singular charm to the pen-line, which in itself

is always full of force and spirit. The colour reproduction of *The Horse Fair*, a superb and characteristic drawing belonging to Captain Desmond Coke, demonstrates this better than words can describe. It is a work that shows his wonderful power in depicting a crowd. In *The Stile* he cannot, one sees, resist his liking for a humoristic touch. Even when he uses monochrome, as he does in the *Landscape with Figures and Cattle*—two drawings which remind one of Gainsborough—he suggests light and atmosphere wonderfully well. In Mr. Marsh's *Deer under a Tree*, who could express so well and with such subtlety the alert, watchful attitude of the deer and the sturdiness of a majestic tree? If the talent of Rowlandson in his figure work was varied and able enough, his vision and outlook on landscape and his mode of expressing it in his art were not the least part of his genius.



"THE STILE"

WATER-COLOUR BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON

"DEER UNDER A TREE"  
FROM THE WATER-COLOUR  
BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON



(In the collection of  
Richard Marlow, Esq., C.M.G.)

## *The Goldsmiths' College School of Art*

### THE GOLDSMITHS' COLLEGE SCHOOL OF ART. BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

**I**N an early Florentine print, engraved in the Fine Manner, and known as *The Planet Mercury*, one may distinguish, in a corner of the design, a goldsmith in his workshop engraving a copper-plate. This is attributed to Maso Finiguerra, himself a goldsmith, and always credited with the invention of copper-plate engraving until modern research discovered that he had been anticipated in the practice, albeit crudely, before the middle of the fifteenth century, and presumably by exponents of his own craft. The fact is that the earliest engravers were invariably goldsmiths. Albert Dürer, greatest master of the graven line, was the son of a goldsmith, and himself practised the craft before he turned to the copper-plate for the true artistic expression of his genius. William Rogers, the first important personality in the history of English engraving, was also a goldsmith. It is therefore appropriate and interesting to find that in the

School of Art which bears the name of the famous Guild the art of the copper-plate is vivaciously studied.

It was in 1891 that the Goldsmiths' Company founded, in the buildings of the old Royal Naval College at New Cross, the school for the study of the arts and crafts, which, under the aegis of the University of London, and supported by the London County Council, has long been known as the Goldsmiths' College School of Art. Gradually the purely craft side of the school has given way to the artistic, and a very flourishing and influential centre of art-training it has become. Here study is pursued in the evening as well as the daytime, and under the general direction of Mr. Frederick Marriott, the well-known painter, gesso-worker, and engraver, who, with the foundation of the school, started the design class, and has been Head Master for the last twenty-five years, the teaching staff has always included artists of note. For instance, in the direction of the modelling class, Mr. Frederick Halton has had for predecessors such distinguished sculptors as Mr. Alfred Drury, R.A., and Mr. Albert Toft. Then one



"EARLY DOORS"



"SAMSON PULLING DOWN THE PILLARS OF  
THE HOUSE." ETCHING BY W. A. NARBETH

## *The Goldsmiths' College School of Art*

calls to mind, among notable past students of recent years, that youthful sculptor of genius, Lieutenant Ernest A. Cole, whose beautiful marble statue of *John the Baptist* holds a place of honour in the wonderful art-collection of Mr. Edmund Davis, and whose sculptured decoration for the new hall of the London County Council, designed by Mr. R. Knott, is likely to win much consideration after the war; while his remarkable drawings and dry-points, done in his student days with masterly ease, are already prized in choice collections and eagerly sought after by connoisseurs. Another modelling pupil of talent, one remembers, was Mrs. W. P. Robins—wife of the distinguished etcher, himself for a time a student here—whose promise evinced in busts and statuettes of delicate vivacity and exquisite grace, as well as in drawings and dry-points of charming individuality, was lately cut short by untimely death.

The school's live artistic interest in etching

and engraving was fostered sympathetically by that versatile artist, Captain Lee Hankey, during the years he guided the class, and this enthusiasm Mr. Marriott, who has recently taken over the class, continues to encourage in a catholic spirit with results of which I shall presently speak. Mr. Harold Speed, whose "Practice and Science of Drawing" is a book of really suggestive value, is responsible for portrait painting and figure composition; the life class, so vital a factor in an art school, is under the able direction of Mr. Percy Buckman; while Mr. W. Amor Fenn lends his knowledge and experience to the teaching of design, chiefly in the direction of decorative pattern, poster-work, and architectural proportion and ornament. Then, for book illustration and lithography, the students have had during the past ten years the inestimable advantage of sympathetic instruction and broad-minded advice from that masterly illustrator and draughts-



"RED CROSS GARDEN PARTY"

ETCHING BY DORIS DAVIS



"THE SALE ROOM." ETCHING  
BY MOLLY CAMPBELL

## *The Goldsmiths' College School of Art*



"SATURDAY NIGHT." ETCHING BY WINIFRED DANIELS

man, Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan. The student who intends to devote him or herself (at the present moment, of course, the male student is obviously very much in the minority) to book illustration is expected to acquire a full equipment for expression by attending, besides the illustration class, those of life drawing, design, lithography, and etching. With this wise understanding, the student is allowed to follow his or her own bent, and so develop individuality on the way. Unlike so many masters, Mr. Sullivan discourages any tendency to imitate his own style and methods, endeavouring to stimulate the expression of the student's personality by sympathetic guidance. "What would you like to do?" and "How do you feel you would like to do this?" he says, rather than, "I want you to do this," and "You must do it in this way." By urging the students continually to draw the things and people they see in the class-room in true relation to their actual environment, he helps them to cultivate an habitual alertness, freshness, and relative truthfulness of pictorial vision. This, of course, is of the greatest value, even when their temperaments may lead them to see with a tendency to caricature. At the

same time, Mr. Sullivan keeps before his pupils the best traditions of English illustration by showing them the finest examples, and assisting them to realize the qualities of expression and composition that make these fine. The illustrators of the sixties are exemplified for them in the masterpieces of Millais, Rossetti, Sandys, Boyd Houghton, Pinwell, Charles Keene, and other splendid artists of that wonderfully productive period. But Mr. Sullivan does not confine his classic examples to the men of the sixties; he wisely shows his pupils also the art of Phil May and Aubrey Beardsley at their best.

The war has unhappily cut off two of the most promising young draughtsmen, Mr. Gabriel Dadd and Mr. Howe; but the pen-and-ink work recently done in the class is represented by Miss Katharine Nelson's dainty illustration to "*Little Women*," and Mr. W. H. Birch's cleverly expressive and decorative design for a Dramatic Authors' Club, in which it will be seen that both have learnt the value of line and significant spacing. Mr. Birch's design for a show-card in two colours also shows vivacity of design, as well as a just appreciation of his



BOOK ILLUSTRATION ("*LITTLE WOMEN*")  
BY KATHARINE B. NELSON



"FESTIVAL"

ETCHING BY M. BROUH



"THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE"

ETCHING BY DORIS BOULTON, A.R.E.

## *The Goldsmiths' College School of Art*

medium, a point on which Mr. Sullivan lays due stress. Indeed, he regards it as important that, as potential book-illustrators, his pupils shall acquire some insight into the reproductive processes for which their work may be designed. But it is among the etchings illustrating this article that we may look for the most characteristic expression of the students, whose graphic impulses, guided and stimulated in Mr. Sullivan's class, find their way to the copper or the zinc under Mr. Marriott's helpful auspices.

What specially interests me in the etching class at the Goldsmiths' School is that the students are encouraged to concern themselves with the pictorial aspects of human life and character, and to seek their etching motives among the actual scenes, incidents, and types of the life that swirls familiarly or strangely around them. This is refreshing; for too much contemporary British etching is preoccupied with landscape and architecture to the comparative exclusion of the vital pictorial interest of the human figure in its multifarious activities. The aspects of landscape and of buildings must ever cry out for the etcher's needle and dry-point, and, of course, there are students at New Cross responsive to their call. For instance, Miss Gertrude Ashworth, who is attracted by the picturesque old inn, and Miss Hilda C. Adams who feels the beauty of tree-growth with spreading branches dominating a spacious vista; while nature in the form of bird-life "among the leaves" charms the sense and skill of Mr. G. E. Collins. But human life is the prevailing interest of the Gold-

smiths' College etching students; and it is an excellent idea of Mr. Marriott's to stimulate their study of the essentials of facial expression and character by encouraging them to etch their own and each other's portraits direct from life. Some of these are curiously interesting. One student, Miss Stacey, has etched a portrait of an old man which is of remarkable quality in the true Rembrandt tradition.

The work of some of the most accomplished and promising students is exemplified among our illustrations, and the development of these young etchers must be watched with interest.



DESIGN FOR A SHOWCARD IN COLOURS

BY W. H. BIRCH



"THE KING'S ARMS, ELTHAM"

ETCHING BY GERTRUDE ASHWORTH

Miss Doris Davis gives evidence in her *Red Cross Garden Party*, and still more, perhaps, in a charming little plate, *Half Term Holiday*—a group of children on high ground watching an aeroplane over distant London—of a gift for the essential expression of a scene, with good etching quality. Miss Katherine O. Lack, particularly in two plates, *Early Doors*, reproduced, and *Petticoat Lane*, shows how, in well-considered design, and with keen observation, she can depict vivaciously the typical aspects of incident and character in the crowded hours of East End life. Miss Winifred Daniels's vividly expressive *Saturday Night* shows that she too finds happy suggestion in the same picturesque quarter of our London. A vivacious humour informs the clever designs of Miss Molly Campbell, whether her subject be a saleroom, a gambling hall, or a crowd rushing for shelter on a raid night, or to board an omnibus. A charming and delicate fantasy and technique distinguish the etchings of Miss Doris Boulton,

who has recently been elected an Associate of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, while Miss M. Brough, in *Festival*, reveals a fanciful sense of rhythmic grace. Mr. W. A. Narbeth, as may be seen, for example, in his *Samson pulling down the Pillars of the House* (p. 110), is a young etcher of imagination, vigorous designing power, and real expressive impulse.

In the lithography class Mr. Sullivan encourages his pupils to work as much as possible upon the stone, which they are taught to prepare for themselves; while, in learning the traditional practice of the medium, they are initiated into a valuable novelty in technique of their master's invention. This is a method of making an autographic

white chalk drawing upon the stone. Before this, of course, white chalk effects had been imitated laboriously, but Mr. Sullivan's process, while absolutely autographic, is very simple. A drawing is made on the stone with ordinary blackboard chalk. Then a sheet of indiarubber blanket, or American cloth, or, failing either, stout smooth paper, is rolled up thinly, but evenly, with re-transfer ink, and this is laid, with the prepared surface downwards, upon the stone, which is then run through the press. The stone is afterwards gummed, etched, and printed in the usual manner. The chalk, wherever it is, intercepts the re-transfer ink, and prevents it touching the stone; but all the unchalked parts receive it, and will print any colour that is applied to them. I have seen a clever wintry landscape done at the school with this process by Mrs. Alfred Sutro, but this important, though simple, addition to the lithographer's technique merits wider publicity than the school-work can afford.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

**L**ONDON.—Our frontispiece this month is a reproduction of *The Pool*, a characteristic painting by Mr. Anning Bell, in which his refined sense of colour and disciplined draughtsmanship are admirably exemplified. In these days, when the cult of colour tends to run to extremes and we are often called upon to admire paintings which have about as much right to be called works of art as a bit of "crazy" patchwork, it is necessary to

insist upon the significance of form as a vital element in pictorial productions. The correlative importance of colour and form in a painting was years ago emphasized by Ruskin, who certainly was no whit behind the ultra-moderns of to-day in recognizing the aesthetic value of colour.

A few months ago we published a reproduction of a stained wood panel, *Madonna and Child*, by Miss Jeanne Labrousse, and we now supplement this by another charming example of her work—*Joan of Arc*, in which her decorative

instinct again finds expression. We have already mentioned that Miss Labrousse, who is French by birth, received her training in this kind of work at the Polytechnic Institute School of Art in Regent Street—the only school, we believe, that makes a speciality of it. Admirably suited as it is for achieving rich and varied colour effects through the medium of stains applied to wood, it is surprising that this very artistic craft does not receive more attention, especially as the technical difficulties are by no means serious. It is found that certain woods give much better results than others—sycamore and American white wood being among the best kinds—and also that the stain is apt to "run," but with practice this tendency is soon overcome. The important matter, of course, is the design and its suitability to the medium, and that is where the artistic instinct comes into operation.



DESIGN FOR A DRAMATIC AUTHORS' CLUB

(See preceding page.)

BY W. H. BIRCH

The formal announcement made a few weeks ago of Mr. Joseph Duveen's generous offer to provide funds for the erection of a gallery of



JOAN OF ARC  
STAINED WOOD PANEL BY  
JEANNE A. LABROUSSE.



modern foreign art in proximity to the National Gallery of British Art at Millbank and its acceptance by the Government has been received everywhere with very great interest. In matters of art plastic art, that is the people of Great Britain have the reputation of being very insular in their sympathies; but while that may be partially true of the general public, it is certainly not true at all of our artists as a body, nor of the majority of those outside the profession who are genuinely interested in art. Recalling the magnificent display of French art at Shepherd's Bush ten years ago and the deep and enduring impression it left, we think, perhaps, that, after all, it has been lack of opportunity that has given rise to the notion of British exclusiveness, and we feel confident that when the projected new gallery at Millbank becomes an actuality the donor will have no cause to regret his generosity in substantially increasing the meagre opportunities already existing for

the study and appreciation of foreign art in this country.

With much regret we record the death of Mr. Lionel Percy Smythe, R.A., which took place on July 15 at the Château d'Honyault, near Wimereux, Pas-de-Calais, where he had resided for many years past. Mr. Smythe was in his eightieth year, and since the death of Mr. Yeames, who predeceased him by a few weeks only, was the sole Royal Academician on the retired list. He is represented at the Tate Gallery by *Germinal*, purchased under the Chantrey Bequest from the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1880. He became an Associate of the Academy in 1898 and full member in 1911. He excelled as a water-colour painter, and in the exhibitions of the Old Water-Colour Society, with which he was associated for upwards of twenty years, his work was perhaps more at home than it was at Burlington House.



WHITLEY BAY CEMETERY CHAPEL

(See p. 131)

PLASTER DECORATION BY G. P. BANKART



WHITLEY BAY CEMETERY CHAPEL  
PLASTER DECORATION BY G. P. BANKART



"DOG FOLLOWING A TRAIL" (UNFINISHED CARVING)  
BY R. H. BUXTON

Evinced at all times a strong aversion to self-advertisement, Mr. Smythe was too sincere an artist to resort to the expedients often adopted to win popularity; hence in a big exhibition his work was apt to be overlooked, but its sterling qualities never failed to impress the few discerning connoisseurs who acquired his pictures and drawings, which as the result of his painstaking, conscientious methods were not at all numerous. A review of his position as an artist will be found in our issue of April 1910, in which many of his pictures are reproduced.

Mr. Frank Craig, whose death was reported in July as having taken place at Lisbon from tuberculosis, had established a high reputation as a painter, and in that capacity is represented in various public collections, including the Tate; but to the world at large he is best known as an illustrator by his contributions to the "Graphic," "Harper's," "Scribner's," and other magazines. He was born in 1874, and studied first at Cook's School in Fitzroy Street and subsequently at the Royal Academy Schools, having previously served an apprenticeship as a lithographic artist.

Our illustrations of the interior of a recently erected cemetery chapel at Whitley Bay, Northumberland, show some excellent and appropriate plaster decoration carried out by Mr. G. P. Bankart, who in this particular sphere has few, if any, rivals at the present day. The symbolism running through the entire scheme of decoration is intended to dwell on the beauty and restfulness of death rather than on its fear-inspiring aspects. The chancel vault is divided from the nave by ornamental arched ribs, between which are poised welcoming angels with birds at their feet signifying Spiritual Love, and again, flanking the two doorways and the lectern-screen, there are guardian angels holding scrolls with

appropriate inscriptions. The ceiling space, as will be seen from the smaller illustration, is



"A SOUTHDOWN SHEPHERD AND HIS DOG," FROM A COLOURED WOOD CARVING BY R. H. BUXTON  
(The property of J. J. Morgan, Esq.)



"HUNTSMAN AND HOUNDS"

FROM A COLOURED WOOD-CARVING BY R. H. BUXTON

(In the possession of Lord Leconfield)

divided into panels with moulded ribs, all of which are filled with varied symbolical representations giving effect to the general idea upon which the decorative scheme is based

The vivacious little coloured figures carved in limewood, reproduced here, are the work of Mr. Robert H. Buxton, a talented painter, chiefly of landscape and animal life, who has proved in at least one distinguished canvas, *An Autumn Morning*, which one remembers at the Royal Academy a year or two ago, that a hunting subject can inspire a beautiful work of art when, in its pictorial relation to scenic and atmospheric environment, the painter perceives a genuine artistic motive. Lately Mr. Buxton has turned to wood-sculpture for giving plastic expression to his artistic interest in the forms and movements of dogs and horses, colouring the figures with oil-paint, and he has already produced a number of groups informed with essential vitality, which collectors are beginning to value. The *Huntsman and Hounds* and *A Southdown Shepherd* are representative examples,

while the unfinished study of a hound following a trail shows the method of his workmanship. Mr. Buxton's subjects, however, are varied, and include, besides horses and dogs, birds of fine plumage and characteristic human figures picturesquely garbed. For some of these he has taken suggestions from his own pictorial studies and from the old masters, but it is, perhaps, in the original sporting motives that his work is likely to prove most attractive.

It was generally expected that the Chancellor of the Exchequer's scheme for taxing luxuries would levy a heavy toll on artistic productions, but on the whole the recommendations of the Committee appointed to draw up schedules of articles to be subject to the tax do not appear to give art workers as a body much cause for complaint, as nearly all works of art are to be exempt from taxation when first sold by the artists themselves. The Committee's proposals have to be sanctioned by Parliament before they become operative and no doubt they will be very keenly discussed.





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